John Arthur Tramp

Mabie House, Rotterdam, N. Y.
The oldest house in the Mohawk Valley.
Built in 1680.

The Mohawk Valley

Its Legends and Its History

By

W. Max Reid

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY

J. Arthur Maney

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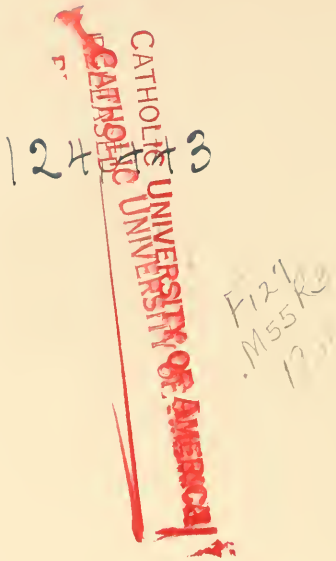

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BY

W. MAX REID

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TO

CHRISTINE

WHO HAS GIVEN THE SYMPATHY AND ASSISTANCE
IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS VOLUME
THAT ONLY A LOVING DAUGHTER CAN OFFER
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

THE Mohawk Valley, with its stirring scenes connected with the French and Indian wars and the War of the Revolution, has been sadly neglected by historians and writers of fiction. Yet within its borders have been enacted tragic events and heroic endeavors that helped materially in crowning with victory the efforts and sacrifices of the patriots of the Revolution.

There is no section of pleasant valley-land, of lake-and forest-dotted wilderness, of rushing streams and cultivated fields, east of the Mississippi, that surpasses in its wealth of scenery this bit of the Empire State. It is natural that such a land should be rich in romance both legendary and historical. From Schenectady to Rome, every town has its romantic story of the early wars; every bit of woodland has its wealth of prehistoric legend. The book, after all, is only a written record of oft-told tales. But such tales hitherto were widely scattered. Some are familiar to every American boy who has read *The Last of the Mohicans* and its companion stories; some may be heard from the lips of gray-haired citizens of many villages, who retell the tales their grandfathers told them of frontier fights and Indian massacres; and the musty archives of every Valley town have their own story of war and sacrifice and the struggles of early border life.

This work deals with the period embraced between the years 1609 and 1780. Many characters of national interest figure prominently in the book, and its illustrations have been

carefully selected so that the reader may not only read of, but see, the more notable landmarks that remain.

In compiling this work I have become indebted to many individuals and many publications for information received, and take this opportunity to gratefully acknowledge assistance from the following-named persons and documents:

Augustus C. Buell, W. M. Beauchamp, A. N. Ruttenber, John Fiske, Prof. E. N. Horsford, Gen. John S. Clark, Gilbert Wemple, A. R. Grider, Hon. Stephen Sanford, Cyrus B. Chase, Washington Frothingham, Rev. W. E. Griffis, W. L. Stone's *Life of Sir William Johnson*, Beers's *History of Montgomery*, B. J. Lossing's *Field-Book of the Revolution*, *Colonial History of New York*, *Documentary History of New York*, Francis Parkman, Gen. James Grant Wilson, Prof. Jonathan Pearson's *Schenectady Patent;* J. Wynne, S. J.; David Hutchison, Library of Congress; Reuben Gold Thwaites' *Jesuit Relations;* Victor Hugo Paltsits, Lenox Library; New York State Library, F. W. Halsey, and a large number of friends that want of space will not permit me to enumerate.

W. Max Reid.

Amsterdam, N. Y.
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THE MOHAWK VALLEY

The Mohawk Valley

Chapter I

The Mythical City of Norumbega

IT may seem strange to readers of a book that purports to be a history of the Mohawk Valley, that the author should go so wide afield as to connect it with a mysterious country a thousand miles away and whose exact locality is unknown to this day. Undoubtedly the mythical city of Norumbega, together with the equally mythical Northwest Passage to India, was an incentive to early navigators, to visit the shores of the New World and to explore its eastern coast. Mystery and the marvellous is even now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, attractive to the majority of mankind, but how much more so in the sixteenth century, with the imagination quickened by the discoveries of the Spaniards under Cortez and Pizarro and the wonderful treasures secured in Mexico and Peru.

That the northeast coast of America was visited by Breton (1504) and Basque fishermen, in search of fish for the Catholic countries of Europe, before the discovery and naming of the St. Lawrence River by Jacques Cartier in 1534–5, is a matter of history, and that they should have made temporary homes on the shores near their fishing grounds seems natural, and that, in some cases, it became necessary to protect their

camps by rude forts, more or less strong, seems reasonable. We are therefore inclined to believe that there may be some truth in the traditionary French (Breton) fort, said to have been located on an island near Albany, many years before the voyages of Henry Hudson.

The land, river, and city of Norumbega seems to have been known to nearly all of the early navigators of the Atlantic, and the incentive for many a quest by Verrazano in 1524, Alleforce under Roberval in 1543, Thevet in 1556, and Champlain in 1603–14.

And is it a wonder, when such a story as the following was told and believed:

An Englishman had left a record of having seen a city bearing the name of Norumbega, and the city was three-quarters of a mile long.

This man, David Ingram, a sailor, had been set on shore by Sir John Hawkins in 1568, at Tampico, on the Gulf of Mexico, with some hundred and twenty others in stress for food. He had wandered all the way across the country, visiting many large Indian towns, and coming at length, in 1569, to the banks of the Norumbega. He sailed from the harbor of St. Mary's (one of the earlier names for Boston Bay) a few hours distant from the Norumbega he visited, and ultimately got back to England, where he again met and was kindly received by Sir John Hawkins. He told a story that surpasses belief. He had seen monarchs borne on golden chairs, and houses with pillars of crystal and silver. He had visited the dwelling of an Indian chief where he saw a *quart* of pearls; and afterwards increased it to a *peck* of pearls. He was brought in audience before Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the kinsman of Sir Walter Raleigh. Thevet who had been at Norumbega, on the banks of what he pronounced "one of the most beautiful rivers in all the world," was present and confirmed Ingram in part.[1]

Whittier, in his poem "Norumbega," makes the weary

[1] From monograph by Prof. E. N. Horsford, who claimed to have found the site of Norumbega City, on the banks of the Charles River at Weston, near Boston, and that the Charles was the Norumbega River.

Christian Knight who is dying in his fruitless search for the mythical city, "at shut of day," see a vision like a pipe dream. "I see, he said, "the domes and spires of Norumbega town" — "What sounds are these but chants and holy hymns"—"It is a chapel bell that fills the air with its low tones"—"The Christ be praised—He sits for me a blessed cross in sight"—"I fain would look before I die on Norumbega's walls."

Pierre Biard, Lescarbot, and other Jesuits, repeatedly speak of Norumbega as being on the Pentegoet or Penobscot River. In fact, La Saussaye, when he sailed from Port Royal (now Annapolis, Nova Scotia), intended to establish the settlement of St. Sauveur on the Norumbega or Penobscot, at the place now known as Bangor, Maine, but finally settled on Mount Desert Island.

Champlain sailed up the Penobscot in his search for the city of Norumbega, and his map of 1613 shows the name of Norumbega on the Penobscot in the vicinity of Bangor.

The map of Ortelius, 1570, and Solis's map of 1598, shows the country of the Montagnes Indians east of Norumbega. (The country of the Montagnes was between Three Rivers and the Saguenay, in the province of Quebec.) If these maps are correct, it would make the Penobscot the Norumbega River.

John Fiske, in his very excellent book called *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies of America*, by very ingenious reasoning, and with the help of Maiollo's map of Verrazano's discoveries, 1527, Gastaldi's map of 1550, and Mercator's Duisburg map of 1569, claims that the Hudson was the Norumbega, and that Manhattan Island was the site of the city and that it was located on the border of the collect or pond now marked by the gloomy prison called the Tombs. He suggests that the name may be a corruption of Anormee Berge, which he says

means Grand Scarp in sixteenth-century French, and was applied to the Hudson River by Verrazzano, who describes it as a very broad river running between small steep hills, evidently referring to the Palisades. Fiske says: "What better epithet than Grand Scarp could be applied to those majestic cliffs. It is clear that for a quarter of a century or more after the voyage of Verrazzano (1524) the Hudson River was visited by French fur traders, and that they had block-houses on Manhattan Island and at Albany." This was at least a half-century before the voyage of Henry Hudson and the renaming of the Hudson River.

If the Hudson River was the Norumbega, and if a city three-quarters of a mile long, with domes and spires and pillars of crystal and silver existed, it must have been known to the Aborigines of the Mohawk Valley, but, so far, we have been unable to find any traditionary evidence of the mythical city having been located within the bounds of New York State.

We do not expect, however, to find evidence among the Mohawks, because they are known to have been located at Hochelaga (Montreal) in 1535, and the lower Mohawk Valley was then occupied by tribes of the Algonquin nation, probably the Mohicans, the Abinakas, or the Andastes.

Chapter II

The Mohawks

THE earliest record of the Mohawk Indians, whose aboriginal name, as given by the Jesuit priest, Jean Brebeuf, was Agnierrhonons, contracted to Agniers, "the people of the flint," later called Mahaqua by the Algonquins, Maquas by the Dutch, and Mohawk by the English, is derived from Jacques Cartier's account of his voyage up the St. Lawrence to Hochelaga (Montreal), in 1535.

From their traditions, they were driven out of Canada by the Algonquins, probably during the latter part of the sixteenth century, because the large village that Cartier visited in 1535 was deserted and destroyed when Champlain visited this spot in 1608.

It is probable that they made their way direct to the Mohawk Valley, but, being numerically weak, chose for new homes secluded spots deep in the forest, four or five miles from the Mohawk River, to build their palisaded castles, one of which, but recently discovered, I visited in the month of July, 1899. At that season of the year we find men all over the country attacked with a desire for a little relaxation from business or the regular routine of life, and a longing to flee from urban surroundings and spend a season in the fields and forests away from the abode of men, and, with gun and line, provide their daily food. We are apt to call it sport, but is it not, rather, the "old Adam" that is asserting itself, an inmate longing to return to the primitive condition of man and

battle awhile with nature for our own sustenance? It is true that we like to take some of the luxuries of life with us when we go into the forests, but the greatest pleasure of it all is the freedom from care and the feeling that we are providing for our wants with our own hands and by our own exertions. Our thoughts are apt to revert to the time when the hardy pioneer was obliged to live as we are living, with the addition of a great deal of hard work and suffering thrown in. And then we think perhaps of the aborigines. Their mode of life and apparent freedom from cares has a charm for us for the time being, and we imagine we would like to adopt their customs and be forever free from the requirements of society and the fear of protested notes and overdue bills payable, and the uncertainty of bills receivable. But this longing lasts only a short season, and education asserts itself and we are glad to get back to the old treadmill, thankful if we can but bring with us renewed health and strength for our battle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Our sojourn in the northern forests, however, lacks one element of the life of the Aborigines; and that is the constant watchfulness against savage enemies and the necessity of selecting for a home some secluded spot which nature and their rude art could make into a fortress.

I have in mind such a spot which has lately been discovered by accident after having been abandoned for three or four centuries. In the year 1892, George W. Chapin, a woodman residing between Fonda and Johnstown, returning to his home from the latter place through a lonely wood on the bank of the Cayudutta Creek, observed a hole in the ground that had lately been made by a woodchuck. Examining the earth thrown out by the nimble feet of the rodent, he observed a fragment of pottery, which, upon examination, was found to be a piece of decorated earthenware of Indian manufacture.

THE PRIMITIVE MOHAWK VALLEY

The discovery having been communicated to the late A. G. Richmond, W. M. Beauchamp of the New York State Museum, and others, excavations were made which established the fact that the site of an ancient Indian fort, hitherto not known or suspected, had been discovered. Many interesting articles of Indian manufacture have been unearthed, some of which have been illustrated by W. M. Beauchamp in the New York State Museum Bulletins, and the spot described by Robert M. Hartley in the *Popular Science News*, June, 1896.

Within a few weeks I made three visits to this interesting spot with various friends, and must confess that it has a great charm to me; but although the articles brought away were numerous, they were of small value when compared with those secured by earlier visitors. I wish to thank Mr. Charles Gardiner of Johnstown for his explicit instructions how to find the place. He said: "Get off at the station of Sammonsville; walk up the track about a quarter of a mile, or until you come to an old stump field; pass through the stump field and the woods adjoining, until you come to a ravine; cross the ravine, and there you are."

My first visit was made with Myron W. Reid for a companion, but when we arrived at the stump field, he was so charmed by the liquid, jingling notes of numerous bobolinks, that he deserted me for the time being and left me to pursue my quest alone. Thanks to Mr. Gardiner's instructions, the place was found without any trouble. Subsequent visits were made, and each time resulted in interesting discoveries. (I wish to say, however, that previous investigators, undoubtedly were just as succcessful or perhaps more so than I was.)

The site of this ancient Indian fort is located on a high, broad point of land, between two ravines, which grow deeper as they approach the bed of the Cayudutta Creek, that flows by its western boundary. Both ravines run in a southerly

direction and through the easterly ravine flows a small permanent stream. The approach to the high ground of the Indian village from the Cayudutta Creek seems to have been through the latter ravine, which becomes a narrow, slaty gorge as it approaches the flats of the Cayudutta Valley, and owing to the dense growth of small trees and underbrush the entrance is not easily seen from the creek below. The gorge itself is quite picturesque, and its present condition suggests a possible method of defence used by the Indians, large trees having been felled and thrown into the bed of the creek, forming a rude breastwork. Even in the present condition of the huge rotten trunks they present an obstacle not easily overcome by the investigator. As you enter the gorge from below, you encounter a series of slaty ledges, over whose moss-covered surface the stream trickles slowly, making a series of slimy steps extending upward for twenty or thirty feet, or to the level of the higher ground of the forest. On the west side of the gorge these slaty steps have been worn smooth and rounded by countless footsteps, up to a point about ten feet from the entrance, where a trail is seen ascending the side of the hill to the plateau above. As the trail or path approaches the top, it is worn in some places from four to six inches deep along the edge of the hill, showing that the place had been occupied for a considerable space of time by a numerous population.

The plateau itself extends north to a considerable distance and is well covered with trees of large size and the rotten trunks of many monarchs of the forest. The place suggests seclusion, and its stillness is almost oppressive. The only evidence of life observable was the scurry of a solitary partridge chick and the dismal croak of a *pater familias* crow, evidently solicitous for the safety of his little family in the top of one of the tall pines. Take it all in all, I would not recommend it

as a very desirable place for a Sunday-school picnic. This spot has undoubtedly been visited by a number of "diggers," as is seen by the upturned black earth, plentifully sprinkled with small fragments of fresh-water clam-shells and occasional bits of pottery.

It is evident that this spot was once an Indian fortification, as the line of the palisade is seen stretching across the plateau from ravine to ravine. Although I was unable to secure many relics of intrinsic value, my search was quite successful and resulted in unearthing a stone axe, a broken stone pestle, a few bone tools, and flint implements, together with forty fragments of as many decorated vessels of Indian pottery. One of the most interesting articles that have been unearthed is a brass or copper bead, about six inches long. This was found by Mr. A. G. Richmond a few years ago, and is valued from the fact that it enables archæologists to fix the probable date of the occupation of this secluded spot by the Indians. As this is the only article found there that would indicate that the occupants had ever come in contact with white men, it must have been occupied previous to 1609, and subsequent to the discovery of the river St. Lawrence, in 1535. Many archæologists are of the opinion that the Iroquois were the people whom Jacques Cartier met at Hochelaga (Montreal) and Stadacone (Quebec) on the occasion of his ascent of the St. Lawrence in 1535, and they advance the theory that they were driven out of Canada between that time and 1609, when Champlain found a new people at Stadacone (Quebec) and Hochelaga (Montreal) entirely deserted.

W. M. Beauchamp, in a recent communication, says: "I should date the Mohawk Fort (Cayudutta) a little before 1600, and think they had these long brass beads from the French, they are much alike and unquestionably European. We are to remember, however, that the Iroquois had

villages as far down as Quebec in 1535, and seem to have often visited the mouth of the river where vessels often touched."

Parkman says: "In the vocabulary of the language appended to the journal of Cartier's second voyage, Canada is set down as a word for town or village. It bears the same meaning in the Mohawk tongue." "The language of Stadacone, or Quebec, when Cartier visited it, was apparently a dialect of the Iroquois." You will probably remember that Cartier's first voyage was made in 1534, at which time he struck the mainland at Gaspe, opposite the island of Anticosta, and that he kidnapped two young Indians. These young savages returned with him in 1535, acting as interpreters, and are said to have been a part of a war party from Hochelaga, speaking a different language from the Indians of Gaspe, at which place they were found by Cartier. There was also a tradition among the Agnies (Mohawks) that their ancestors were once settled in Quebec, and relics found at Montreal correspond with articles found in Iroquois burial-places in western New York. Therefore we think it is safe to assume that the Cayudutta fort was probably one of the earliest settlements of the Iroquois (Mohawks) in the valley of the Mohawk and a place of great historic interest from the prehistoric character of the relics found there.

Parkman, in his *Pioneers of France in the New World*, says:

> When America was first made known to Europe, the part assumed by France on the borders of that new world was peculiar, and is little recognized. While the Spaniard roamed sea and land, burning for achievement, red-hot with bigotry and avarice, and while England, with soberer steps and a less dazzling result, followed in the path of discovery and gold hunting, it was from France that those barbarous shores first learned to serve the ends of peaceful commercial industry.

A French writer, however, advances a more ambitious

claim. In the year 1488, four years before the first voyage of Columbus, America, he maintains, was found by a Frenchman. Cousin, a navigator of Dieppe, being at sea off the African coast, was forced westward, it is said, by winds and currents, to within sight of an unknown shore, where he presently descried the mouth of a great river. On board his ship was one Pinzon, whose conduct became so mutinous that, on his return to Dieppe, he made complaint to the magistracy, who thereupon dismissed the offender from the maritime service of the town. Pinzon went to Spain, became known to Columbus, told him of his discovery, and joined him on his voyage in 1492.

In the year 1535 Jacques Cartier, a Frenchman, sailed from the ancient town of St. Malo, France, and entered the bay of St. Lawrence, as Cartier named it, in August or September of the same year. Having with him the two Indian lads captured in his former visit to these shores, he found them of great assistance in communicating with the natives. They are supposed to have spoken the Mohawk dialect. It is said that the Indian name for the St. Lawrence River was Hochelaga, and that the present site of Quebec was called Stadacona, whose king's name was Donnacona. Cartier says that the country below Stadacona (Quebec) was called Saguenay, and that above, Hochelaga. At Stadacona, Cartier was told of a large Indian town, many days' journey above, which was called Hochelaga, and had given the name to the river and country also. Passing up the river with a small galleon and two open boats and about fifty sailors, on the 2d of October, 1535, they reached the mysterious Hochelaga. Their landing was made just below the present quays of Montreal, and thronging the shores were a thousand or more Indians awaiting the strangers. The next morning they were conducted to the Indians' town, lying under the shadow of the mountain

which Cartier named Mont Royal—Montreal; "hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga."

A later writer, Lescarbot, insists that the country on both sides of the St. Lawrence, from Hochelaga to its mouth, was called Canada. The derivation of the name Canada is undoubtedly Indian, and not Spanish, and it is a singular fact that in the vocabulary of the language of Hochelaga appended to the journal of Cartier's second voyage, Canada is set down as meaning town or village, and that it bears the same meaning in the Mohawk, and both languages are dialects of the Iroquois.

Quoting still from Parkman's notes: "That the Indians of Hochelaga belonged to the Huron-Iroquois family of tribes is evident from the affinities of their language and from the construction of their houses and defensive works. This was identical with the construction universal, or nearly so, among the Huron-Iroquois tribes." It is said that in 1860 a quantity of Indian remains were dug up at Montreal that evidently belonged to the Iroquois and not to the Algonquin type. There is said to be a tradition among the Agniers (Mohawks), one of the five nations of the Iroquois, that their ancestors were once settled at Quebec. A tradition recorded by Colden in his history of the Five Nations (Iroquois), that they were formerly settled near Montreal, is of interest. The tradition declares that they were driven thence by the Adirondacks, which was the distinctive name of the tribes of the Algonquins located in Canada.

It is said that when Champlain, in 1603, passed up the St. Lawrence, sixty-eight years after Cartier's visit, "Hochelaga and its savage population had vanished, and in their place were a few wandering Algonquins of different tongues and lineage."

Champlain, in 1609, met them again on the shores of Lake Champlain, called by the natives Iroquois Lake. Champlain's

THE ROCKY WALLS OF THE CANAJOHARIE

account of the meeting is so interesting that I will transcribe it in his own words:

At nightfall we embarked in our canoes to continue our journey, and as we advanced very softly and noiselessly, we encountered a party of Iroquois, on the twenty-ninth of the month (July, 1609), about ten o'clock at night, at a point off a cape which juts into the lake on the west side. They and we began to shout, each seizing his arms. We withdrew towards the water and the Iroquois repaired on shore and arranged all their canoes, the one beside the other, and began to hew down trees with villainous axes, which they sometimes got in war, and others of stone, and fortified themselves securely.

Our party, likewise, kept their canoes arranged, the one alongside the other, tied to poles so as not to run adrift, in order to fight all together, should need be. We were on the water about an arrow shot from their barricade.

When they were armed and in order, they sent two canoes from the fleet, which consisted of twenty-four canoes and sixty savages, to know if their enemies wished to fight, who answered they desired nothing else; but that just then there was not much light, and that we must wait for day to distinguish each other, and they would give us battle at sunrise. This was agreed to by our party. Meanwhile the whole night was spent in dancing and singing, as well on one side as on the other, mingled with an infinitude of insults and other taunts such as the little courage they had; how powerless their resistance against our arms, and that when day would break they should experience this to their ruin. Ours, likewise, did not fail in repartee, telling them they should witness the effect of arms they had never seen before, and a multitude of speeches as is usual at a siege of a town. After the one and the other had sung, danced, and parliamented enough, day broke. My three companions and I were always concealed for fear the enemy should see us preparing our arms as best we could, being, however, separated, each in one of the canoes belonging to the savage Montagnaes.

After being equipped with light armor, we took each an arquebus and went ashore. I saw the enemy leave their barricade; they were about 200 men, of strong and robust appearance, who were coming slowly towards us, with a gravity and assurance which greatly pleased me, led on by three chiefs. Ours were marching in similar order, and

told us that those who bore three lofty plumes were the chiefs, and that there were but three, and they were to be recognized by those plumes, which were considerable larger than those of their companions, and that I must do all I could to kill them. I promised to do what I could, and that I was sorry they could not clearly understand me, so as to give them the order and plan of attacking their enemies, as we should undoubtedly defeat them all; but there was no help for that; that I was very glad to encourage them and to manifest to them my good will when we should be engaged.

The moment we landed they began to run about two hundred paces toward their enemies, who stood firm, and had not yet perceived my companions, who went into the bush with some savages. Ours commenced calling me in a loud voice, and making way for me opened in two, and placed me at their head, marching about twenty paces in advance, until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me, they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebus, and aiming directly at one of the three chiefs, two of them fell to the ground by this shot and one of their companions received a wound of which he died afterwards. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Ours on witnessing a shot so favorable for them, set up such tremendous shouts that thunder could not have been heard; and yet there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other.

The Iroquois were greatly astonished seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow-proof armor, woven with cotton thread and wood; this frightened them very much. Whilst I was reloading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot which so astonished them anew, seeing their chiefs slain, they lost courage, took to flight and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forest, whither pursuing them, I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of them and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of ours were wounded by arrows; they were promptly cured.

After having gained the victory, they amused themselves plundering Indian corn and meal from the enemy; also their arms which they threw away in order to run better. And having feasted, danced and sung, we returned three hours afterward with the prisoners.

The place where this battle was fought is in forty-three degrees, some minutes latitude, and I named it Lake Champlain.

Chapter III

Journal of Arent Van Curler

CONNECTED with the early history of the colony or province of New York, the names of three men stand out bold and clear for their honesty, energy, and kindly treatment of the Iroquois Indians, namely:

Arent Van Curler, from 1634 to the time of his death by the overturning of a boat during a storm on Lake Champlain in 1667, and who was held in such high esteem by the Mohawks that they used his name when addressing the governors of New York and called them "Brother Corlear," a fitting tribute to him whom they called "good friend."

Peter Schuyler and Sir William Johnson were the two other men referred to. Peter Schuyler seems to have gained the good will of the Indians to the extent that they called him "Quiddar," which was as near as they could pronounce the word Peter, as the labials *p*, *b*, *m*, are not to be found in their language. He was the first mayor of Albany, and afterward acting governor of New York for a short period. Like Van Curler, he had unbounded influence over the Indians, by whom he was greatly admired.

Sir William Johnson, of our own section of the Mohawk Valley, seems to have succeeded Van Curler and Schuyler in the affections of the Mohawks, and from 1738 until the time of his death at Johnstown, in 1774, used his power to the benefit of the colonists of the Mohawk Valley, and to the

defeat of the Canadian French and Indians. But at this time it is of Van Curler that we would speak. Professor Pearson says:

> The acknowledged leader of the little colony at Schenectady, in 1662, was Arent Van Curler. He came over in 1630, as superintendent of the Colonie Rensselaerswyck, and continued in office until 1646, besides acting as colonial secretary. In 1643 he married Antonia Slaagboom, widow of Jonas Bronk, and soon after settled on the "Flatts" above Fort Orange [Albany]. Here he remained until the spring of 1662, when he took up his residence at Schenectady, where he remained directing and furthering the interests of the settlers until his unfortunate death.

While yet living in Albany, in 1642, he heard that a Jesuit priest named Isaac Jogues was being shamefully treated by the Mohawks and threatened with death, and on a mission of mercy he penetrated the Mohawk country to the first Castle, and succeeded in saving the life of Father Jogues for the time being, but could not procure the release of the prisoner. Father Jogues afterward escaped and returned to France, where he remained until 1643, when he returned to Canada, and in 1646 to the Mohawk country, to meet a shameful death by the hands of the Indians, at Os-se-ru-e-non, October 18, 1646.

It was after Van Curler returned from his mission of mercy, in 1642, that he wrote to Killian Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, in Amsterdam, Holland, that "a half day's journey from the Colonie, on the Mohawk River, there lies the most beautiful land that the eye of man ever beheld." It was on this land that in 1662 he settled the colony of Schenectady. It has been thought that his journey of 1642 was his first advent into the Mohawk's country; but recent events have brought to light a diary of a journey he made through this locality as early as 1634, and it antedates all other records of the Mohawk Valley, between

Schenectady and Oneida. In the *Independent* of October 3, 1895, we find the following:

CORLEAR AND HIS JOURNEY OF 1634.
A GREAT DISCOVERY IN NEW YORK HISTORY.
THE OLDEST RECORD OF THE DUTCH PERIOD.
A NOTABLE VISIT TO THE MOHAWK INDIANS.
BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON.

The original journal of an expedition to the country of Mohawks and Sennekens [this should read Oneidas], made in 1634–35, by Arent Van Curler—or Corlear, according to the pronunciation of the name in English—is now before the writer. It consists of thirty-two well-preserved pages of foolscap, which have lain perdu in a Dutch garret for two hundred and sixty years. It is of great historical value, antedating as it does any existing document relating to the history of New Netherland, and coming from the pen of one of the leading actors in the early annals of the colony.

[The miles spoken of in this journal are Dutch miles, and were equal to about three English miles.]

This diary records that Van Curler, with two other white men and five Maquaase Indians, as guides, left Fort Orange December 11, 1634,

travelling mostly northwest about eight miles, and arrived at half-past twelve in the evening, at a hunter's little cabin, where we slept for the night, near the stream that runs into their [Mohawks'] land, and of the name of Vyoge (?). The land is most full of oak trees, and the flat land is abundant. The stream runs into their land near their [Mohawks'] Castle, but cannot be navigated up stream, on account of the heavy current.

Dec. 12.—At three o'clock, before daylight, we proceeded again, and the savages that went with us would have left us there secretly, if I had not perceived that their dogs had eaten our bread and cheese. So we had to be contented with dry bread on which to travel; and after going for an hour we came to the branch [Mohawk River] that runs into our river, and passed the Maquas villages, where the ice drifted very fast. Jeronimus crossed first,

with one savage in a canoe made of the bark of trees, because there was only room for two; after that Willem and I went over; and it was so dark that we could not see each other if we did not come close together. It was not without danger.

When all of us had crossed we went another mile and a half and came to a hunter's cabin, which we entered to eat some venison, and hastened further, and after another half mile we saw some Indians approaching, and as soon as they saw us they ran off and threw their sacks and bags away, and fled down a valley behind the underwood, so that we could not see them. We looked at their goods and bags, but took only a piece of bread. It was baked with beans, and we ate it. We went further, and mostly along the aforesaid kil [Mohawk River] that ran swiftly. In this kil there are a good many islands, and on the sides upward of 500 or 600 morgens of flat land. Yes, I think even more. And after we had been marching about eleven miles we arrived at one o'clock in the evening, half a mile from the first Castle, at a little house. We found only Indian women inside. We should have gone further, but I could hardly move my feet because of the rough road, so we slept there. It was very cold, with northerly wind.

Dec. 13th.—In the morning we went together to the Castle over the ice that during the night had frozen on the kil, and, after going half a mile, we arrived in their first Castle, which is built on a high mountain [hill]. There stood but thirty-six houses, in rows like streets, so that we could pass nicely. The houses are made and covered with bark of trees, and mostly are flat at the top. Some are one hundred, ninety, or eighty paces long, and twenty-two and twenty-three feet high. There were some inside doors of hewn boards, furnished with iron hinges. In some houses we saw different kinds of iron chains, harrow irons, iron hoops, nails—all probably stolen somewhere. Most of the people were out hunting deer and bear. The houses were full of corn that they lay in store, and we saw maize; yes, in some of the houses, more than three hundred bushels.

They make barrels and canoes of the bark of trees, and sew with bark as well. We had a good many pumpkins cooked and baked, that they called anansira. None of the chiefs were at home, but the principal chief is named Adriochten. He lived a quarter of a mile from the fort in a small house, because a good many savages in this Castle died of smallpox. I sent him a message to come and see

us, which he promptly did; he came and bid me welcome, and said that he wanted us very much to come with him. We should have done so, but when already on the way another chief called us and so we went to the Castle again.

This one had a big fire lighted, and a fat turkey cooked, which we ate. He gave us two bearskins to sleep upon, and presented me with three beaver skins. In the evening William Tomassen, whose legs were swollen from the march, had a few cuts made with a knife therein, and after that had them rubbed with bear's grease. We slept in this house, ate heartily of pumpkins, bear's meat and venison, so that we were not hungry; but were treated as well as they could possibly do. We hope that all will succeed well.

They stayed at this castle three days, or until December 16th, when they resumed their journey.

Dec. 16th.—After midday, a famous hunter came here, named Sickarus, who wanted very much that we should go with him to his Castle. He offered to carry our goods, and to let us sleep and remain in his house as long as we liked; and because he was offering us so much I gave him a knife and two awls as a present, and to the chief in whose house we had been, I presented a knife and a pair of scissors; and then we took our departure from this Castle, named Onekagoncka, and after going another half mile over the ice, we saw a village with only six houses, of the name Canowarode; but we did not enter it, because it was not worth while; and after another half mile we passed again a village where twelve houses stood. It was named Senatsycrosy. Like the others, it was not worth while entering, and after another mile, or mile and a half, we passed by great stretches of flat land and came into this Castle, Medashet, about two o'clock in the evening. I did not see much beside a good many graves. This Castle is named Canagere. It is built on a hill without any palisades or any defense. We found only seven men at home, beside a party of old women and children. The chiefs of this Castle, named Tonnosatton and Tamwerot, were hunting, so we slept in the house of Sickarus, as he had promised us; and we counted in his house one hundred pieces of salable beaver skins that he captured with his own dogs.

Van Curler continued his journey to the Sinneken (Oneidas) where he arrived on December 30th, and remained with

the Indians until the 12th of January, 1635, when he took his departure for Fort Orange, following the same route he had travelled in his outward journey, and arrived at Onekagoncka, the first castle, at sunset, January 19th.

> January 20th in the morning, before daylight, Jeronimus sold his coat for four beaver skins. We departed at one hour before daylight, and after marching by guess two miles, the savages pointed to a high mountain [hill] where their Castle stood nine years before. They had been driven out by the Mahicans [Mohicans] and after a time they did not want to live there.

On January 21st the party reached Fort Orange. This ends the journal. At this time I wish to speak of his journey of December 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th, or of that portion of the journey that brought him in the vicinity of the present city of Amsterdam. It is conceded by good authority that the stream he crossed, which was named "Vyoge" (probably Oioghi, which was the Indian name for river), was the Mohawk River and that he crossed to the north side of the Mohawk (the kil that ran so swiftly) on December 12th, west of Schenectady. On the morning of December 13th he recrossed to the south side, over the ice, and after going a half mile arrived at the castle of Onekagoncka, which was situated on a high hill, and whose chief's name was Adriochten.

It was this name, Adriochten, that suggested the possibility of Onekagoncka having been located a short distance below Amsterdam, instead of at Auriesville as suggested by some of the historians of the valley.

In Pearson's *Schenectady Patent* we find record of a deed of land given by the Mohawks, December 16, 1686, to Hendrick Cuyler, of Albany, which is described as "a piece of land situate mostly on the north side of the Mohawk, Adriutha or Adriuche, above Schenectady, beginning on the north side of the river from a white oak tree that is marked with a wolf

25 ON THE ROAD, CRANESVILLE, N. Y. (ADRIUCHE.)

standing on the west side of a creek (Lewis), to a beech tree, also marked with a wolf, standing on the east side of a small kill or creek (Eva's Kill), *and thence over the river on the south side* from a great black oak tree, which is also marked with a wolf, together with all the small islands, or banks that lie within said limits, to an old oak tree marked with a bear, wolf and turtle (the arms of the three clans of the Mohawks)." The property described as on the north side is the old Groot place, now in possession of Francis Morris, and that on the south side is part of the settlement now called Kline.

Having in mind the similarity of the names Adriochten and Adriuche, or Adriutha, I made strict inquiry among the old settlers in the vicinity of Kline, and found traditions of Indian occupation, and also found that arrowheads and hatchets had been found in the fields and woods. Also a well authenticated account of Indian remains, together with a pipe and other articles having been unearthed in this locality, between the canal and the railroad, during the construction of the West Shore Railroad.

Inquiring of Mr. Oliver S. Kline, whose ancestors have lived in that vicinity for about a century, he informed me that on an elevation of land on the homestead farm, about one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and in a field that was covered with woods in his boyhood, had been a clearing of about three or four acres, and in this clearing were several holes about four feet deep and perhaps about three feet wide and six feet long. (These holes were undoubtedly corn pits, and were used by the Indians as storehouses for their grain in winter.) Between this clearing and the edge of the hill that slopes to the flats below on the river side were to be found crystals of flint, attached to much rock, that appeared above the surface of the sod in many places, also chips of flint in the earth near the rocks. With this valuable information I visited

this field, of about twenty acres, and found a place, which, with my limited knowledge of Indian sites, seemed to have been an ideal place for an Indian stronghold.

The plateau, which I have said had an elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet, was protected on the west and south by a deep ravine whose steep banks were not very easy to ascend, and the bed of a creek that at some seasons of the year and during heavy rainstorms becomes a short-lived torrent. Two ever-flowing springs are located in this ravine and one on the slope towards the river, and an extensive flat and islands. About a mile west of this point is the Cowilligan Creek, which runs into the Mohawk River.

Gen. John S. Clark informs me that the word Canowaroda probably signifies place of canoes from Canowha, canoes, and that the Indians were in the habit of placing their canoes at some nearby creek for safe-keeping.

Being in possession of this information, and assuming that Canowaroda—one-half Dutch mile from Onekagoncka—was located at Cowilligan Creek, I proceeded to search for further information in regard to Onekagoncka. From the fact that Van Curler, on December 12th, speaks of travelling eleven (Dutch) miles, which would be thirty-three English miles, I assume that he meant that he had travelled eleven Dutch or thirty-three English miles from Fort Orange (Albany). As the average rate for his whole journey of twelve days' travel was about ten English miles, he could not in one day travel thirty-three English miles over that part of his journey that he describes as being the most difficult. As the distance from Albany to Amsterdam by railroad is thirty-three miles, and to Kline about thirty miles, it seems to me that we should look for the ancient site of Onekagoncka on the south side of the Mohawk River and on a hill near Kline.

A journey to the State Library, and an examination of the

Vanderdonk map, reveals the fact that Vanderdonk located Carenay, an Indian village of his time (1656) on the bank of the Mohawk River, and directly north of a small lake or pond.

(" Vanderdonk resided at Fort Orange from 1641 to 1646. The material for this map was of about the period of 1635, and may have been the map of Lacrock (Lacrois) who accompanied Van Curler."—Gen. J. S. Clark.)

On the Amsterdam section of the topographical map of the State of New York, we find the pond at Mariaville to lie directly south of Kline, and the only lake or pond in that section of the country. Most historians concede that the Carenay of the Vanderdonk map, 1656, and Onekagoncka of Van Curler's journal, 1834–35, are only different names for the same castle site.

[" Previous to 1642 the village had been removed to near Schoharie Creek, and became the Osseruenon, of Isaac Jogues, 1642, and where he suffered death in 1646. The sites of Indian villages were changed frequently, seldom remaining more than ten years in the same place, and frequently not more than six."—J. S. Clark.]

Van Curler did not enter Canowaroda, but after going another half-mile he passed a village named Senatsycrosy, without entering. And after another mile, or mile and a half, they passed by great stretches of flat land, and came to a castle which he calls Wetdashet; and immediately after he says: " This Castle is named Canagere." " In this Castle are 16 houses 50, 60, 70, or 80 paces long."

December 20th we took our departure from the second Castle, and after marching a mile—came to a stream that we had to pass. This stream ran very fast, besides big flakes of ice came drifting. We were wet up to above our waists.

This would seem to be a very good description of the mouth of the Schoharie Creek, and that the site of Canagere must be looked for two or three English miles east of said creek.

After passing the creek they travelled about a half-mile (Dutch) and came to the third castle, named Sohanidisse, on the top of a very high hill. This would seem to be the Schanatissa of Vanderdonk.

I do not feel competent, from my limited knowledge of the Indian villages, formerly located in the western part of the county of Montgomery, to follow Van Curler in his journey west of this immediate locality, and therefore will confine my researches to this vicinity, and wait for the acceptance or rejection of these conclusions by others who are interested in Indian history.

On the return journey of Van Curler and party, when they had travelled by guess (?) two miles, his guide pointed to a high mountain (?) where their castle stood nine years before, or in 1625, when they were driven out by the Mohicans. They were undoubtedly travelling on the south side of the river where the high hills to the south could not be seen until they were in the vicinity of Pattersonville, where the high country called Yantaputchaberg may be seen to the southeast. As the range is very long, and of nearly uniform height, he would be imparting very indefinite information. The hill at Kinaquarone on the north, however, and the high hill to the east of it, are said to be rich in Indian relics, the highest point of the eastern hill in particular; and as it is situated about five English miles east of the supposed site of Onekagoncka, Carenay, etc., it is very probably the site of the ancient village destroyed by the Mohicans.

General J. S. Clark, in a letter dated Sept. 5, 1898, says: "There is no doubt whatever as to the site described by you; it is certainly the Carenay of the earliest maps, and the Onekagoncka of Van Curler. Carenay was indicated directly north of a small lake or pond, and there is no other than Maria Pond or Featherstonhaugh Lake anywhere in that neighborhood."

31 A VALLEY BY-ROAD AND THE YANTAPUTCHABERG

A theory of Van Curler's journey is as follows: Van Curler called the first castle of the Mohawks Onekagoncka, in 1634–35. In 1642 he again visited the *first castle* on a mission of mercy to rescue Jogues from death. He does not *make mention of any change in the site* which was near extensive flat lands and fertile islands. The Mohicans had been driven to Connecticut, and as the Mohawks were always the aggressors when at war with the French and Indians, they at least had no great fear of an attack from them at the eastern end of the Iroquois Confederacy. In addition to the above, they were near, and in communication with, the traders at Fort Orange.

In 1642 and 1643 Isaac Jogues was a captive at the castle, which he names Osseruenon; and again in 1646, when, as he says, he was led naked to Gandawague, *the place of his former captivity*. He also says that the name of the place was changed from Osseruenon to Oneongoure, evidently showing that the names of the Indian castles changed frequently, and not the sites. On the Vanderdonk map of 1656, made from data obtained from Van Curler, " with whom he resided from 1641 to 1646," is an Indian castle called Carenay, located directly north of a pond (Mariaville Pond), and near the Mohawk River, which corresponds with the recently discovered site of Onekagoncka at Kline, or Adriuche. If Vanderdonk obtained his information of the Indian sites from Van Curler in 1656, it is evident that the first castle was then located at Kline and was known by the following names at the periods mentioned:

Onekagoncka, 1634–35, Van Curler.
Onekagoncke, 1642, Van Curler.
Osseruenon, 1642, Jogues.
Oneougoure, 1646, Jogues.
Carenay, 1656, Vanderdonk.
Adriuche, 1686, Hendric Cuyler.
Kline, 1898, W. M. R.

In 1666 two expeditions of French and Indians visited the Mohawk country, in February and in September. In September, 1666, they destroyed all three of the Mohawk castles, together with their stores of provisions. It was probably at this time that the Mohawks moved to the flats at Fort Hunter and Auriesville, and beyond, as they had good reasons for changing their location. Vanderdonk says: "The Indian villages changed their location quite frequently; but their castles or fortified places were occupied a long time," or until they were destroyed by fire or by an enemy. But it is quite evident from the foregoing list that the *names* of the castles were frequently changed, and from this circumstance a confusion of location of sites has probably arisen.

Parkman, in speaking of Labatie's account of the murder of Isaac Jogues, says: "He (Labatie) was the interpreter at Fort Orange, and being near the scene of the murder, took pains to learn the facts." This would indicate that Osseurunon in 1646 was not far from Fort Orange.

It is generally conceded that the words Gandawaga, Cahaniaga, and Kanyea-geh are the same, and that their definition is not "At the rapids," but "The people of the flint." Why "of the flint?"

I am aware that the above theory does not conform to preconceived ideas of Indian sites that have always, more or less, been mere conjecture, built around some vague statements that in some cases admit of different interpretation; but it is the theory of a student in Indian history, after a careful research of available material, and without being hampered by the haze of preconceived theories.

The Indian history of the Mohawk Valley is very interesting; but the section between Fort Hunter and Hoffmans has received scant consideration from local historians, whose attention has been directed to their immediate locality, and theories

35 KINAQUAWARONE (HOFFMANS)

built up from the later occupation of the valley, which did not extend below Fort Hunter to any great extent.

It will be noticed that Van Curler gives two names to the second Castle, located one Dutch mile east of a large stream, "where the flakes of ice drifted fast" (Schoharie Creek). Wetdashet and Canagere, going to confirm the fact that the names of the castles were frequently changed.

In locating castle sites, one thing should be taken into consideration, and that is that the Mohawks were, in a measure, an agricultural people, as they raised corn, beans, pumpkins, and tobacco in such quantities that they stored it for winter use. The fertile flats of the Mohawk are not evenly distributed along the river. The bottom lands are quite wide, all the way from Schenectady, on both sides of the river, particularly so on the south side. At Adriuche, or Cranesville, are fertile flats and large islands, and again at Fort Hunter, Auriesville, Fonda, and so on. The river from Cranesville to Schenectady was the home of a large body of Mohawks, owing to the fertile flats situated along the river bottom, and from the fact that navigation practically ended there, and the "carry" over the trail to Albany began. Probably the reader is aware that the French and Indians always spoke of being in the Mohawk country when they arrived at the upper or southern end of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Saratoga Lake and vicinity were frequently visited by Mohawk hunting and fishing parties, and all Indian trails from the north, of early date, seem to lead to points between Hoffmans and Albany. Taking all these things into consideration, I am inclined to think that prehistoric sites of Indian castles should be sought for between Sandsea or Zandige Creek, and the Schoharie River.

Van Curler's journal seems to indicate that one Dutch mile east from Schoharie River the second Castle of the Mohawks

was situated. Some very interesting prehistoric remains and embankments and evidences of Indian occupation have been found on the flats and hills at the Wemple place, near Fort Hunter.

One of the earliest and most tragic events that is recorded, of the advent of the Jesuit priests in the Mohawk Valley, occurred in this locality, the massacre of Jogues and Goupil.

In all the early expeditions of France and Spain to the coast of America, the priest seems to have been a very necessary part of the equipment. Some of them were from the order of the Franciscans or Recolects, and, later, from the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits, as the disciples of St. Ignatius Loyola are called. They were found with Cortez in Mexico, Ponce de Leon, Menendes, Narvaez, and the Frenchman, Jean Ribault, in Florida, and Hernando de Soto on the Mississippi. Also with Jacques Cartier when he discovered the river St. Lawrence, in 1535, at which time he visited the Indian villages Stadacone, afterward the site of Quebec, and Hochelaga, named by Cartier Mont Royal, from the mountain in the rear of the Indian village, and now known as Montreal. At an early period in the history of Montreal it was also called Ville Marie. They came again with Champlain in 1603, also in 1609. But among the first of the long lines of French Jesuits who made the conversion of the Indians their life-work, were Fathers Baird and Masse, in 1610, who were joined in 1613 by Father Quentin and Brother du Thet, and in 1625 by Charles Lalemant and Jean de Brebeuf.

In this age we look with wonder upon the records of the Jesuits of that period and marvel at the zeal and self-sacrificing spirit of those pioneers of the Roman Catholic Church in America. Parkman, in speaking of the Jesuits of Canada, says: "No religious order has ever united in itself so much to be admired and so much to be detested." "A fervor more

intense, a self-abnegation more complete, a self-devotion more constant and enduring, will scarcely find its record on the page of human history." "In all the copious records of this period, not a line gives occasion to suspect that one of this loyal band flinched or hesitated." The fate of Jean de Brebeuf will illustrate the perils with which they were beset, the ferocity of the Mohawk warriors, and their hatred of the French and the "black-robed" Jesuits.

With your permission I will quote from Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, to illustrate the fate of many of these devoted priests. Brebeuf and Lalemant were captured by the Mohawks at the final destruction of the Huron nation on the shores of Lake Huron in 1649. Parkman says:

On the sixteenth of March (1649)—the day when the two priests were captured—Brebeuf was led apart, and bound to a stake. He seemed more concerned for his captive converts than for himself, and addressed them in a loud voice, exhorting them to suffer patiently, and promising heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot, to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshippers of God. As he continued to speak with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his tall muscular form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain; and they tried another means to overcome him. They led out Lalemant, that Brebeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about his naked limbs. When he saw the condition of Brebeuf he could not hide his agitation, and threw himself at the feet of his Superior, upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flame rose, he threw his arms upward with a shriek of supplication to heaven. Next they hung around Brebeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot; but the indomitable priest stood like a rock. A kettle was slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried, "that you may be happy in heaven, for nobody can be saved without a good baptism."

Brebeuf would not flinch, and in rage, they cut strips of flesh from his limbs and devoured them before his eyes. Others called out to him, "you told us that the more one suffers on earth, the happier he is in heaven." After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him; when, seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.

Thus died Jean de Brebeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr. It is said that he was a noble specimen of manhood, being of great size and strength, and with noble features, better fitted to be a knight than a priest.

As Brebeuf was a martyr of the Huron mission, so Isaac Jogues may be called the martyr of the mission to the Mohawks. On the bank of the Mohawk, at the little hamlet of Auriesville, the society of which he was a member has erected a shrine, as a tribute to the memory of that noble, self-sacrificing priest. In this age we may smile at his belief, and at some of his methods; but we cannot help admiring him for his strict obedience to the dictates of his conscience, and his humility and heroism in the discharge of his duties.

It is said that he was born at Orleans, of a worthy family, January 10, 1607, and at an early age entered the college of the Jesuits, at his native place, and at the time he was ordained priest, in 1636, he was an exceedingly well-educated man. He accompanied a fleet that sailed for Canada in April, 1636, arrived at Quebec in July of the same year, and was almost immediately assigned to one of the missions in the country of the Hurons, being one of the companions of Father Brebeuf, spoken of above. For five years he labored among those savages, suffering all manner of hardships and privations among the Hurons, Tobacco Indians, Ottawas, and Chippewas (Ojibwas) of northern Canada. Returning to the Huron

country, from Quebec, in 1642, he was captured by a war party of Agniers. The Agniers, or Mohawks, were located near the Dutch post of Rensselaerwyck (the Albany of the present time). They were noted for their deadly hatred of the French and the apostles of the Catholic faith, and were continually at war with the Hurons and Algonquins of Canada. In parties of from ten to a hundred, they would leave their villages on the Mohawk and descend Lake Champlain and the river Richelieu to lay in ambush on the banks of the St. Lawrence and attack passing boats, follow the trails of travellers or hunters, or break upon unguarded camps at midnight, and often in large parties attack the palisaded villages of their enemies. The account of the capture of Father Jogues, Rene Goupil, and Couture, is taken from the *Relations* of the Jesuits:

In the early morning of the second of August, 1642, twelve Huron canoes were moving slowly along the northern shore of the expansion of the St. Lawrence, known as Lake St. Peter, west of Three Rivers. There were on board about forty persons, including four Frenchmen. Jogues sat in one of the leading canoes. His oval face and the delicate mold of features indicated a modest, thoughtful, refined nature. He was constitutionally timid, with a sensitive conscience and great religious susceptibilities. He was a finished scholar, and might have gained a literary reputation; but he had chosen another career, and one for which he seemed but little fitted.

Physically, however, he was well matched with his work; for though his frame was light, he was so active that none of the Indians could surpass him in running. In stature he was the opposite to the majestic Brebeuf.

With him were two young men, Rene Goupil and Guillaume Couture—donnes of the mission—that is to say, laymen, who, without pay, had attached themselves to the services of the Jesuits. Goupil was formerly a Jesuit novitiate at Paris, but while in Quebec had been an attendant at the hospital. His surgical skill was of great help to Jogues in case of sickness among the savages. Couture was also a man of intelligence and vigor.

The twelve canoes had reached the western end of Lake St. Peter, when from the forests on the bank was heard the dreaded war cry of the Mohawks, mingled with the reports of guns and the whistling of bullets, and several Iroquois canoes, filled with warriors, bore down upon Jogues and his companions. The Hurons were seized with a shameful panic, and leaving canoes, baggage, and weapons, fled into the woods, but not soon enough to prevent many being either killed or captured. Jogues and Couture sprang into the bulrushes, and could have escaped; but seeing Goupil in the clutches of the Mohawks, they came out of their hiding-place and gave themselves up to their astonished victors, rather than desert a friend.

As Couture advanced, five Iroquois sprang forward to meet him, and one of them snapped his gun at his breast, but missed fire. In his confusion and excitement, Couture fired his own piece and laid the savage, who was a chief, dead. The remaining four sprang upon him, tore off his clothing, beat him with clubs and with their fists, and finally tore out his fingernails with their teeth, gnawing his fingers with the fury of famished dogs, and thrust a sword through the offending hand that had fired the shot. Jogues broke away from his guards, and rushed to the assistance of his friend. He was dragged away and beaten with war-clubs until he was senseless. Goupil was also subjected to the same treatment and his hands and those of Jogues were badly lacerated by the teeth of the savages.

The Iroquois started at last, ascending the Richelieu and entered Lake Champlain. On the eighth day they ascertained that about two hundred Iroquois (Mohawks) were encamped on an island in the lake, about one day's distance away. Reaching the island, the captives were forced to run the gauntlet, and were tortured in various ways.

Jogues, the last of the line, fell drenched in blood and half dead, but was forced to resume the journey the next morning, and on the 10th of August reached Lake George, four days'

march from the first Mohawk Castle. The hardships of this march were rendered even more intense by the want of food. The 11th of August they crossed the upper Hudson, which they called Oiogue (the river), and on August 15th reached the end of their journey.

In a letter to the Provincial of the Jesuits, at Paris, Jogues says:

> On the eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, about 3 o'clock, we reached the bank of the second river (Mohawk), about three-quarters of a mile from their village called Os-se-ru-e-non. Both banks were filled with Iroquois, who received us with clubs, fists and stones. When satisfied with their cruelty, which we thus received by the river side, they crossed the river and led us to their village on the top of the hill. At its entrance we met the youth of all that district awaiting us in line on each side of the road, all armed with clubs,

and through this double row of savages the captives were led, single file, Couture in front; because he had killed a chief, after him some Huron captives, then Goupil, then the remaining Hurons, and at last Jogues. Some of the prisoners were killed, but the three Frenchmen managed to drag themselves through that line of torture, and were all placed on a high platform in the middle of the village. They were kept on this platform for three days, and were then led in triumph to the second castle, and afterward the third, suffering at each a repetition of the former cruelties. Jogues and Goupil were afterward led back to the first castle, where they expected to be burned at the stake. Couture, according to custom, had been adopted into one of the families and taken to the farthest town, named Ti-o-non-to-guen.

About this time the Dutch of Rensselaerwyck, which was not forty miles from this town, having heard of the capture and torture of several Frenchmen, desired to interpose and

obtain their deliverance. On September 17th, Arendt Van Corlear, commandant of the fort, Jean Labatie, his interpreter, and Jacob Jansen of Amsterdam, went as ambassadors to the town of An-da-ga-ron, the second castle, and although they made flattering offers and a promise of two hundred dollars, they were unable to obtain the release of the prisoners.[1]

One day, after they had been in the hands of the Mohawks about six weeks, Goupil attempted to make the sign of the cross on some children, but was warned that if he did anything of the kind he would be killed. Shortly after, Goupil, in placing his cap on the head of a child, attempted to make the sign of the cross on its forehead. The grandfather of the child detected him, and as Goupil left the cabin said to one of his nephews, a young buck just ready for the war-path: "Go kill that dog of a Frenchman; the Hollanders tell us the sign he has made is not good." The young brave was only too glad of the order, and watched to catch Goupil outside of the palisade when he would be at liberty to kill him.

Shortly after, as the two captives were returning from the forest, saying their rosary, they met two Mohawks near the gate. One of them raised a tomahawk and struck it into the head of Goupil, who fell on his face. Jogues fell on his knees and uncovering his head awaited the same fate, but the Indians told him he had nothing to fear, for he belonged to another family.[2] The body of Rene Goupil was dragged through the village by the children to a ravine at a considerable distance, where they flung it in. The next day Jogues instituted a search for the body in the ravine, at the bottom of which ran a torrent. Here Jogues, with the help of an old Indian, his master, found it stripped naked and gnawed by dogs. He

[1] *Relations* of the Jesuits state that one of the men was on horseback—probably Van Corlear.

[2] The Mohawks were in the habit of giving their prisoners to different families.

dragged it into the water and covered it with stones to hide it and save it from further mutilation, intending to return the following day and bury it. He was not able to return until two days after, when he found the stream a rolling, turbulent flood, from a recent storm, and the body nowhere to be seen. I quote his words from the *Relations*, in a letter to the Provincial:

> I returned to the spot, I ascended the mount at the foot of which the torrent ran. I descended again and searched the woods on the opposite bank; my search was useless. In spite of the water, which came up to my waist, for it had rained all night, and in spite of the cold (as it was the first of October), I sounded with my feet and with my staff, to see if the current had not carried the corpse further along. The Indians, who are liars by nature, told me it had been carried down by the current to the river near by, which was untrue."

They also told him that they had dragged it to the river three-quarters of a mile away, "which I did not know," because no such river existed; they lied to him. It was some young Indians and not the torrent that had borne the body away. In the spring, when the snows were melting in the woods, he was told by some Mohawk children that the body was in the ravine in a lonely spot lower down the stream. There he found the scattered bones and hid them in the earth, hoping that a time would come when he could give them Christian burial.

Jogues remained with the Mohawks at Os-se-ru-e-non until July, 1643, when he went to a fishing-place on the Hudson about twenty miles below Fort Orange. Having learned of prisoners having been burned to death at Os-se-ru-e-non, during his absence, his conscience smote him because he had not been on hand to baptize them, and he urged the Indians to allow him to return. Reaching Rensselaerwyck, he was advised by Megapolensis, the Dutch clergyman at that post, and

others not to return to the Mohawk Castle, as he would surely be killed. Taking their advice, and with their help, he secretly went aboard a vessel bound for Manhattan (New York), and from there was assisted to a passage on a ship bound for France. In 1644 he returned to Canada.

In 1645 a treaty of peace was confirmed between the Iroquois and the French and Algonquins after some reverses to the Iroquois on Lake Champlain, which treaty was broken by the western tribes. The Mohawks were becoming uneasy and it was felt by the governor, General Chevalier de Montmagny, that it would be policy to send an envoy of higher rank than Couture, the former ambassador, to win over the turbulent Mohawks.

Jogues was chosen for the task; also to found a new mission, which was named "The Mission of the Martyrs." Jogues for the past two years had been at Montreal, and as soon as he received his orders started for Three Rivers, which he left on May 16th with Mr. Bourdon and four Mohawk deputies and two Algonquins as guides. Their route to the Mohawk country was up the St. Lawrence to the river Richelieu, and Lake Champlain and Lake George. It was on this journey that, having reached Lake George on the eve of Corpus Christi, he named it Lac St. Sacrament, which name it preserved until 1757, when Sir William Johnson christened it Lake George in honor of King George II.

From Lake George, being short of food, they crossed over to Fish Creek, "where the Indians catch a small fish like herring." (Jogues) Borrowing canoes, June 4th, of the Iroquois, they descended the Hudson to Fort Orange. After two days' rest they continued their journey, and reached the first Mohawk town on the evening of June 7th, about one day's travel. He says: "We reached the first castle on the evening of June 7th. Its name had been changed from Os-se-ru-e-non to On-

e-ou-gou-re." Crowds came from the neighboring Indian villages to gaze on the abused slave, who now came among them as an ambassador of power. A semblance of peace was patched up, but the old hatred of the French still burned sullenly, making the prospect of the future very ominous.

Hardly had the business of the embassy been finished before the Mohawks (probably the Wolves), urged them to depart for fear some of the western tribes, who were already preparing for a predatory raid to the St. Lawrence, would lie in ambush and kill their Algonquin guides, if not the Frenchmen themselves. Upon his departure, Jogues left a small chest containing his scanty outfit and a few religious articles, expecting to return soon to the valley and establish the " Mission of the Martyrs " among the savage Mohawks.

On the 24th of August he again set out for his dangerous post among the Iroquois (Mohawks). His only companions were a young Frenchman named Lalande, and three or four Hurons. On the way they met some Indians, who warned them not to continue their journey, as a change of feeling had taken place in the Mohawk towns and they would surely be killed if they persisted in going there. The Hurons, becoming alarmed, refused to go any farther, but Jogues and his young companion, Lalande, would not turn back.

The reported change had taken place owing to the superstitious ignorance of the Indians. The small box left by Jogues seemed mysterious to them and they imagined it to contain some secret charm. At this time a contagious disease was raging among them, and many of the Mohawks were dying; besides, the caterpillars had destroyed nearly the whole harvest, and this they ascribed to the little box and the sorceries of the Jesuits. The trunk was thrown into the river unopened, and they were ready to wreak vengeance on the supposed author of all their woes. A war party on the march

to Fort Richelieu came upon Father Jogues and Lalande two days' march from their village, and in fury fell upon them, stripped them of their clothes, beat them, and in triumph led them to the first castle. Jogues says: "I was led naked to Gandawague, the place of my former captivity." This place was variously called by Jogues, Os-se-ru-e-non, On-e-ou-gou-re, and Gan-da-wa-gue. Here they cut thin strips of flesh from the back and arms of Jogues, the crowd shouting, "You shall die to-morrow." Of the three great clans of the Mohawks, the Bear, the Tortoise, and the Wolf, the Bear chiefs were clamorous for his death, but the Wolves especially were more friendly to the captive. However, the Bears prevailed. Francis Parkman describes his death as follows:

> In the evening—it was the eighteenth of October—Jogues, smarting from his wounds and bruises, was sitting in one of the lodges, when an Indian entered and asked him to a feast. To refuse would have been an offense. He arose and followed the savage, who led him to the lodge of a bear chief. Jogues bent his head to enter, when another Indian, standing concealed within, at the side of the doorway, struck at him with a hatchet. An Iroquois, called by the French Le Berger, who seems to have followed in order to defend him, bravely held out his arm to ward off the blow, but the hatchet cut through it and sank into the missionary's brain. He fell at the feet of his murderer, who finished his work by hacking off his head. Lalande was left in suspense all night, and in the morning was killed in a similar manner. The bodies of the two Frenchmen were then thrown into the Mohawk, and their heads displayed on the points of the palisade which enclosed the town.

Thus died Isaac Jogues, one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which this western continent has seen. Le Berger, who tried to save the priest's life, had at one time been taken prisoner and kindly treated by the French. He showed his gratitude by his unsuccessful attempts to defend the life of the French Jesuit.

Chapter IV

Schonowe or Schenectady

THE Mohawk River practically ends at Cohoes, although its juncture with the Hudson, through its various deltas, is made at Cohoes, Waterford, and West Troy. The Mohawk Valley of the tourist, however, begins at Schenectady and ends at Rome, N. Y.

It is supposed that Henry Hudson ascended the Hudson as far as the mouth of the Mohawk in the small boats of the *Half Moon*, and that the falls prevented further exploration in that direction. The Cohoes Falls at that period must have appeared grand and beautiful. At that point the Mohawk is more than one hundred yards wide and perfectly rock-ribbed on both sides. The fall is nearly seventy feet perpendicular, in addition to the turbulent rapids below.

Before entering the Hudson the river is divided into four mouths by three rocky islands, Peobles, Van Schaicks, and Green Islands, and in those early days formed a scene both beautiful and picturesque.

The earliest maps of the valley, made previous to the settlement of Schenectady in 1661–69, shows an Indian village at a bend in the Mohawk, about half-way between Schenectady and the Hudson River, called Nsarcane (Niskayuna), while Schenectady is designated by the word Schoo, and also by the term Flack-landt; the word Schoo being undoubtedly a contraction of the word Schonowe, "the gate."

In Professor Pearson's very excellent article on the origin

of the word Schenectady we find that it was probably derived from the Indian word Schonowe or S'Gaun-ho-ha, meaning door or gate, and was first applied to the Indian village formerly on the site of Albany, meaning the door or gate to the long house (Iroquois) or the Mohawk country. Afterwards it was applied to Schenectady as the Schonowe, or gate. Later, as the Indians retired westward before the advance of the white man, the same name was given to Tiononderoga (Fort Hunter) as being the gate or door to their country, and from it we have undoubtedly the name of Schoharie, being the real door or gate to the Mohawk country.

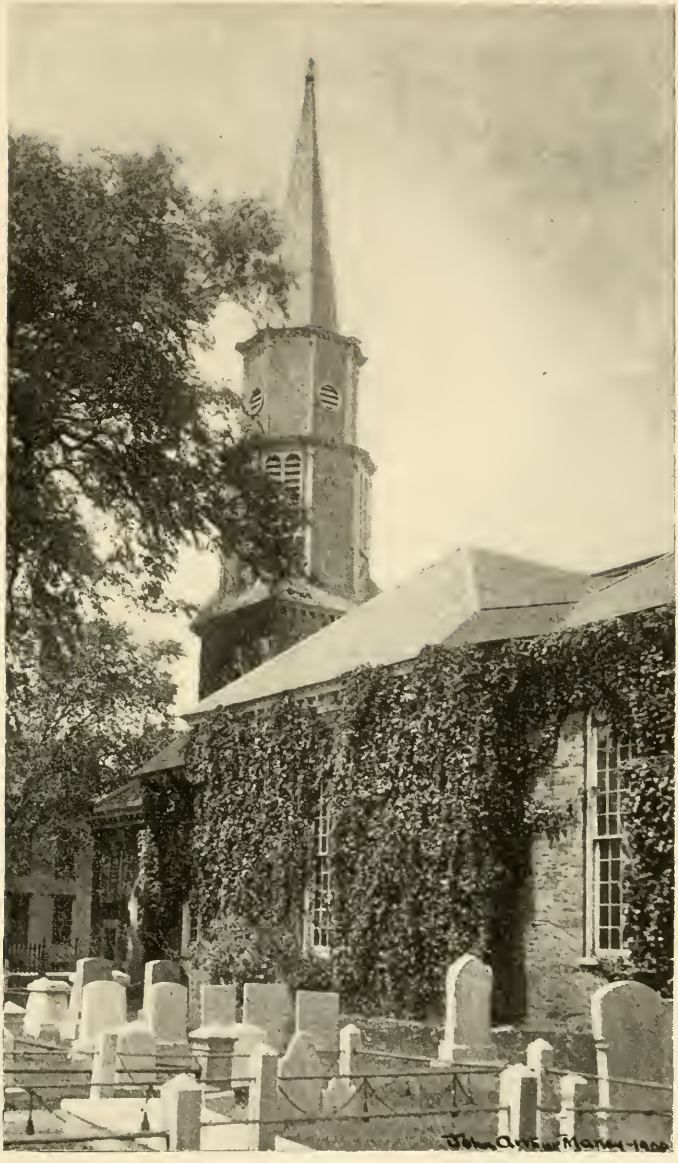
This name, " Schonowe," becomes poetical when we reflect upon a broader, grander application of the term, the " Gate."

The Hudson and Mohawk valleys taken together are the avenue to the great West, although the early settlers did not realize it.

First the Indian trail and canoes, then the bateaux and the stage-coach, and then, after long years of waiting, the Erie Canal, reaching from tidewater to the Great Lakes. Then the primitive railroad from Albany to Schenectady, Schenectady to Utica, and then on to Buffalo, Chicago, and so on and on until now the iron rails passing through our beautiful valley reach from ocean to ocean.

And now we hear of the building of a ship canal in the bed of the Mohawk, and of ocean steamers and possibly vessels of war passing through the Mohawk Valley to the Great Lakes, in the near future.

In the fifteenth century it was the desire of navigators of the then known world to reach India by sailing west, and it was with this object in view that the expeditions of Christopher Columbus, John and Sebastian Cabot, and others were fitted out. After the discovery of America, even up to the



OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, SCHENECTADY, 1759

voyage of Henry Hudson, the desire of navigators was to discover the "northwest passage to India."

When Henry Hudson entered the bay of New York and sailed up the broad river that bears his name, with its tide, he fondly hoped that he had at last found the "northwest passage," little dreaming that a great continent three thousand miles wide lay between him and the Pacific Ocean.

The Indians, with their limited knowledge, call the Mohawk Valley "Schonowe," the Gate. They little knew how truly it was named.

Henry Hudson was right, however. With its two great railways, its Erie Canal, and the promise of a second Suez, with its millions of tons of merchandise, and myriads of tourists streaming across the continent to meet the steamers of the Pacific to Asia, the Mohawk Valley may well be called the "northwest passage," the Gate to India.

Every history of Schenectady begins with a quotation from the letter of Arent Van Curler to the Patroon, Killian Van Rensselaer, when, in 1642, he returned from his unsuccessful journey to Osseruenon to rescue Father Jogues: "dat Schoonste landt" that the eye of man ever beheld.

Then we read of Van Curler's efforts to organize a small colony, and of the purchase of the "great flats" from the Mohawks in 1661, and its settlement in 1662, also of their troubles with the authorities at Fort Orange, who declined to survey their lands or to give them the right to trade with the Indians, and the final adjustment of the difficulty in 1664.

We find that the settlement was successful from the beginning, and that in 1670 additional land was purchased from the Mohawks, making the township up and down the river, sixteen miles long, and eight miles wide, the western limit being the Kinaquarone, or Towereune hill at Hoffmans.

The land west of the "great flats" was divided into five

flats, or farms, on the south side of the river, and eight flats on the north side, reaching up to and adjoining the present townships of Amsterdam and Florida.

It is quite interesting to read the names of the original owners, as the names of their descendants may be found in nearly every town in the Mohawk Valley.

South side of the river:

First flat: Jaques Cor. Van Slyke.

Second flat: Jacobus Peek and Isaac De Trieux.

Third flat: Simon Mabie, Abraham N. Bratt.

Fourth flat: Pieter Vrooman.

Cowillegen, or Willow Flat: Pieter Van O'Linda, Chas. Williamse Van Coppernol.

Flats on the north side:

Claus Graven Hoek—Claus Andrise DeGraff.

Maalwyck—Benjamin Roberts.

Second flat: Petier Cornelis Viele.

Third flat: Jan Janse Joncker.

Fourth flat: Lewis Cobes and Johannes Kleyn.

Fifth, or Wolfe Flat: Jasaias Swart.

Sixth flat: Philip Philipse De Moer.

Seventh flat: Carel Hanson Toll, Reyer Schermerhorn.

The hardy first settlers saw perilous times from the very beginning, and must have been endowed with an abundance of Dutch grit and persistency to withstand and overcome the dangers and vicissitudes of the early years of their struggle for existence. For more than half a century the frontier town of the great West, and surrounded by the most warlike and aggressive of the aborigines of America, who were continually at war with their savage kindred and the French of Canada, this little band of frontiersmen lived in continual alarm, from their dusky neighbors and their neighbor's foes. Protected by a stockade of posts, built after the manner of the castles of

55 INTERIOR OF OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH SCHENECTADY, 1759

the Mohawks, which we would think inadequate protection against the wild beasts of the forests, they lived and thrived, and in time made firm friends of the fierce Mohawks, and thereby raised a human barrier against the white and red savages of New France.

We can imagine the consternation of these " Dutch Boers " (as Governor Courcelle called them) when one morning in February, 1666, a few Mohawk warriors appeared at the gate of their little palisaded village with the heads of four Frenchmen, and the information that an army of six hundred men, on snowshoes, was at their gates. This alarming news was sent in haste to Albany, and " the next day three of the principal inhabitants were sent to the commander of the troops, Governor Courcelle, to inquire of his intention to bring a body of armed men into the dominions of his Majesty of Great Britain without acquainting the Governor of these parts with his designs."

Governor Courcelle replied that he had come to seek and destroy his enemies, the Mohawks, without the intention of visiting the plantations, and that, indeed, this was the first that he had heard that the English were rulers instead of the Dutch.

This expedition seems to have been the most foolhardy and abortive of the many raids of the French in the Mohawk Valley.

Having suffered from recent incursions of the Mohawks, Governor Courcelle and M. de Tracey organized an expedition of retaliation, consisting of six hundred French and Canadian soldiers, and began their march to the Mohawks' country in mid-winter. Their route was through the Lake Champlain Valley, over the frozen lake, and with snow on the ground four feet deep. The soldiers were all provided with snowshoes and the provisions were loaded on light sleds, drawn by dogs. The soldiers suffered greatly from cold, and through a

mistake of the guides found themselves, on February 9th, within two miles of Schenectady instead of the Mohawk castles. A party of Mohawk warriors appearing, Courcelle despatched sixty of his best fusileers after them. These soldiers were drawn into an ambush and eleven killed, a large number wounded, and the balance forced to retreat to the main body.

Although the Canadian Governor did not dare allow his soldiers inside of the stockade of the poor village, or, as he said, "within the smell of a chimney corner," he did not hesitate to ask that care be given to his wounded, half-starved soldiers, and that he be supplied with provisions for pay.

The next day seven wounded Frenchmen were taken to the village, and after their wounds were carefully dressed, were sent on to Albany; while the "Dutch Boers" carried to their camps provisions, such as they had, and were well paid for them.

The French, being refreshed and having a supply of provisions, put on a bold front and marched away in the direction of the Mohawk castles; but when well out of sight of the village, "with faces about and great silence and diligence returned towards Canada."

In October of the same year Governor Courcelle and Tracey, with twelve hundred soldiers, again visited the Mohawks' country, and destroyed their castles and their crops, but did not succeed in killing any of the Indians, who, with their families had fled to the wooded hills.

The Frontenac expedition of 1690, which resulted in the burning of Schenectady, February 9th, of that year, was organized at Montreal for the purpose of attacking Fort Orange, and consisted of two hundred and ten men, eighty of whom were Caughnawaga, or Praying Indians, under Kryn, a noted Mohawk convert to the Catholic religion.

THE OLD GLEN-SANDERS HOUSE, SCOTIA, 1713

As in the expedition of Courcelle, just twenty-four years before, they suffered severely from cold and lack of provisions. After having marched five or six days, the Indians demanded of the French their intentions, and were told by the commanders, Sieurs La Moyne and De Mantet, that they were going to attack Fort Orange. Kryn, having in mind the disaster of the last year, inquired, "Since when have you become so desperate?" It was finally decided, however, to take the route leading to Corlear, or Schenectady, instead of Fort Orange.

After a further journey of seventeen days they arrived within two leagues of Corlear at four o'clock P.M., and were harangued by the great Mohawk chief. Shortly after, four squaws were discovered in a wigwam, who gave the necessary information for the attack on the town. At eleven o'clock that night they came within sight of the place and resolved to defer the assault until two o'clock in the morning, but the excessive cold admitted of no further delay.

The French account says:

> The town of Corlear forms a sort of oblong, with only two gates —one opposite the road we had taken, the other leading to Orange, six leagues distant. Messieurs de Sainte Helene and de Mantet were to enter the first, which the squaws pointed out, and which in fact was found wide open. Messieurs d'Iberville and de Montesson took the left with another detachment in order to make themselves masters of that leading to Orange. But they could not discover it, and returned to join the remainder of the party. A profound silence was observed until the two commanders, who separated at their entrance of the town for the purpose of encircling it, had met at the other extremity.

Within the stockade were about fifty houses, and a small fort or block house with a garrison of ten or twelve men, while the total population is supposed to have been about two hundred. Weary with the festivities of the early evening, the villagers were slumbering peacefully, unconscious of danger.

Suddenly, and seemingly from every point, on earth and sky, arose the fearful war cry of the savages, mingled with the explosion of firearms, the hoarse shouts of command in a strange language, the crash of timber and the agonizing cries of women and children under the fatal blows of tomahawk and knife. Soon the fitful flames cast a lurid glow on the snow-covered streets, already stained with scarlet splashes and the dark still forms of the unfortunate Hollanders, while the howling, painted warriors dashed hither and thither, plying blazing torch and reeking scalping knife with the zeal of the fanatic and the barbarity of the savage.

It is said every house was destroyed but four or five; sixty men, women, and children were killed, about the same number of old men, women, and children spared, thirty men and boys taken prisoners, while many hid themselves in the forests, or fled through the snow to Fort Orange.

Adam Vrooman, one of the villagers, saw his wife shot and his child brained against the door-post, but he fought so desperately that his assailants promised him his life and liberty if he would surrender. His son and negro servant were carried away captives.

In the morning a small party crossed the river to the house of Glen. It was loopholed and palisaded, and Captain Glen was prepared to defend it. The French told him they owed him a debt for kindness shown to French prisoners in the hands of the Mohawks, and that no harm should come to him or his kindred. Even two or three houses inside the palisade were saved from the flames because he requested it.

The alarm having been given at Orange, fifty young men, under Peter Schuyler, proposed to follow the French in their retreat. Reinforced by a troop of Mohawk warriors, they followed them nearly to Montreal, when they fell upon the rear-guard, killing and capturing fifteen or more.

DOOR IN THE GLEN-SANDERS HOUSE

After a period of heartrending grief and depression, with true Dutch grit, the pioneers set to work to rebuild their ruined village; and with the help of their neighbors at Orange, and the friendly Mohawks, they again assumed the title of the frontier town of the West, and became the port of entry and departure of produce and supplies by the bateaux and canoes of the Inland Lock and Navigation Company, until the building of the Erie Canal.

In 1819 occurred the "great fire," by which disaster the village—then a city—was again nearly wiped out of existence. The whole west end and business portion was destroyed, in all one hundred and sixty-nine houses. There was little, or no insurance, and it was a long time before Schenectady recovered from the effects of the great fire.

It is said that Arent Van Curler, when in 1642 he returned from an errand of mercy in behalf of some French prisoners in the hands of the Mohawks at Osseruenon, wrote that he had seen "the most beautiful land the eye of man ever beheld." Just one hundred and six years later this "beautiful land" was the scene of a typical Indian fight.

Travellers on the New York Central going east, if they sit on the left-hand side of the coach, probably have seen one of the oldest houses in the Mohawk Valley and the scene of the Beukendaal massacre without being conscious of it. About midway between Hoffman's Ferry and Schenectady and about forty rods from the railroad, with nothing to intercept the sight except a thin fringe of trees in front of the building, stands the Toll mansion. In the spring and autumn its dull yellow color shows plainly through the trees which in summer time nearly hide the dwelling from view. We have nothing to do with this dwelling except to use it as a landmark to point out the humble historic building at the east of it and known as the DeGraaf house.

Near the railroad at this point is a substantial brick country schoolhouse, to the west of which is the road that leads past the DeGraaf house and the hollow to the right of the road in which the fight took place.

It ought not to be called a massacre, as it was a square stand-up fight with the whites as the attacking party, who on that account suffered more severely than the savages.

The following account published in the Schenectady *Democrat and Reflector*, April 22, 1836, was gathered from traditions then floating about among the aged people at that date.

In the beginning of the month of July, 1747, Mr. Daniel Toll and his favorite servant, Ryckert, and Dirck Van Vorst went in search of some stray horses at Beukendaal, a locality about three miles from Schenectady. They soon heard what they supposed was the trampling of horses; but the sound they mistook for that made by horses' hoofs on the clayey ground proceeded from the quoits which the Indians were playing.

Mr. Toll discovered his danger too late and fell pierced by bullets of the French savages, for such they were. Ryckert, more fortunate, took to his heels and fled. He reached Schenectady in safety and told the dreadful news of the death of his master, and the presence of the enemy.

In less than an hour about sixty volunteers were on the march to Beukendaal. The greater part of these were young men, and such was their zeal that they would not wait until the proper authorities had called out the militia. Without discipline or experience and even without a leader they hastened to the Indian camps.

Those in advance of the main body before they reached the enemy were attracted by a singular sight. They saw a man resembling Mr. Toll sitting near a fence in an adjoining field and a crow flying up and down before him. On coming nearer they discovered it to be the corpse of Mr. Toll with a crow attached to it by a string.

This proved to be a stratagem of the Indians to decoy their adversaries. The Schenectadians fell, alas! too easily into the snare laid for them, and were in a few moments surrounded by the Indians, who had been lying in ambush. Thus taken by surprise they

67 THE DE GRAAF HOUSE, BEUKENDAAL

lost many of their number and some were taken prisoners before they could make good their retreat.

They, however, succeeded in reaching the house of Mr. DeGraaf in the neighborhood, which had been for some time deserted. But while retreating they continued to fire upon the enemy. On reaching the DeGraaf house they entered, bolted the doors and ascended to the second floor. Here they tore off the boards near the eaves and through the opening thus made fired with success at the savages and succeeded in keeping them at bay. In the meantime Dirck Van Vorst, who had been left in charge of two young Indians, effected his escape.

The two youngsters were anxious to see the fight and secured their prisoner by tying him to a tree and left him alone. He succeeded in getting his knife from his pocket and cutting the cord with which he was bound. On the approach of the Schenectady militia under Col. Jacob Glen the party in Mr. DeGraaf's house were relieved from their perilous situation and the enemy took up their line of march for Canada, probably along the Sacandaga trail.

In this engagement twenty whites were killed and thirteen or fourteen taken prisoners and a number wounded. The bodies of Nicholas A. DeGraaf and Jacob Glen, Jr., were found lying in close contact with their savage antagonists, with whom they had wrestled in deadly strife.

The corpses were taken to Schenectady the evening of the massacre and deposited in a large barn of Abraham Mabee, being the identical one now standing on the premises (1883) of Mrs. Benjamin in Church Street.

The above account is interesting because it shows what perils the settlers had to undergo before they could establish a peaceful home for their families.

The DeGraaf house, as seen from the cars, does not appear any different from many unpainted weather-worn houses to be seen by driving a few miles on any of the country roads that lead from the city except, perhaps, that the roof is higher and more pointed than those erected at a later date.

In 1706 a new fort was erected near the site of the old fort,

and called the Queen's Fort, and from that time until the commencement of the Revolution was garrisoned by British troops.

From a Paris document we find the following description of Schenectady in 1757:

> Chenectedi, or Corlar, situated on the bank of the Mohawk River, is a village of about three hundred houses. It is surrounded by upright pickets, flanked from distance to distance. Entering the village by the gate on the Fort Hunter side, there is a fort to the right which forms a species of citadel in the interior of the village itself. It is a square flanked with four bastions, or demi-bastions, and is constructed half of masonry and half of timbers, piled one over the other above the masonry. It is capable of holding two hundred men. There are some pieces of cannon as a battery on the ramparts. It is not encircled by a ditch. The entrance is through a large swing gate, raised like a draw-bridge. By penetrating the village in attacking it at another point, the fire from the fort can be avoided. The greatest portion of the inhabitants of Chenectedi are Dutch.

The presence of English soldiers probably suggested the occasional holding of the services of the Church of England for the English-speaking residents, as the Rev. Thomas Barclay, an English clergyman and missionary to the Mohawks from 1708–1712, says in 1710: "There is a convenient and well-built church at Schenectady, which they freely give me the use of." (The second building of the Dutch Church.)

The natural increase of the English population as the years rolled by, called for a church of their own, but the comparatively small number of English-speaking people, and the lack of means, delayed this for years, although the foundation was begun as early as 1759. It was not completed, however, until about 1767, and named St. George's Episcopal Church. It is said that the Presbyterians subscribed to its erection with the understanding that it should be used in common by

THE ARENT BRADT HOUSE, WOESTYNE, 1736

both denominations. Sir William Johnson is known to have contributed liberally, and also obtained subscriptions from his friends—at one time sixty-one pounds and ten shillings from the Governors of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

This old stone church is still standing near the site of the Queen's Fort, beautiful and picturesque in its time-worn stone walls and quaint interior decorations.

Eight miles above the city of Schenectady, on the south side of the Mohawk River and situated on the easterly half of what was termed the third flat in the original division of land under the Schenectady patent, is seen to-day an old brick house known as the Bradt house, erected in 1736.

This house was built of brick, front and sides, and wood in the rear. In 1883 it presented the forlorn appearance of a vacant dwelling with its rotten roof, toppling chimneys, and broken windows, but to-day it presents a scene of rural beauty with its dormer windows and frame additions and general renovation, with the aid of paint and putty, together with its setting of foliage and flowers. I do not know that it is noted for anything but its antiquity.

On the same flat, about a mile to the west of the eastern border of the little but old village of Rotterdam, is another dwelling, called the Mabie house, which holds itself remarkably strait and prim in spite of its age.

It is situated on a bluff on the edge of the Mohawk and at the concave side of a bend commanding a view of the river for a considerable distance in either direction. It is built of stone, with steep roof, which gives it the appearance of being one story on its sides and two stories and attic on its gable front.

It still retains its windows with small panes of glass, the heavy exposed timbers in the lower story, and its outside doors in two parts.

It is supposed to have been erected about 1680, making it

the oldest house in the valley. On its south side, but detached from the main building, is a structure built of brick, also bearing the impress of antiquity.

From its large brick ovens and appearance of general utility it is probable that it was used as a kitchen and servants' quarters.

Professor Pearson says: " In view of the fact that a brick or stone wing across the end would connect the detached building and afford increased space with all modern conveniences and yet preserve unaltered this old ' hofstede ' to the Mabie family, and a time-honored landmark in the Mohawk Valley, its destruction would be regretted."

75 THE JAN MABIE HOUSE, ROTTERDAM, 1680

Chapter V

Immigration and Settlement of the Palatines

AMONG the earliest settlers of the Mohawk Valley, after the Dutch Boers, were their kindred from the Palatinate. We call them kindred because they also received the name of Mohawk Dutch and assisted in the construction of that almost untranslatable language called "Mohawk Dutch," a mixture of German, Dutch, and Mohawk, making a dialect that when found in public documents proves a puzzle to philologists.

The *Story of the Palatines*, by the Rev. Sanford H. Cobb, dedicated "To the Children of the Palatines, my Old Parishioners in the High Dutch Churches of Schoharie and Saugerties," is very interesting. While following the records of history strictly, he attempts to correct many impressions that have prevailed in regard to the social status of the immigration to the banks of the Hudson, in 1710. He protests against the term, "poor Palatines," and quotes Mrs. Lamb's disparaging remarks by the side of Macaulay's description of the people. Mrs. Lamb says:

> These earlier German settlers were mostly hewers of wood and drawers of water, differing materially from the class of Germans who have since come among us, and bearing about the same relation to the English, Dutch, and French settlers of their time, as the Chinese of to-day bear to the American population on the Pacific coast.

Macaulay justly describes the same people as follows:

" Honest, laborious men, who had once been thriving burgers of Manheim and Heidelberg, or who had cultivated the vine on the banks of the Neckar and the Rhine, their ingenuity and their diligence could not fail to enrich any land which should afford them an asylum." They rather resembled the Huguenots, as they were driven from their homes by the armies of France, who laid waste their lands and destroyed their cities, and the persecutions of their own Palatine princes, who were alternately Calvinists, Lutherans, or Romanists. They came to this country for freedom to worship God, and the Calvinists and the Reformed built their churches side by side on the Hudson and on the Schoharie and Mohawk. The exodus of the Palatines bears some resemblance to the exodus of the children of Israel, from the fact that it seems to have been a movement of nearly the whole people. Some went to Holland, others to north Germany; but the larger number found their way to England, and thronged the streets of London to that extent that they were lodged in warehouses and barns, and in some instances buildings were erected, while on the Surrey side of the Thames one thousand tents were pitched, and the generous and charitably disposed people were taxed to the utmost to provide subsistence for this destitute army of immigrants. It became evident to Queen Anne and her advisers that something must be done to find employment or new homes for the wanderers. About five thousand were absorbed in various employments within the kingdom, while nearly four thousand were sent over to Ireland, and about ninety-two families, or in the neighborhood of six hundred persons, were sent to the Carolinas in charge of a Swiss gentleman named Christopher de Graffenreid, a native of Berne, who named the settlement Newberne.

While the Palatines were yet in London there came to England an important delegation from the province of New

79 ON THE OLD MOHAWK TURNPIKE

York, consisting of Peter Schuyler, then Mayor of Albany, and Colonel Nicholson, one of Her Majesty's officers in America, and five Mohawk sachems. Their mission was to urge the need of more generous measures on the part of the home government for the defence of the province against the French and their allied Indians.

"The arrival of the sachems, in their barbaric costume, occasioned great observation throughout the kingdom. Crowds followed them in the streets, and small pictures of them were widely sold." The court was in mourning for the Prince of Denmark, and the Indians were dressed in black underclothes, but a scarlet ingrain cloth mantle was thrown over all other garments.

The English and the Indians alike were delighted with the exhibitions. The guards were reviewed for their entertainment, and they were taken to see plays in the theatres. They were given an audience by the queen, to whom they presented belts of wampum, and represented that not only the English, but the friendly Indians needed a more efficient defence against the French. The reduction of Canada would be of great weight to their free hunting.

It is said that in the walks of the Indian chiefs about the outskirts of London, they became interested in the homeless and houseless Palatines, and one of them voluntarily presented Queen Anne a tract of his land on the Schoharie, for the use and benefit of the distressed Germans. This was in 1709. The next year a colony of three thousand Palatines under the charge of Governor Robert Hunter, as "servants of the crown," sailed for the port of New York and settled on land provided for them near the Livingston manor, and on the opposite side of the Hudson at Saugerties.

On this land, and under the direction of Governor Hunter, they attempted the production of turpentine, resin, or pitch, which proved a failure. Becoming dissatisfied with their lot,

which was only a little less than slavery, they petitioned to be allowed to go to the promised land of "Schorie," which the Indians and Queen Anne had given them. Permission being refused, they rebelled and about fifty families migrated to the valley of "Schorie," as they called it, in the fall of 1712. In March, 1713, "the remainder of the people (treated by Governor Hunter as Pharaoh treated the Israelites) proceeded on their journey, and by God's assistance joined their friends and countrymen in the promised land of 'Schorie.'"

They had hardly got settled in the several settlements, before they found themselves again in trouble, with the "Gentlemen of Albany," and various other persons, who claimed the land by earlier grants from the Mohawks. Adam Vrooman, the surviving hero of the massacre of Schenectady, was one of the settlers who came into conflict with the Palatines, also Lewis Morris, Jr., and Andries Coeymans. There is also an account of their treatment of Sheriff Adams, who attempted to serve papers on some of the Germans without a posse.

The first attempt brought on a riot, in which the stalwart Palatine women took an active and leading part. Led by Magdalena Zeh, the women attacked the sheriff, knocked him down and beat him; then they dragged him through the nastiest puddles of their barnyards, and putting him on a rail, rode him skimmington through the settlements for seven miles or more, and finally left him with two broken ribs, on a bridge well out on the road to Albany.

These continual conflicts made life a burden to the Palatines in their promised "Schorie," and at last, despairing of receiving justice from the authorities at Albany, a large number of them, in 1722, accepted offers from Pennsylvania to locate in that province. Probably about three hundred remained in the Schoharie Valley, some having already settled along the Mohawk, west of Schoharie River.

I have before me a list of some of the Palatines located along the Mohawk and Schoharie rivers, and among them find names belonging to the most respected families, who are doubtless descendants of those sturdy Germans:

Becker, Kneiskern, Conrad, Schneli (Snell), Nelles (Nellis), Young, Houck, Angell, Snyder, Wagner, Neff, Newkirk, Klein, Cline, Kline, Planck, Bronck, Timmerman, and a host of others.

Chapter VI

Queen Ann's Chapel

THE delegation spoken of on page 81 was in England in the year 1708. At an audience given them by Queen Anne, among other requests, they prayed that Her Majesty should build them a fort and erect a church at their castle at the junction of the Schoharie and Mohawk rivers, called Tiononderoga. This she promised to do, and when Governor Robert Hunter arrived in New York in 1710 he carried with him instructions to build forts and chapels for the Mohawks and Onondagas. These orders were carried out as far as the Mohawks were concerned and the fort named Fort Hunter, but the Onondaga Chapel was never built.

The contract for the construction of the fort was taken October 11, 1711, by Garret Symonce, Barant and Hendrick Vrooman, Jan Wemp, and Arent Van Patten, all of Schenectady.

The walls were formed of logs, well pinned together, twelve feet high, the enclosure being one hundred and fifty feet square. Surrounded by the palisades of the fort and in the centre of the enclosure stood the historic edifice known as Queen Ann's Chapel. It was erected by the builders of the fort, being, in fact, part of their contract. It was built of limestone, was twenty-four feet square, and had a belfry.

The ruins of the fort were torn down at the beginning of the Revolution, and the chapel surrounded by heavy palisades, block-houses being built at each corner, on which cannon were mounted.

It is said that soon after the erection of Queen Anne's Chapel the Dutch built a log "meeting-house" near what was afterwards know as Snook's Corners, but all trace of the building long ago disappeared. The first missionaries to the Mohawks of whom we can find any account, who, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, connected with the Church of England, sent out to teach the Indians, were the Rev. Mr. Talbot, in 1702, followed shortly afterwards by the Rev. Thoroughgood Moore, in 1704. It is said that the Rev. Mr. Moore was driven away from Tiononderoga by the Indian traders and went to New Brunswick, Connecticut. He was so scandalized at the conduct of Governor Cornby and the Lieutenant-Governor that he refused to allow the Lieutenant-Governor to approach the table of the Lord's Supper, for which act he was arrested and imprisoned in jail. He succeeded in escaping and took passage in a vessel sailing for England. As the vessel never reached its destination, it is supposed to have foundered in mid-ocean and all on board lost.

The Rev. Thomas Barclay, chaplain of Fort Orange, in the city of Albany, was then called. He labored among the Mohawks from 1708 to 1712, and was, in 1712, succeeded by the Rev. William Andrews. The parsonage or manse was built in 1712. The next record we find regarding Queen Anne's Chapel, is the purchase or grant from the Crown of a tract of land containing three hundred acres. This was called the Barclay tract and was granted to the Rev. Henry Barclay, November 27, 1741, presumably for the benefit of Queen Anne's Chapel, and was afterwards known as Queen Anne's Chapel, "glebe," the term

glebe being used to denote lands belonging to, or yielding revenue to a parish church, an ecclesiastical benefice.

The records say that the Rev. Mr. Andrews was no more successful than his predecessors, and in 1719 abandoned his mission. The most cordial relations existed between the ministers of the Reformed Dutch Church, who also sent missionaries from Albany to the Mohawk Indians, and the Episcopal Church in their Indian mission work. After the Rev. Mr. Andrews abandoned his mission, the Church of England had no resident missionary among the Mohawks until the Rev. Henry Barclay came in 1735, being appointed catechist to the Indians at Fort Hunter. His stay with them was made very uncomfortable by the French war and the attitude of his neighbors. He had no interpreter and but poor support, and his life was frequently in danger. In 1745 he was obliged to leave Fort Hunter and in 1746 was appointed rector of Trinity Church, New York, where he died. The Rev. John Ogilvie was Dr. Barclay's successor. He commenced his work in March, 1749, and succeeded Dr. Barclay also at Trinity Church, New York, after the latter's death in 1764. Queen Anne's Chapel seems to have been a stepping-stone to the rectorship of Trinity Church.

Sir William Johnson and the Rev. Mr. Inglis, of New York, obtained from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the year 1770, the Rev. John Stuart, as missionary for service at Queen Anne's Chapel and vicinity.

The Rev. John Stuart was a man of gigantic size and strength —over six feet high—called by the Mohawks "the little gentleman." He preached his first sermon at Indian Castle on Christmas Day, 1770. He had a congregation at the chapel of two hundred persons and upwards. In 1774 he was able to read the liturgy and the several offices of baptism, marriages, etc., to his flock in the language of the Mohawks.

This practically is the end of our knowledge of Queen Anne's Chapel as a church. When we hear from it again it will be as a ruin.

Right here it may be well to give a description of the same, as a church. We already know that it was built of limestone, was twenty-four feet square, and had a belfry. It also had a bell which was afterward placed in an institution of learning at Johnstown and did good service for a number of years until the building and the bell were destroyed by fire a few years ago.

The entrance to the chapel was in the north side. The pulpit stood at the west and was provided with a sounding-board. There was also a reading-desk. Directly opposite the pulpit were two pews with elevated floors, one of which, with a wooden canopy, in later times was Sir William Johnson's; the other was for the minister's family. The rest of the congregation had movable benches for seats. The chapel had a veritable organ, the very Christopher Columbus of its kind, in all probability the first instrument of music of such dignity in all the wilderness west of Albany. It was over fifty years earlier than the erection of the Episcopal church at Johnstown, which had an organ brought from England, of very respectable size and great sweetness of tone, which continued in use up to the destruction of the church by fire in 1836. Queen Anne sent as furniture for the chapel:

A communion table-cloth.
Two damask napkins.
A carpet for the communion table.
An altar cloth.
A small tasselled cushion for the pulpit.
One Holland surplice.
A small cushion for the desk.
One large Bible.

Two common prayer books.

One common prayer book for the clerk.

A book of homilies.

One large silver salver.

Two large silver flagons.

One silver dish.

One silver chalice.

Four paintings of Her Majesty's arms on canvas, one for the chapel and three for the different Mohawk castles.

Twelve large octavo Bibles bound for use of the chapels among the Mohawks and Onondagas.

Two painted tables containing the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments, "at more than twenty guineas expense."

A candelabrum, with nine sockets, arranged in the form of a triangle, an emblem of the Trinity, and a cross, both of brass, were in the parsonage many years, but, regarded as useless, were, in our late civil war, melted and sold for old metal.

In 1877 the manse was still standing and in a fair state of preservation, though parts of the woodwork showed signs of decay. At the present time it has the appearance of a very durable stone building with main entrance to the south. It is two stories high and about twenty-five by thirty-five feet in size. The walls are thick, making the recesses of the quaint old windows very deep, the glass being six by eight and the sash in one piece. The glass for the windows and the bricks for the single large chimney were brought from Holland. On the east end of the building and over the cellar arch the characters "1712" are still legible.

In 1888 the late owner, Mr. DeWitt Devendorf, repaired the old parsonage and tore down the old chimney and very thoughtfully presented about fifty of the old Dutch brick to St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, N. Y., the lineal descendant

THE OLD QUEEN ANNE PARSONAGE, FORT HUNTER, 1712

of Queen Anne's Chapel and the principal recipient of the funds derived from the sale of the old glebe farms.

On June 8, 1790, Rev. Mr. Ellison preached at Fort Hunter. He says: "The church is in a wretched condition, the pulpit, reading-desk, and two of the pews only being left, the windows being destroyed, the floor demolished, and the walls cracked."

Except on a few occasions by the Rev. Mr. Dempster, the chapel had not been used for a number of years, when it was demolished about the year 1820, to give place to the Erie Canal. The roof was burned off to get its stone walls, the stone being used in constructing guard-locks for the canal near its site. It is said that at the beginning of the Revolution the silver service, curtains, fringes, gold lace, and other fixtures of the chapel were put in a hogshead by the Mohawks and buried on the side of the hill south of the Boyd Hudson Place near Auriesville, N. Y. At the close of the war, when found by sounding with irons rods, it was discovered that the silver service had been removed and the cask reburied, but by whom or when it was never known. Most of the articles remaining were so damaged by moisture as to be unfit for use.

The question is often asked why was not the old canal constructed in the same straight line that the new canal follows in passing through Fort Hunter? At the time the old canal was built, about 1820, there was a bridge across the Schoharie just above the chapel, and the channel was diverted from a straight line, passed through the site of the chapel, and the building destroyed in order to make use of the bridge in towing the boats across the stream at this point, as it was deemed more economical to destroy this historic landmark than go to the expense of building a new bridge.

Commenting upon this act at the present time we call it vandalism, but you must remember that in those days there

were no churchmen in that locality, and that its roof had been a " refuge from the storm " for the sheep and cattle that were pastured on the land near by. For years the voice of prayer and thanksgiving had been hushed, and instead of the solemn notes of the deep-toned organ within walls that had echoed alike to the song of praise and the war cry of the Mohawks, naught was heard but the lowing of cattle and the plaintive call of the sheep for its young. We condemn this act of vandalism, but are we in our day any more careful to preserve the old landmarks around which cling so many sweet and tender memories.

With the assistance of Trinity Church, New York, an Episcopal church was erected in 1835 at Port Jackson, (the present fifth ward of Amsterdam, N. Y.), and maintained with the assistance of funds derived from the sale of Queen Anne Chapel glebe farms. This church was named St. Ann.

The church of Port Jackson seems to have had a hard struggle for existence, probably on account of its locality. During the rectorship of Rev. A. N. Littlejohn (the lately deceased Bishop of Long Island) the edifice was sold and steps taken to erect a stone building on Division Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

The building of this little stone church marked an era in church building in Amsterdam, which previous to its erection were of the plain, unpretentious style of the fore part of the nineteenth century. Even in its unfinished state, no one could look at its gray walls and Gothic arches without seeing its possibilities for beauty when completed. The building of 1851 was of Gothic style, the nave only being constructed. A wide aisle in the centre led up to the narrow chancel in the north end. The chancel rail enclosed the altar-table with a modest reredos behind it and the reading-desk on the west side of it. Outside of the rail, and a little in advance from it on the east side, stood a small octagonal elevated pulpit. In the rear,

or south end, of the church and over the vestibule, the choir was located. The first organ, purchased in 1841, was bought in New York City, was second hand, and the name of the maker has been forgotten. A new organ was purchased in 1874 of Johnson and Co., Westfield, Mass., for $1500. This organ is still in use in the new church.

The present edifice was repaired and enlarged in 1888 to accommodate a largely increased congregation. The interior is spacious, the whole depth being about one hundred and thirty feet, and width sixty-five feet, with nave, north and south aisles, and choir. It is lighted with numerous windows painted to represent scenes in the life of Christ and emblems of Christianity. All, or nearly all, of the windows are in memoriam and are beautifully executed.

Approaching the church from the east the eye rests on the green, well-kept lawn, with here and there a tall maple or elm springing from its surface in pleasing irregularity. Through their branches we catch a glimpse of the little stone church and tower, which partially hides from view the main body of the edifice. Then we see a portion of the stone pillars of a Grecian porch with its iron railings and gateway. A few steps more and the panorama is complete and the whole south front of the church is in view. The gray walls of the older portion when compared to the completed church is " as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine."

The dull red of the superstructure, the rough ashler of the gray stone walls peeping through the dense foliage of the Japanese ivy, the green carpet of the lawn, dotted here and there with trees of venerable age, whose branches " half conceal yet half reveal " the grandeur of the completed edifice, make a picture that no artist can ever reproduce.

As the visitor enters the church at the western or main entrance, the heavy oaken doors and bare stone walls of the

vestibule impress one with the idea of solidity, and the view of the interior after passing the swinging baize doors, is in a degree a surprise. The low aisles on each side with slender pillars, and the lofty nave with its graceful arches, with colors of gray and brown, and blue and brilliant tints of the beautiful windows, give a feeling of rest to the beholder; and as the eye wanders and is finally held by the graceful choir, a little sombre perhaps, in the distance, relieved somewhat by the glitter of lecturn and pulpit, its churchliness impresses one, and the thought of the visitor might well be, "truly this is the house of God."

From Oronhyatekha, the Supreme Chief Ranger of the Foresters of Canada and descendant from the Mohawks of Tiononderoga, and from Rev. R. Ashton, the present incumbent of the Mohawk Church at Brantford, Ontario, Canada, I have received the following information:

It appears that the communion service that Queen Anne sent to the Mohawks was buried on their old reservation at Fort Hunter during the Revolution, and remained there some years or until the Mohawks became settled in the reservation near Brantford (1785), and on the Bay of Quinte; then a party was sent back, resurrected the plate, and brought it back to Canada. For a period of twenty-two years prior to July, 1897, the plate was safely kept by Mrs. J. M. Hill, the granddaughter of the celebrated chief, Capt. Joseph Brant, whose mother was the original custodian, having kept it from the time of its arrival in Canada till her death.

Of course the custodian was required to take the communion plate to the church on communion days.

Later the Mohawks were presented with a communion set, after which the Queen Anne plate was only used on state occasions.

In 1785 some of the Mohawks settled at the Bay of Quinte

95 QUEEN ANNE'S MOHAWK COMMUNION PLATE, 1712.

and the larger body on Grand River, Brantford. The Rev. John Stuart, D.D., who had been their missionary at Fort Hunter and fled to Canada with the Indians and Tories, was appointed to the charge of both bands, and a church was built at both places by King George III. The plate was then divided; it consisted of seven pieces, two flagons, two chalices, two patens, and one alms basin.

To the Grand River band was given the alms basin and one each of the other pieces, also a large Bible.

The Indians at the Bay of Quinte have a flagon, paten, and chalice in the hands of Mrs. John Hill, at Deseronto, Canada. The chalice at Grand River is much bent, the other pieces are in good order, as is also the Bible. Each piece of plate is inscribed: "The Gift of Her Majesty Ann, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, ffrance and Ireland and Her Plantations in North America, Queen, to Her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks." The Bible, printed in 1701, is in good condition and bears on the cover, "For Her Majesty's Church of the Mohawks, 1712."

This plate has a value aside from its intrinsic value, as explained by Rev. R. Ashton:

> You are probably aware that all pure silver plate manufactured in England is stamped by the Government, which stamp is called the "hall mark," which indicates that the article is of standard silver or standard gold. From March, 1696, to June, 1720, Britannia and the lion's head erased, were substituted for leopard's head crowned and the lion passant on silver, which both before and since have been in use as the "hall mark." All silver bearing the former mark (and it is plainly seen on every piece of the Mohawk and Onondaga silver), is greatly prized, and is termed Queen Anne silver.

Chapter VII

Count Frontenac and the Mohawk Valley

COUNT DE FRONTENAC, who was twice Governor of Canada, is so closely connected with the history of the Mohawk Valley by his warlike expeditions against the Iroquois and the massacre of the inhabitants of Schenectady, that we cannot write the history of the valley without frequent mention of his name.

He was born in France in 1620, and in early manhood served in the French army and distinguished himself in a war against the Turks. In 1648 he married Anne de LaGrange Trianon against her father's wishes. She was a favorite companion of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Princess of Orleans, and was one of the beauties of the Court of Louis XV. The happiness of the newly wedded pair was of short duration, as love, on her part at least, soon changed to aversion, and after the birth of a son, the countess left her husband, to follow the fortunes of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

In 1672 Count de Frontenac received the appointment of Governor of all New France.

It is said that he accepted the appointment to deliver himself from the imperious temper of his wife and afford him some means of living. Another story is that he had found favor in the eyes of Madame de Montespan, one of the favorites of Louis XIV., and the jealous King appointed him Governor of New France to get him away from Madame.

Frontenac's administration was vigorous and satisfactory,

but coming in contact with the Jesuits was recalled in 1681, and a new Governor, named La Fevre de la Barre, appointed in his place.

The affairs of New France soon going from bad to worse under the new administration of LaBarre, he was also recalled, and Marquis de Denonville assumed the vacant office. The new Governor soon found himself involved in a war with the Iroquois of such magnitude that the colony of New France was brought to the brink of ruin. He, also, was recalled, and Frontenac again made Governor. It is said that his wife used her influence in having him appointed the second time, in order to get him out of the country. This was in 1689. Frontenac entered into the campaign of 1690 with vigor, and sent three war parties of French and Indians against the English, one against Albany, which was diverted, and resulted in the massacre of Schenectady, one against the border settlements of New Hampshire, and the third to those of Maine, all of which were successful in murdering defenceless men, women, and children.

In 1696 Frontenac organized the famous expedition against the Onondagas and Oneidas, for the purpose of exterminating them, and thereby conquering the Iroquois. On the 4th of July of that year he left Montreal at the head of about twenty-two hundred men, about one-third of whom were Canadian Indians. The result of that expedition is well known to history, and may be called a failure in more ways than one.

It is said that the destruction of the Indian villages was secondary to the real object of this expedition.

It may be stated here that Frontenac, when he arrived at the Onondaga villages, found nothing but burned and deserted ruins and the Indians' standing crops. These he destroyed and took up his march home again. It is said that the Count was so infirm that he was carried most of the way on a litter.

Tradition says that in one of the periodical raids of the Mohawks on their foes, the Algonquins, during the absence of Frontenac in France, they secured a number of prisoners, among whom was a beautiful half-breed girl that Frontenac had a paternal interest in, and who had received the rudiments of education by his efforts.

Every effort had been made in vain during occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Mohawks to recover this child. But beyond the report of a wandering Jesuit, that he had seen a Christian captive living contentedly as the wife of a young Mohawk chief, he had not been able to hear from his nut-brown daughter. The real object of the expedition of 1696 was to recover this child, whom he had learned to love.

We will now trace this child from her home in Canada to her new home on the banks of the Mohawk River.

The usual route of war parties between Canada and the Mohawk and Hudson valleys was by the way of Lake Champlain as far as Ballston, where the trail divided, one striking the Mohawk at Schenectady, another through Glenville to Lewis Creek at Adriuche, and another through Galway and down the Juchtanunda Creek.

It is probable that the latter route was taken by the party of Mohawks with the half-breed daughter of Count Frontenac, as one of the captives. At that time she was about sixteen years old, of medium height, well developed, and just budding into womanhood; her black hair and eyes, her erect form and firm step, while on the march, were indicative of her Huron mother and forest training, while the clear complexion, with its dusky hue, and the large, half-closed eyes and dignity of carriage, proclaimed the sin of her father. While encamped near the division of the trail at Ballston the warriors were joined by an Indian hunting party well laden with the spoils of the chase.

FALLS ON THE SOUTH CHUCTANUNDA

The leader of the hunting party, Achawi, a young Indian already noted in his tribe for his courage and skill in battle and his wisdom in council, was a model of savage beauty. His tall, well-proportioned form and well-poised head, his long black hair flowing from under a band of eagle feathers, his piercing black eyes and noble features unadorned with the war paint that marred the faces of his companions, were enhanced by the picturesque costume he wore. Over the short leggings which left his shapely limbs bare half-way above the knee, hung a heavy beaded skirt of buckskin, while depending from the left shoulder, and passing under the right arm, leaving the upper part of the breast bare, was a short robe of otter. Outside the robe on his right side hung a highly ornamented bow and quiver of arrows, and his feet were covered with beaded moccasins. His name, Achawi (settler of disputes), would indicate that he was a man of more than ordinary ability in the councils of his tribe at Tiononderoga (Fort Hunter).

As soon as the identity of the newcomers was established, the party assumed the usual stoical indifference of Indians, although their advent, well ladened with fresh venison, was welcome to the weary and hungry warriors and their captives.

Oneta and her female companions were seated near the fire, their forms well covered with blankets, and did not attract the attention of Achawi, but out from the folds that covered her head, Oneta gazed with increasing interest on the form of this young warrior, who, compared with her war-stained and painted captors, with their belts decorated with the scalps of her slain friends, seemed like a creature from another world. On the following morning the young maiden was early awake, and hastened to the stream to wash away the stains of travel and pay additional care to the details of her simple toilet. Returning slowly through the forest, her eyes radiant and her cheeks glowing from her ablution, she became

aware of the approach of the young warrior. No wonder this untutored son of the forest gazed entranced at the vision that so unexpectedly appeared before him. Her beautiful form, but scantily covered by the simple robe worn by the denizens of the forest, was revealed in all its beauty of outline; her long black hair, bound with a band of silver across her forehead, and the tresses brought forward, half concealed yet half revealed the beauty of her naked arm and shoulder. Hastily drawing her blanket around her she returned his gaze of admiration with a smile that disclosed her pearly teeth and her delight at the accidental meeting. It was a case of love at first sight and after a few words in the Huron language they returned together to the camp, and found preparation being made for immediate departure for the Mohawk River, where they arrived in a drizzling rain at nightfall and at once found "shelter along the shore" under the hanging rocks of the Juchtanunda. Some of the party, however, were soon sent forward to procure boats to convey the captive women to Tiononderoga.

In the morning, the canoes having arrived, Achawi was placed in charge of one of the canoes containing the women, one of whom was Oneta, and improved his opportunity by making love to the stranger. Arriving at Tiononderoga it was decided that the canoe of Achawi should continue to Kanyeageh and that Oneta should be placed in the family of the aunt of Kateri Tekakwitha, who was formerly a Huron captive.

Although Oneta pined for her home on the St. Lawrence, the presence of the Jesuit Father De Lamberville and the frequent visits of Achawi made her life on the Mohawk more bearable than if she had been left entirely to the mercy of the fretful aunt of Tekakwitha.

Although Indian maids had occupied Achawi's lodge for a

105 THE JUCHTANUNDA, AMSTERDAM

limited period in experimental marriages, which was made lawful by custom, he had never met a maiden before that he was willing to take as his wife. It was not long therefore before he gained the consent of Oneta and, with the blessing of Father De Lamberville, and according to the simple rites of his tribe, he took her to his lodge at Tiononderoga.

The repeated attempts made by the Count to regain his daughter kept them in constant fear that he would at last succeed, and it was on this account that Achawi removed his lodge to a secluded glen near the Juchtanunda, within the limits of the present city of Amsterdam. This precaution was well taken, for in 1693 Count Frontenac sent an expedition against the Mohawks, destroyed their three castles or villages, and three hundred men, women, and children were taken prisoners, hoping that among them he might find his lost daughter. This expedition was pursued by General Schuyler and a party of Mohawks, and narrowly escaped destruction. The fleeing Frenchmen reached the Hudson, where, to their dismay, they found the ice breaking up and drifting down the stream. Happily for them a large sheet of it became wedged at a turn of the river forming a temporary bridge, over which they crossed in safety.

Among the border scouts and traders that were scattered along the valley of the Mohawk was a renegade Fleming by the name of Hanyost. In early youth he had deserted from the French ranks in Flanders, came to New France, afterward made his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, and later became domiciled among the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Up to this time he had been faithful to the interests of the Dutch settlers and the Mohawks, and was aware of the presence in the valley of Count Frontenac's half-caste daughter, and of the efforts of the count to recover her.

Previous to the expedition of the French against the Onondagas, Hanyost had a difficulty with an Indian trapper which had been referred for arbitration to the young Mohawk chief, Achawi (settler of disputes) and had felt aggrieved at the award that had been given against him. The scorn with which the young chief met his charge of unfairness stung him to the soul, but fearing the strong arm of the young savage he had nursed his revenge in secret.

Hearing of the presence of Frontenac on the shores of Lake Ontario he deserted his friends and offered his services to the count as guide, at the same time informing him of the whereabouts of his daughter and her husband.

Achawi, ignorant of the hostile force that had entered his country, was off with his party at a summer camp near Konnediega, or Trenton Falls. Hanyost having informed the commander of the French forces that by surprising this party he would be able to recover his long-lost daughter, Frontenac at once detached a small but efficient force from the main body of the army to strike the blow. It is said that a dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen led by Baron de Bakencourt and Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Achawi.

Just before dawn of the second day, the party found themselves in the neighborhood of the Indian village, and at once made preparations for an attack while yet the savages were wrapped in repose.

The baron, after carefully examining the hilly passes, determined to head the attack, while Chevalier de Grais, with Hanyost to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. The followers were warned not to injure the female captives, but to give no quarter to their defenders.

The inhabitants of the fated village, secure in their isolated

situation, had neglected all precautions against surprise, and were aroused from slumber with the whizzing of hand grenades, which set fire to the main row of frail wigwams which formed the little street, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then, as the startled warriors leaped, all naked and unarmed from the blazing lodges, they found themselves surrounded by the French pikemen. Waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, the soldiers rushed upon the wretched savages, slaughtering them. Many there were, however, who, with Achawi at their head, acquitted themselves like warriors. Snatching their weapons from the flames, they sprang upon the pikemen with irresistible fury. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Frenchmen, while their corselets rang with the blows of tomahawk and knife.

De Grais, in the meantime, watched the shrieking forms of the females, expecting each moment to see the pale features of the Christian captive. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest he saw a tall warrior disengage himself from the mêlée and dash upon and brain, with his tomahawk, a Frenchman who had also separated himself from his party. The quick eye of De Grais caught a glimpse of a lithe female form, with an infant in her arms, in pursuit of whom the luckless Frenchman met his death by the strong arm of Achawi. It was the wife of Achawi fleeing to the hills for safety. De Grais raised his pistol to fire at the chieftain, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he held his fire.

Achawi, in the meantime, had been cut off from his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. Seeing the hopelessness of his position, he made a dash at his foes with his

war-club, fairly cleaving a path to his fleeing wife, and with arms outstretched to protect her from the dropping shots of the enemy, he bounded after her, and before De Grais and Hanyost, with seven others fairly got in pursuit, Achawi, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the pursuing party. Her forest training had made Oneta fleet of foot, and hearing the cheering voice of her loved warrior behind her, she urged her flight over crag and fell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to climb. Lifting his wife to the ledge above, he placed her infant in her arms, and bade her speed her way to the cavern among the hills. Achawi looked a moment after her retreating form, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. His tomahawk and war-club had been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back his bow and quiver. There were but three arrows in the quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them.

Placing himself behind a rock that partly concealed his form, he strung his bow, and fitting an arrow to the string, he aimed at the foremost soldier that was climbing the crags below. With the swiftness of a bullet the arrow took its flight and buried itself in the throat of its victim, who fell, dislodging two of his comrades in his fall, and temporarily checking pursuit. Achawi, waiting until the soldiers were again advancing, sent another arrow in their midst, with almost the same result. Fitting his last arrow to the string, he raised his bow, but before he could fire, a shot from the gun of Hanyost struck his thumb, disabling it. Again fleeing, he took a different direction from that taken by his wife, hoping to draw the soldiers in pursuit of himself until she should reach a place of safety. After a while he observed that three of the soldiers were following him, while De Grais, Hanyost, and one of the

pikemen were taking a direct route to the cavern, with Hanyost in the lead, who was undoubtedly aware of the situation of this hidden rendezvous, and rightly guessed the ruse of Achawi.

The young Mohawk at once saw the object of Hanyost, and quick as thought took a few steps within the thicket to still mislead his pursuers, bounded across a mountain torrent, leaving his footmarks in its banks, and then turned shortly on a rock beyond, re-crossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallen tree, until his pursurers had passed by on the false trail. A rocky hillock now only divided him from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which Hanyost and his party were urging their way. Springing from crag to crag, the hunted warrior at last planted his foot on the roots of a blasted oak, that shot its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife, with her babe clasped to her bosom, sank exhausted within the shadows of the cavern. Looking down, he saw De Grais and his followers making a laborious ascent of the crags below, with Hanyost in advance, and De Grais and the mustketeer close behind. The scout, who had evidently caught sight of the exhausted female at the mouth of the cavern, gave an exultant cry.

God help thee, bold archer! the game of life is nearly up; thy quiver is empty. In his agony at the thought of his wife, he raised his bow and became aware that the forgotten arrow was clasped in his bleeding fingers. Although his stiffened thumb forbade its use, Achawi fitted the remaining arrow to the string, prepared to take the life of one more of his enemies if possible. Bracing his knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of his body swelled as if all of its energies were embodied in this supreme effort, he drew the arrow back with his two fingers, without the use of his bleeding thumb, and aimed at the treacherous scout. The twanging bowstring dismissed

his last arrow straight to the heart of Hanyost. The dying wretch clutched the sword chain of De Grais, and the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grais was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, hastening to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the rigid embrace of the corpse.

Achawi, descending from his cavern, collected the remnants of his band and wreaked terrible vengeance upon the murderers, most of whom they cut off before they could join the main body of the French army.

Count Frontenac returned to Canada and died in 1698, and the existence of his half-caste daughter was soon forgotten.

Chapter VIII

Sir William Johnson

IN examining the early records of history, particularly the colonial and documentary history of New York, I was impressed with the fact that Sir William Johnson filled a very large place in the history of the colony between 1740 and the time of his death in 1774.

We are apt to connect Sir William's life with Johnstown, N. Y., and forget that although he founded and practically created the village that was named for him, he lived there only eleven years, during which time he was occupied in building up the village, erecting churches, court-house, jail, and his own spacious mansion.

But in fact twenty-four years of his manhood were passed in this valley, and for twenty of those years he lived in the old stone mansion sometimes called Mount Johnson, and now called Fort Johnson, within a mile of the city of Amsterdam.

It was probably here that his wife, Catherine Weisenberg, died, but the date is not known. It was from a Mr. Phillips who lived opposite Cranesville, that he purchased the German girl who afterward became his wife and the mother of his legitimate children. Sir William came to the valley in 1738, and soon after purchased the German girl Catherine for a housekeeper. They were probably married by the Rev. Dr. Henry Barclay, then the rector in charge of Queen Anne's Chapel at Fort Hunter. In 1742 his son, John Johnson, was born, probably in Warrensbush, as Sir Peter Warren's estate

of fourteen thousand acres in the present town of Florida was then called.

It was in Fort Johnson, built in 1743, that Molly Brant presided as mistress and it was here that most of the conferences with the Iroquois were held and here Sir William gained influence over them on account of his kind and strictly honorable treatment of those warlike tribes. It was here that he was made superintendent of the Indians and, in 1746, invested by the Mohawks with the rank of a chief of that nation. In Indian costume he shortly after led the tribe to a council at Albany.

It was at this house in 1755 that he held a council with the Iroquois which resulted in about two hundred and fifty of their warriors following him to victory over the French at the battle of Lake George.

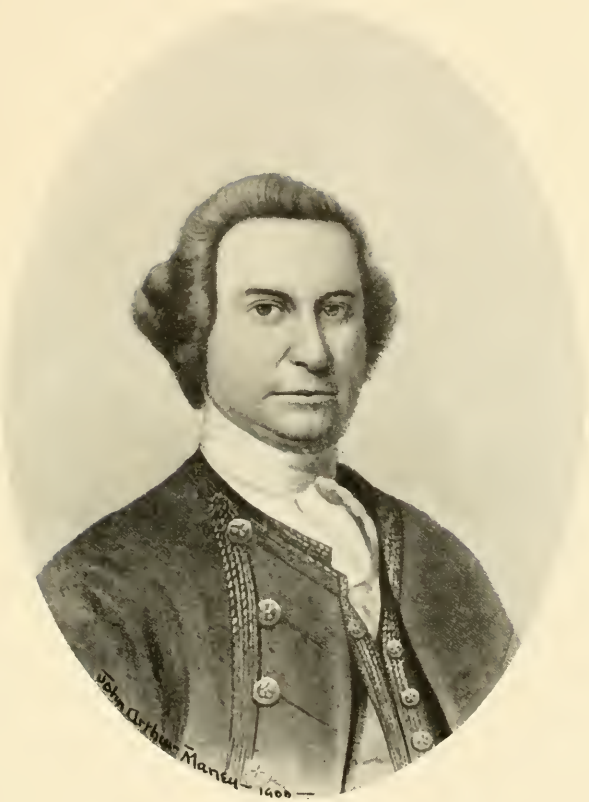
It was from this mansion that most of the letters on colonial affairs were written by Sir William to His Majesty King George II. and to the governor of the colony and the lords of the board of trade.

Here also were born his two daughters, Nancy and Mary.

Whatever may be said of Sir William's private life, no one can read those letters without being impressed with the honesty of purpose of the writer.

While frauds were being practised on the Indians by the land-grabbing officials at Albany and elsewhere, Johnson, was firm in his desire that the Iroquois should not be cheated but should be dealt with justly. And while fraudulent grants, like the seven hundred thousand acres Kayaderosseras grant, were obtained with ease, he would not claim or occupy any land that was not justly granted to him by his friends the Indians.

We remember Sir William Johnson as a loyalist, and as a friend of the savages who a little later spread terror throughout the Mohawk Valley. But we must not forget that Sir



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, BART., 1715–1774

William Johnson died in 1774, and that it was Sir John Johnson and Col. Guy Johnson and the Butlers who were responsible for many of the savage acts of the Indians in the Mohawk Valley and vicinity, and that it was Col. Guy Johnson, the founder of Guy Park, who alienated the Six Nations from the colonists.

In reading the acts of Sir William and becoming acquainted with his character as it shows forth in his letters, I do not hesitate to say that if he had lived and sided with the colonists, his name would have been written on the pages of history side by side with that of George Washington and other heroes of the Revolution.

In Frothingham's history of Montgomery County is found the following paragraph:

> Had Sir William lived it is confidently believed he would have espoused the cause of the colonies against the mother country, in which event one of the most magnificent estates in the country would have been confirmed to him, but his successors, and particularly his son John, allied themselves to the British, and as a result the estate was confiscated and sold for the public benefit.

Sir John Johnson, who occupied Fort Johnson after Sir William moved to Johnson Hall, Johnstown, in 1763, was a man of different character from his father. He and his brothers-in-law, Guy Johnson and Daniel Claus, were creatures of the King, having no sentiment in common with the people. "He was a bloodthirsty and relentless enemy, combining the worst elements of toryism with the inhuman methods of war only resorted to by savages."

Simms says: "He was not the amiable-tempered, social, and companionable man his father was and hence was not the welcome guest in all society that his father had been."

In early life, while living at Fort Johnson, he wooed, won, but did not wed Miss Clara Putnam, a very pretty girl of good

family at Tribes Hill, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter. Miss Putnam was keeping house for him at the old Fort Johnson mansion when he married Miss Mary Watts, of New York City, on June 29, 1773, but before his return from New York Miss Putnam and her children were sent into the town of Florida. The son, when he grew up, was nicely established by his father in some kind of business in Canada, and the daughter, who was said to have been a tall, beautiful girl, and at one time quite a belle in the valley, married a James Van Horne, by whom she had one or more children. She had dark hair and dark eyes, was brunette in complexion, and was graceful in her carriage. Only a few years after her marriage, while visiting friends at Tribes Hill, she ate too freely of fruit, became sick, and died suddenly, universally lamented.

Late in life Sir John Johnson (he was sixty-seven years old) sent word to Miss Clara Putnam to come to Canada at a certain time (which was chosen in the absence of his wife), and he would give her some property. She went in the summer of 1809. He at that time gave her $1200 in money and purchased a house and lot for her in Schenectady. She died about the year 1840.

In Griffis's *Life of Sir William Johnson* we find the following account of "the brown Lady Johnson."

After the death of his wife, Catherine, Sir William lived with various mistresses, as tradition avers, but after a year or two of such life, dismissed them for a permanent housekeeper—Molly Brant, the sister of Joseph Brant, the noted Indian chief.

According to the local traditions of the valley, Johnson first met the pretty squaw when about sixteen years old at a militia muster at or near Fort Johnson. In jest, she asked an officer to let her ride behind him. He assented, returning fun for fun. To his surprise she leaped like a wild cat upon

A WINDOW IN THE OLD CHURCH AT GERMAN FLATTS

the space behind the saddle, holding on tightly, with hair flying and garments flapping, while the excited horse dashed over the parade ground. The crowd enjoyed the sight, but the most interested spectator was Sir William, who, admiring her spirit, resolved to make her his paramour.

From this time Molly Brant, the handsome squaw, was Johnson's companion. Molly Brant was undoubtedly a woman of ability, and with her Johnson lived happily. She presided over Fort Johnson and later Johnson Hall at Johnstown, and became the mother of a large brood of his natural children, and as " the brown Lady Johnson " she was always treated with respect by the white guests and visitors.

While Molly Brant presided over the mansion, and her dusky children attended the manor school, the daughters of Johnson and Catherine Weisenberg, Nancy and Mary, were trained under the care of a governess, who made them acquainted with the social graces of London and the standard literature of England.[1]

Nancy, his first daughter, married a son of a German Palatine and a noted Indian fighter named Daniel Claus, in July, 1762. Mary married her cousin, Guy, a nephew of Sir William, and later Colonel Guy Johnson, in 1763.

The mansion now known as Guy Park in the western part of the city of Amsterdam was built for Colonel Guy and his wife by Sir William in 1766, and was occupied by them until their removal to Canada during the Revolution.

[1] These two daughters, who were left by their dying mother to the care of a friend, were educated almost in solitude. They were carefully instructed in religious duties, and in various kinds of needlework, but were themselves kept entirely from society. At the age of sixteen they had never seen a lady, except their mother and her friend (who was the widow of an English officer), or a gentleman except Sir William, who visited their room daily. Their dress was not conformed to the fashions, but always consisted of wrappers of finest chintz over green silk petticoats. Their hair, which was long and beautiful, was tied with a simple band of ribbon. After their marriage they soon acquired the habits of society, and made excellent wives.—Lossing.

A mansion not quite as pretentious was built for Colonel Claus and wife about a mile east of Fort Johnson. It was located opposite the present Boulevard Hotel. The house was burned down subsequently, but the ruins of the foundation and the old brick oven were to be seen up to within a few years. Subsequently a tavern was erected on the same lot and on part of the old foundation, and was known as the Charley Chase Hotel. All trace of this old building is entirely obliterated.

Since writing the above, accident has thrown in my way some new material in reference to the family of Sir William Johnson. The facts were transmitted to me by one of the descendants, a man of undoubted ability and probity of character, and they furnish a missing link between Catherine Weisenberg and Molly Brant. It seems that Molly Brant had a predecessor in the affections of Sir William, in the granddaughter or grand-niece of King Hendrick. She bore to Sir William two daughters, and died in childbirth with a third, in 1753. This woman took the English name of Caroline, and her daughters were named Charlotte and Caroline. Charlotte Johnson married Henry Randall, a subaltern in the King's Royal Provincial Regiment, about two years before the war of the Revolution. When the war came on he resigned from the King's service and entered Schuyler's Regiment of Militia. He afterwards joined Clinton's Regiment of Continentals, and was killed at Monmouth Court House. Charlotte accompanied her husband to Albany, turning her back forever on her kith and kin. She had two children, one named Charlotte Randall, who married George King. They had a daughter, Charlotte King, who was the grandmother of my informant. The other daughter of Sir William Johnson by Molly Brant's predecessor, named Caroline, is said to have married Walter N. Butler, who was killed at West Canada Creek in 1781.

Chapter IX

Guy Park and Fort Johnson

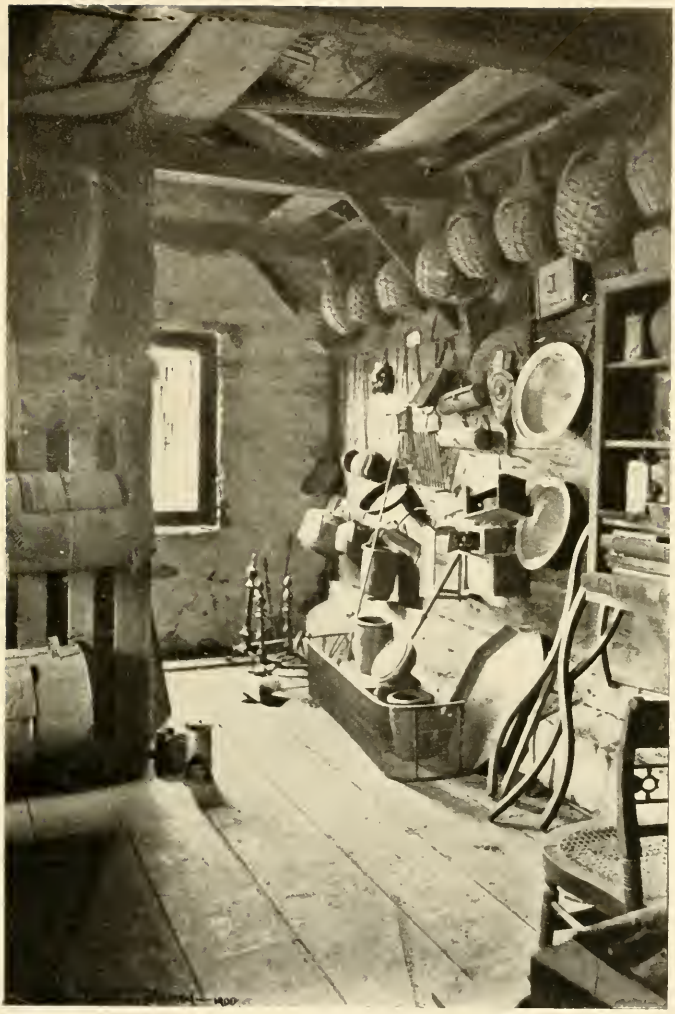
SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, when he built Guy Park mansion for his nephew, Guy Johnson, and his wife, Mary, the second daughter of Sir William, set apart a mile square of his large tract of land to be connected therewith. The easterly line of this farm formerly extended to the sand hole on West Main Street and the westerly line to the creek that runs into the river near Steadwell Avenue in the city of Amsterdam. He also gave to his daughter Nancy, the wife of Colonel Daniel Claus, a similar tract of land, extending from said creek west, until it met the mile square of the Fort Johnson farm at Dove Creek, which runs from a ravine through Jacob Lepper's farm, near the brick schoolhouse on the turnpike at Fort Johnson.

It is of this ravine that I wish to speak at this time. The mouth of this gorge has, in the course of many years, been widened by the stream spoken of (which at times becomes a furious torrent), leaving a fertile flat of a number of acres, protected from the storms and cold winds by the hills and forests which almost surround it; but being open to the south, it receives the benefit of the light and heat of the sun, tempered somewhat by cool breezes which blow from the upper ravine in the rear. The hills on the west are at an elevation of about two hundred feet above the Mohawk River, being on the five-hundred-feet level. North of the flat the creek winds through these wooded hills with many an abrupt turn.

Crossing the creek to the western bank, in a recent visit to this place, we ascended to the highest point of the hills on the west, with "painful steps and slow," and were well repaid for our labor. We found ourselves on a comparatively level plateau, except that at the outer edge of one side is a higher ridge extending north and south, while from the outer edge of this ridge is a very steep declivity to the creek far down below. This ridge has long been known as an Indian burying-ground, on account of the mounds that were scattered over its surface.

But instead of mounds we found excavations, and from the nature of the holes we were somewhat in doubt whether to call them graves or cornpits. By cutting into the side of one of the excavations (which was about three feet deep and straight down) we laid bare a strata of discolored earth, mixed with bits of charcoal. The plateau is surrounded by steep declivities except at one point, where it connects with the cleared farm land to the west. From the ridge spoken of, there are three separate "hogsbacks" running to the west, north, and northeast, and extending to the creek, which makes a sharp turn to the west at this point. Although these ridges are found on nearly every ancient Indian site, with a trail leading from the top of a hill to a ravine below, it is hard to believe that the acclivity of their trails could be more inaccessible than those spoken of above. The ridges are from ten to twenty feet high, and about two feet broad on top, but are so steep that great danger would attend any attempt to descend from above without flexible shoes or bare feet and a very steady head.

Our guide, Mr. Jacob Lepper, informed us that he had been familiar with this spot from boyhood, and that the mounds were plainly discernible the last time he visited this spot, about six years ago. The numerous excavations that we found would seem to indicate that an extended examination



AN ATTIC CORNER, GLEN-SANDERS HOUSE, SCHENECTADY

had been made, but by whom, or with what results, I have been unable to ascertain. The cultivated plateau to the west comprises the farms of John and Spencer Sweet. Many relics have been found on these farms, particularly in a field north of the farm buildings.

Mr. John Sweet exhibited to me quite a number of prehistoric relics which were the remnants of an extensive collection gathered by his father in the early years of his life, one of which was a half of a gorget, or banner stone, as the ceremonial stones are called. The fragment was about four inches long and two inches wide, of highly polished variegated stone, and when whole must have resembled a butterfly with its wings spread, a hole one-half inch in diameter extending lengthwise through that part which would represent the body of the insect. Numerous arrow-points, drills, and spears of flint were also in the collection.

Returning through the wood from the ridge, we passed to a lower level, which has the appearance of having been partly cleared, and were shown a partially walled-up excavation about fifteen feet square, evidently the cellar of a primitive log cabin of some early hunter or pioneer. Near by, in a ravine, is an excellent spring, which probably furnished water to this lone resident of the forest.

It is known that large numbers of Indians of the Six Nations frequently visited Sir William Johnson at Fort Johnson, many of whom undoubtedly found rude shelter on the flats and in the woods around his mansion, but it must be remembered that the savage visitors, at that period, had been familiar with firearms and metal tools for more than a century, and the finding of rude flint implements in this locality would seem to indicate a previous occupation. The surroundings are of the character usually chosen by the Mohawks for their villages and hunting-grounds, namely, streams, springs, wooded

hills, and extensive flats for their rude husbandry. The only ford across the Mohawk for miles east or west in close proximity to the valley of the Kayaderos Creek, together with the extensive flat lands in this vicinity and fertile islands in midstream, would also seem to point to this locality as a place of probable occupation by the early Mohawks, although it may or may not have been a palisaded castle.

All the land from Steadwell Avenue for six miles along the Mohawk west and for a mile and a half north was comprised in what was called the Wilson and Abeel patent. This patent was one of the earliest transfers of land in the town of Amsterdam, being dated February 22, 1706. This property came into the hands of William Johnson soon after he established "Johnson settlement" (afterwards Warrensbush) on the south bank of the Mohawk, about one-half mile below the river bridge at Amsterdam, in 1738.

It would seem from a letter to his uncle and patron, Sir Peter Warren, dated May 10, 1739, that his purchase was made previous to that date, and that it displeased Sir Peter, who feared he would remove there and neglect the store at the settlement.

Johnson wrote to him that he had no design of removing to his new purchase, having made it, he said, for the purpose of securing a valuable water-power, on which he proposed erecting a grist mill. In less than three years, however, Johnson erected the Fort Johnson mansion and removed his family to it.

The first covering to the roof of Fort Johnson was probably of shingles, as Johnson did not order the lead covering, which was purchased in London, until the year 1749. Whenever I look at that old stone building, my thoughts revert to the time when, as a young man of twenty-four years, he selected this spot to build himself a home, and I wonder, for

129 THE ATTIC WINDOW, OLD FORT JOHNSON

whom did he build it ? Was it for Catherine, his housekeeper, or maid-of-all-work, to whom, at this period, he was not married, or was it for a home for the young girl he loved in the little Irish town which was his birthplace ?

In the early years of his manhood he had fallen in love with a pretty Irish girl. History is silent about her name or family. We are merely told that " at the age of twenty-two he fell in love with a young girl whom his parents would not permit him to marry." Sir Peter Warren, his uncle, hearing of his experience, offered him the position of agent of his recently acquired estate on the Mohawk River, comprising what is now known as the town of Florida. Perhaps this offer came when he was depressed at the thought of never being able to marry the girl of his choice, and in a fit of despondency he accepted it as an opportunity to bury himself in the wilds of the New World, and perhaps make for himself a name and a fortune. He is described as being a tall, robust young man, full of animal life and spirits, manly and commanding in his deportment. Arriving at the port of New York, in 1738, he immediately found his way to the valley of the Mohawk, and the same year erected a storehouse and dwelling on his uncle's estate, near the present residence of Walter Major, east of the river bridge in the city of Amsterdam. It was to this dwelling that he brought Catherine Weisenberg, whom he had purchased of his neighbor, Lewis Phillips, for sixteen pounds. It is said that at some period before her death he married her, but no record of their marriage has ever been found, although he speaks of her in his will as my beloved wife Catherine.

The old building at Fort Johnson stands to-day, a monument to the pluck, energy, and ambition of young William Johnson, and will undoubtedly remain as such after his wooden baronial mansion at Johnstown has crumbled to dust.

Very few historians have given any extended account of his early life at Warrensbush; in fact, very little is known, except what can be gathered from a few letters from his uncle, Sir Peter Warren. That he erected a storehouse at Warrensbush and engaged in trade with the Indians and white settlers, is well known, and that he also had charge of the estate, and occupied himself in selling lots or farms, and in the arduous labor of clearing the land of the forests, are matters of record.

From a letters dated Boston, November 20, 1738, from Sir Peter to William Johnson, we learn that in addition to forming settlements for his uncle, he was also clearing land for himself. The letter advises him that, "the smaller the farms, the more land that will be sold, and the better the improvement will be. I hope you will plant an orchard in the spring." "As you have great help now, you will girdle many trees." In a note in W. L. Stone's *Life of Sir William Johnson*, the method of gridling trees is described:

> The operation consists in making a deep circular cut around the trunk of large trees, which draws off the sap and causes the trees to die in the course of a couple of years. The trunks and limbs becoming dry, are readily subject to the action of fire, and the foresters are thereby often relieved of much heavy labor, while by the absence of foliage, the earth has already been partially warmed by the sun, and is in respect of decaying roots, rendered much easier of cultivation.

One of the sources of revenue of the colonist was potash, obtained by burning forest trees that were cut down to clear the land, and leaching the wood ashes. An average of two tons to the acre was obtained. A market for the potash was found in Europe, at a fair price.

Both W. L. Stone and W. S. Griffis made statements in regard to William Johnson at this period of his life which are not correct. Stone merely quotes from a statement made by

the late Thomas Sammons, but does not endorse it. Sammons's statement, which Griffis repeats, was that "young Johnson was wont to ride to mill on horseback to Caughnawaga, distant from Warrensbush fifteen miles." Griffis writes of this period: "That his [Johnson's] eye was keenly open to every new advantage or possibility of progress was seen in his buying, as early as 1739, after one year's residence in the valley, a lot of land across the Mohawk [the Fort Johnson property] on which ran a stream of water, the Chuctanunda Creek [?], with abundance of potential mill power. To ride horseback with bags fifteen miles to Caughnawaga [?] every time meal was needed, was too much loss of time." The facts are these: Lewis Groot's mill at Cranesville was only two miles from Warrensbush, and was established in 1730. Caughnawaga was only ten miles away, instead of fifteen, and did not have a grist mill until after 1751, which was the date that Dowe Fonda moved from Schenectady to the place afterwards known as Dutch Caughnawaga. As Johnson erected his grist mill at Fort Johnson in 1744, and Groot's mill, built in 1730, the only grist mill west of the Schenectady patent, was only two miles away, it is plain that Griffis's statements are somewhat mixed.

The settlement on the Kayaderos Creek was formerly called Mount Johnson, but when the place was threatened by the French, in 1755, it was fortified, and in 1756 named Fort Johnson. During the last few years the place has been called Akin. While we can appreciate the desire of a family to perpetuate its name, we cannot help a feeling of regret that this old, historic spot, from which Sir William Johnson ruled the savage Iroquois, does not continue to bear the name which he gave it, and by which it was known for a century and a half.

It was on these flats that William Johnson first met Molly Brant (whose home was at the Canajoharie Castle). W. L.

Stone gives the date of this meeting as 1746, Griffis, 1759. The former date is nearer correct. Stone assumes that Catherine was dead at that date, because she was not mentioned in a letter written by Mr. James Wilson, of Albany, dated November 26, 1745, inviting William Johnson to make his home at his (Wilson's) mother's house, until all fears of French invasion were dispelled. Stone says: "The entire silence of this letter in regard to Mrs. Johnson, and the appropriation of only a single room for his occupancy, induces the supposition that she must have died previous to the time when it was written. Still this is merely conjectural, and, to say the truth, but little can be ascertained respecting Mr. Johnson's domestic relations for several years of this portion of his life.

An examination of the records at the Montgomery County clerk's office at Fonda, in order to ascertain what disposition was made of the lands of Sir John Johnson, Colonel Guy Johnson, and Daniel Claus, reveals the following facts: First, that the Guy Park mile square was formerly the Hoofe patent, granted to Henry Hoofe December 12, 1727, and the Daniel Claus property and the Fort Johnson mile square were parts of the Wilson and Abeel patent, granted to Ebenezer Wilson and John Abeel, the father of the celebrated half-breed Cornplanter who was on General Washington's staff during the Revolution. This patent was granted February 22, 1706, but it is thought that the patentees did not settle on it. The records show that it was subsequently included in the Kingsland or Royal Grant to Sir William Johnson.

We are unable to find the name of the purchaser of the Fort Johnson property from the commissioners of forfeiture, but we find that in 1800 the property belonged to Jacob C. Cuyler and John C. Cuyler, who sold to Jeremiah Schuyler on February 22, 1817. Schuyler conveyed to John J. Van

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Schaick, January 8, 1820; Van Schaick to George Maxwell, December 14, 1824; Maxwell to George Smith, January 26, 1826. George Smith died intestate August 26, 1828; the property was then divided into nine parcels and all sold between 1836 and 1844.

The Fort Johnson mansion and the land adjoining was purchased by Dr. Oliver Davidson, and subsequently sold to Almarin Young, who afterwards sold it to the present owner, Ethan Akin.

The Daniel Claus property, which embraced about eight hundred acres, was sold by the commissioner of forfeiture to James Caldwell, October 16, 1786.

Guy Park was conveyed by the commissioners to John Taylor and James Caldwell, who conveyed to Daniel Miles, July 6, 1790; Miles conveyed to Sarah and James McGorck in 1800; McGorck to John V. Henry in 1805; John V. Henry to Henry Bayard; Bayard to James Stewart in 1845 or 46.

After the flight of the Johnsons and previous to the act of attainder and confiscation in 1779, the Fort Johnson mansion was occupied by Albert H. Vedder, the Daniel Claus residence by Col. John Harper, and Guy Park by Henry Kennedy.

Guy Park was built in 1766 and was originally constructed of wood. It is said that this building was burned by being struck by lightning and was replaced with the present stone structure or, rather, the main part of it. In general appearance and construction it was similar to the mansion at Fort Johnson, being well built with irregular blocks of limestone and the usual substantial walls, having the deep recessed windows that are so often seen in Colonial buildings. The roof was four square and must have had the same appearance as the former roof of Queen Anne's parsonage at Fort Hunter. The appearance of the front and rear of the house was similar, both having a long, wide piazza. A wide hall ran through the

centre of the house, broad, winding stairs leading to the broad hall of the floor above. The rooms were spacious and well finished, with panelled wainscoting, and must have impressed the beholder in those primitive days with the thought of grandeur. We may try as much as we can to imagine that it was constructed on the same general plan as Fort Johnson, still there was something about its proportions that must have made it more pleasing to the eye than that sombre building.

Mr. James Stewart must have been a man of taste, and had a proper conception of the fitness of things when he made the necessary changes in the building after purchasing it. While retaining the old building he made such changes and additions to it that to-day it is one of the most attractive and I might say the only colonial mansion in the Mohawk Valley. There are a few other old buildings, but none of them impresses one at once with both age and beauty as this one does. Surrounded as it is by green fields and stately elms, and with a background of the Mohawk with its wooded islands and the hills with their evergreen slopes, one would almost expect to see the birchen canoe of the painted Mohawk gliding by, or hear the war cry of the Algonquin in the woods in the rear, were it not for the rattle and roar and rumble of the Empire State express, while the West Shore on the opposite bank adds to the uproar with shrieks that would make the red man green with envy.

J. R. Simms, in *Frontiersmen*, speaks of a visit to this building and of a conversation with Henry Bayard in 1846, who was then the owner and occupant. "After the revolution it was for years a public house known as a stage house. The front room on the east side of the hall was the bar room. While occupied as an inn the house was literally surrounded by sheds—a custom of the times—to accommodate the large wagons then transporting merchandise and produce."

The building is said to have been built by mechanics from Europe, probably by Samuel Fuller, the architect of Johnson Hall, Johnstown.

Tradition says that in one of the rooms at Guy Park a ghost resembling the then deceased wife of Guy Johnson occasionally appeared, to the great annoyance of the credulous Kennedy family. Even in the daytime they were more than once alarmed. About this time a German, a stranger to the family, called there and seemed very much interested in the ghost story and expressed a willingness to pass the night in the "spook room," asking if the spook resembled Guy Johnson's wife. Being told that it did and receiving permission to occupy the room at night he retired early, saying that he was well armed. Before daylight a commotion was heard in the haunted room followed by the report of a pistol.

The family thus aroused procured a light and upon entering the room found the stranger up and dressed. He declared he had seen or heard the ghost and had discharged his pistol at it. He concluded that he would not go to bed again, ordered his horse and left before daylight, saying on his departure that the family would not again be annoyed by that ghost, and it never was.

The mystery of the ghost has been thus explained. Many valuable articles were undoubtedly left behind by the Tories in their hurried flight to Canada, who expected to soon return and recover them, but when they found the prospect of return cut off they attempted to obtain them through the mystery of superstition. An attempt was made by a female agent, who was thought to be the ghost of Guy Johnson's wife, to obtain possession of family treasures by taking advantage of the credulity of the occupants of the building, but she not succeeding a male agent was employed with greater success. Through Mrs. James Stewart, in 1879, Mr. Simms, in company

with Geo. S. Devendorf, obtained a key to this mystery. On the west side of the hall were two rooms. In the corner room on its west side was a fireplace of the large old-fashioned kind, and on each side of it the room was wainscoted in panels from floor to ceiling. The space over the mantel was also covered with carved panelling. In this ceiling, on each side of the fireplace, were small closets several inches deep and several feet long with a door which closed with a secret spring. In one or both of these, it is supposed, were placed some valuable papers and jewelry, of which the stranger was undoubtedly aware, and was also familiar with the secret spring. Having once gained access to the room and obtaining possession of the treasures he departed, and having no more use for the ghost it departed also.

When Mr. James Stewart remodelled that part of the house the chimney was removed and with it the ceiling, not only disclosing but forever destroying those little secret chambers.

The floors of this building are all of pitch pine and the house for the period was exceedingly well constructed. It is said that at a subsequent period a quantity of leaden window weights were found buried in the orchard west of the house, probably put there to prevent the Whigs from using them to mould into bullets.

Mary Johnson, daughter of Sir William, married Lieut. Guy Johnson in the spring of 1763. He was born in Ireland, was a nephew of the baronet and came to live with him early in life. He was long associated with Sir William as his deputy; and was made commissioner of the Indians at Sir William's death in 1774. He, too, went to Canada prior to the flight of Sir John and his retainers. He died in London March 5, 1788, whither he had gone in straitened circumstances to petition for relief, in lieu of his forfeited estates in

Tryon County. His wife is said to have died in Canada a short time after she went there.

An item in the will of Sir William Johnson defines the western boundary of the original Guy Park mile square and the eastern and western boundary of Colonel Claus's estate. He bequeaths to "Daniel Claus the tract of land where he now lives, viz., from Dove Kill to the creek which lies about four hundred yards to the northward (westward) of the now dwelling-place of Colonel Guy Johnson." (The Guy Park mansion.) About eight hundred acres.

The creek called Dove Kill crosses the turnpike near the residence of Obediah Wilde at Fort Johnson, the other creek spoken of (which had been erroneously called Dove Creek) runs near the dwelling-place of the late Abram Marcellus on the Boulevard.

The Fort Johnson tract was originally a mile square and was conveyed as such by the successive owners until after 1836, when it was divided by the heirs of George Smith into nine parcels and sold between 1836 and 1844.

At present about twenty acres of land and the stone mansion is all that is left of the Fort Johnson mile square.

It is said that when the stone mansion was built in 1743 it was called Mount Johnson, at which time a grist mill was erected. A portion of the walls of this mill has in late years been incorporated in a part of the Morris mills in the rear of the Fort Johnson building. Harold Frederic's description (in his book *In the Valley*) of the place in 1757, after it was fortified, is undoubtedly correct. He makes his hero say: "It could not be seen from the intervening hills, but so important was the fact of its presence to me that I never looked eastward without seeming to behold its gray stone walls with their windows and loopholes, its stockade of logs, its two little houses on either side, its barracks for the guard upon the ridge

back of the grist mill, and its accustomed groups of grinning black slaves, all eyeballs and white teeth, of saturnine Indians in blankets, and of bold-faced traders," to say nothing of squaws and children.

There were always plenty of squaws and children at the fort in war time, as Sir William often took care of the families of the warriors when they were on the war path.

Did you ever hear of an Indian working? Can you imagine an Indian making mortar or carrying a hod or perhaps digging a trench?

An article in one of the daily papers, however, a few days ago, said that Poles and Indians were employed to pick the cranberry crop in Wisconsin. The Indians move their tepees and families, and were liked better as laborers than the Poles, because they took whatever pay was given them without grumbling, but would not begin work before nine o'clock and would quit at four, no matter how pressing the work was, and would pay no attention to the orders of the overseers.

Fort Johnson has its ghost story also, although in this case its color was black instead of white, and is now supposed to have been one of Sir John Johnson's slaves, who probably returned to obtain valuables that had been left behind at the flight of the household.

Mr. Almarin T. Young, who was born at Fort Johnson in 1852, says that the northwest room in the rear of the house upstairs was always called the "spook room," and as a child he never went inside of it.

The interior and exterior are practically the same as when vacated by Sir John Johnson. Of course its stockade of logs that formerly surrounded the building and the two little forts in front were destroyed years ago, probably soon after the last French War, but the house presents the same appearance that it did when erected. The covering of the roof has been re-

143 OLD FORT JOHNSON, MOUNT JOHNSON, AKIN, 1742

placed by one of substantial slate, but the old timbers and the high peak and dormer windows with their small panes of glass have been retained. The size of the building is forty feet deep by sixty feet front and rear, two stories high, with lofty attic.

A broad hall extends from front to rear, with large rooms on each side, which, together with the hall, are ceiled with panelled wainscoting. The stairs, with their slim balusters and diminutive hand rail of mahogany, would detract somewhat from the spacious hall and the grand room on the west, if we did not know that they were only another evidence of the colonial period.

We can easily imagine such a building being presided over by a Dutch matron of colonial days, with snowy cap and kerchief, but the thought of Molly Brant and her dusky brood and a crowd of her slovenly relatives scattered through these grand rooms seems somewhat out of place.

One Sunday morning in December, when the sky was dropping huge flakes of snow, which vanished as they fell on the wet, muddy streets of the city, but emphasized the bright green of the belated spears of grass among which they lodged, I accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Theron Akin to visit the old Fort Johnson mansion left vacant by the family of his father, Mr. Ethan Akin, in its annual flitting to more congenial quarters in New York City.

On such an errand it would have been more in keeping, perhaps, if we had trudged along on foot or horseback, rather than to have taken passage in an electric car of the nineteenth century. Being a very stormy Sunday the little hamlet was quiet, and no human being was visible except ourselves when we passed the gate and up under the bare branches of the aged trees in the grove in front of the house, the gray walls of which frowned upon us as though they were aware of their antiquity.

Approaching the front of the house we paused a moment to gaze on the slab of brown stone in front of the main entrance, the edges of which had been dressed by a carver's chisel into an ovolo moulding, giving the slab the appearance of having been prepared for the top of a small tomb or sarcophagus such as are frequently seen in old cemeteries. For whom beside Catherine Weisenburg would Sir William have prepared this stone ? The man who discovers her grave (which is supposed to be somewhere near the west side of the building) would deserve and receive the praise of the antiquarians of the Mohawk Valley.

We enter the house from the rear or north side, and pass at once into a broad hall which extends from front to rear. We have heard no sound since alighting from the car, except our own voices, the swish of the waters of the Kayaderos swelled to a torrent, the soughing of the trees, and the dismal drip, drip, drip of the storm without. The closed shutters, the dreary appearance of a house unoccupied, and the antique appearance of the surroundings carry me back a century and a quarter to the flight of the household of Sir John Johnson, and, as I become more accustomed to the dim light, I almost expect to see a scarlet coat with gilt lace and the blanket or moccasin of an Indian, hurriedly left behind.

This hall is grand in its proportions, being thirty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide, and perhaps ten feet high, with panelled walls and broad oaken stairway with plain mahogany balluster and rail leading to the lofty attic above.

The large room on the west side of the hall, with its lofty panelled walls and broad, deep windows, seems to have been, and undoubtedly was, a room built for Sir William's use, his reception-room.

And I almost expected to see him seated at his desk in the centre, with implements of war and the chase adorning the

147 A FIREPLACE OF THE OLDEN TIME, OLD VAN ALSTYNE HOUSE, CANAJOHARIE, 1750

walls, giving audience to the rude soldiers and savages of those primitive days. Opposite this room is another room of nearly the same dimensions, but having the appearance of being designed for a parlor or drawing-room. Back of these rooms are two long, narrow rooms whose dimensions seem to have been sacrificed to swell the size of the grand rooms in front.

The rooms and hall on the second floor correspond with those below except that the panelling is confined to one end of the room and forms closets on each side of the wide and deep chimney, and seems to suggest some secret recess or closets the same as were found in the Guy Park mansion. In the southeast room is found a quaint addition to the fireplace — a primitive cast-iron heating apparatus which is practically an open iron fireplace, and bears on its face these words:

Ross and Bird's Hibernian Furnace, 1783.

The two long and narrow rooms in the rear are dreary with their bare, white, plaster walls and low, dark wainscoting of cherry birch. The windows are broad and deep, the sash with small panes of glass, and covered with inside shutters of cherry birch. One of these rooms, the northwest, is the haunted room spoken of before, but what particular antics the ghosts perform I have been unable to ascertain.

I found the lofty attic very interesting indeed. Its large size and massive timbers, its two rows of dormer windows and lofty peak, its floor made of broad boards (from twelve to fifteen inches wide), the rough, hand-made wrought nails, the bare chimneys of small Holland brick, and the " lookout " window at the very peak, made a fitting superstructure to the quaint rooms below.

The roof was formerly covered with sheet lead, which will account for the heavy timber used in its construction. This lead, together with the window weights, was used for bullets during the Revolution. The lead covering of the roof was replaced with shingles, but the window weights were never replaced. Subsequently the shingles were replaced by the substantial slate roof of the present day.

From the attic we descended to the cellar. When the building was constructed about one-third of the cellar was used as a kitchen and separated from it by a thick stone wall, making a room of about twenty by thirty feet. On the east side was a massive brick oven and fireplace, used for cooking. The floor of the kitchen was covered with stone slabs and the room was lighted by the door and two small windows about twenty inches high. The four large chimneys are supported by arches about five feet high, four feet wide, and four feet deep. These arches or vaults were closed by massive wooden doors and used for various purposes. At some time, probably when the house was constructed, a narrow room about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide was cut off from the main cellar and very likely used as a dining-room for the servants. The descent into the cellar was made by a steep, winding stair, and probably was not used very often, as the kitchen was entered from the outside.

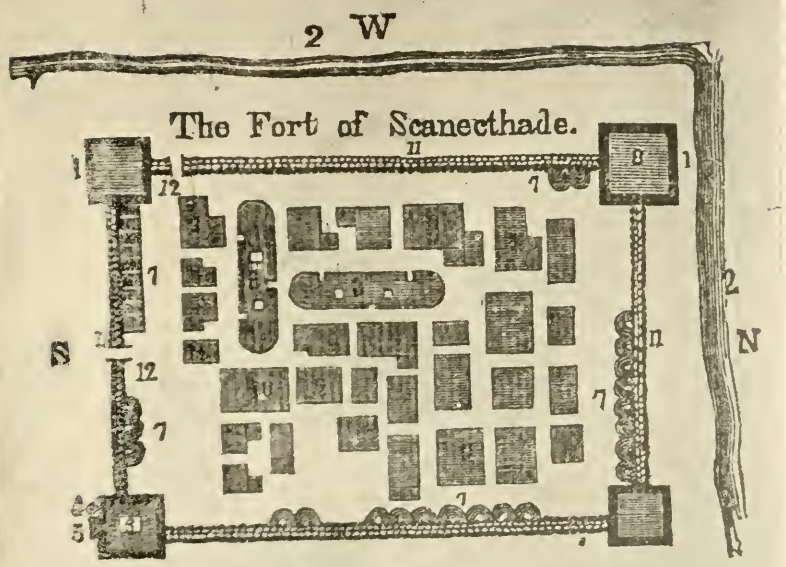
I have often wondered why tradition did not point to some tragedy connected with this old building, but recently I have found one of murder with all its horrors. It comes to me from two sources, both agreeing on the main points.

Sometime near the beginning of the present century a building used as a store stood where Mr. Shepard's residence stands now, on the corner east of the creek, about opposite Fort Johnson.

This building was afterwards removed to Amsterdam vil-

Map of Schenectady in 1695.—Rev. John Miller.

(*Original in British Museum.*)



Explanation.

1.1. Block houses.
2 2. Rivers running beside y^e^ Fort.
3.3. Indians Wigwams.
4. Flag staff.
5. Centry box.
6. Spy loft.
7.7.7. Sties for hogs.
8. The block house designed for a church.
9.9. Those and others like them houses.
10. A great barn.
11.11. The treble stockadoes.
12.12. The Fort Gates.

lage and erected on a lot east of the sand hole on West Main Street. It was a low, one-and-a-half-story house, with square, white pillars in front, the main part of the house being painted an impossible shade of heliotrope.

Tradition says that a poor, worthless fellow, somewhat under the influence of liquor, went into the store one night and got into a quarrel with the storekeeper, who, in a fit of anger, struck the fellow on the head with a poker. The fellow staggered out of the store into the darkness of the night.

A friend of the storekeeper who was present when the blow was struck said to him: "That was a terrible blow you struck that fellow; you had better go out and see what has become of him."

He did so, and found him a short distance away, dead. With the assistance of his friend the body was carried to Fort Johnson, his residence, placed in the cellar and in a cask of whiskey until the ice in the river broke up, when it was rolled to the river and sent floating on its way to the sea.

The other version is as follows:

The drunken fellow, whose name is said to have been Joe Burke, instead of being struck with a poker, struck the storekeeper and fled, pursued by the angry merchant with a gun, who saw the fellow enter Fort Johnson and pass up the stairs toward the attic. Just as Burke reached the attic stairs the merchant fired and killed him, his blood spattering the staircasing. The body was removed to the cellar and buried under one of the vaults, which was probably used for storing spirituous liquors. The matter was hushed up and is only known now by tradition.

Leaving this gruesome tale with you to receive or reject, I will tell another story which has the element of comedy in it instead of tragedy. It is said that a daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson, at one time an owner and occupant of Fort

Johnson, wrote the following poem, which many persons who read this may remember to have heard in their youth:

SALE OF OLD BACHELORS.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers;
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre
I 'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
It seemed that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid.
And in order to make them all willing to marry
The tax was as large as they could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled and said, " 'T was no use,
'T was horrid injustice and cruel abuse."
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from spilling
Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set the old bachelors up at vendue.
A crier was sent through the town to and fro
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out aloud as he went on his way
" Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day! "

And presently all the old maids of the town,
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, ruddy, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then at his labor began
And cried out aloud, as he held up a man,
" How much for a bachelor! Who wants to buy? "
In a twinkle each maiden responded, "I! I! "

In short, at a highly extravagant price
The bachelors were all sold off in a trice.
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Chapter X

In the Old Town of Amsterdam

IN order to ascertain the names of the first purchasers of land in the city and town of Amsterdam I have found it necessary to go back to the township of Schenectady and its first patent. This patent granted sixteen miles (on both sides of the river above and below the present city) of the Great Flats or Mohawk Flats as the lowlands were then called. These flats, being cleared and free from timber and of very rich soil, were all ready for the plough and eagerly sought for by the settlers. At the time of the first settlement the land immediately surrounding the stockade was divided into house lots and bouwlands, which were apportioned to each of the fourteen settlers. Later the hindmost lands were taken up as farms, and about 1680 and subsequent to that date the great flats were disposed of to others who wished to locate near the settlement. Gradually the settlers crept up along the river until they reached the limit of the Schenectady patent. At this extreme limit on the north side we found the twenty acres granted Geraldus Cambefort or Comfort April 22, 1703. Only twenty acres of flat land was conveyed by this grant, but it was generally understood that the settler could take as much woodland in the rear as he cared to appropriate. Next came the lands of Philip Groot at Cranesville, formerly called Claas Gravenshoek, or, by the natives, Adriucha. This included all the flats and islands between Lewis Creek and Eva's-kill about one mile, and as far north as he should choose to take.

This patent was issued by Governor Dongan in 1687 to Hendrick Cuyler for flatlands and uplands at "Claas Gravenshoek." After Cuyler's death, Ann Cuyler, his widow, and John, his eldest son, sold the same to Carel Hanson Toll for £180 ($360 in those days).

Philip Groot bought this land in 1715 of Toll and was succeeded by his son Lewis. It remained in the Groot family until within a few years. It is now in possession of Francis Morris.

Lewis Groot, about 1798, in his testimony before the commission appointed to settle the dispute between the proprietors of the Schenectady and Kayaderosseras Patents, said that Comfort's patent extended west to the creek on which Groot's mill stood (Lewis Creek). Comfort was living as late as 1720.

Lord Cornbury, governor of the province, in 1703 granted Comfortor Cambefort, a patent for twenty acres of land and the "hindermost woodland," as the land back of the flat was then called.

In 1707 Comfort conveyed this land to Carel Hanson Toll, who conveyed it to his son-in-law, Johannes Van Eps. It is said that at this time Toll owned all of the flats on the north side of the Mohawk west of Schenectady and east of Philip Groot's place, Adriucha.

On the south side of the river the same method was pursued until we came to the Willegen Vlachte (Willow Flats).

Pieter Danielse Van O'Linda's name is found on the petition for the Schenectady charter in 1663, and is one of the few who wrote his own name. Cornelius Antonisse Van Slyke, alias Broer Cornelius, is said to have married a Mohawk Indian woman, by whom he had several children,—three sons, Jacques, Marten, and Cornelius, and two daughters, Hilletie and Lea. He died in 1676. Jacques received grants from the Indians as his right from his mother, the Mohawk woman. Pieter Van

WINTER ON THE EVA'S-KILL ROAD, CRANESVILLE

Olinda, spoken of above, married Hilletie Cornelise Van Slyke, the Mohawk half-breed, through whom he received valuable grants of land, among which was half of the Willow Flats below Port Jackson, which was occupied by their descendants until within a few years. This land was east of and adjoining the old Phillips place at the two locks about opposite Cranesville. He died in 1715, leaving the Willows to Jacob Van Olinda, who married Eva, daughter of Claus DeGraaf.

Hilletie, though born and brought up among the Mohawks near Canajoharie, (Indian Castle) was soon separated from them and received the rudiments of a Christian education in Albany and Schenectady. She made an excellent use of her advantages, and is spoken of as an estimable woman. Her story is very interesting.

She was born of a Christian father (Van Slyke) and an Indian mother of the Mohawk tribes. Her mother remained in the country and lived among the Mohawks, and she lived with her the same as Indians live together. Her mother would never listen to anything about Christians, as it was against her heart from an inward unfounded hate. As Hilletie sometimes went among the whites to trade, some of the Christians took a fancy to the girl, discovering more resemblance to the Christians than the Indians, and wished to take her and bring her up, but her mother would not let her go. The little daughter had no disposition to go at first, but she felt a great inclination and love in her heart to those who spoke to her about Christ and the Christian religion. Her mother observed it and grew to hate her and finally drove her from her forest home. She went to those who had solicited her to come so long. She had a particular desire to learn to read and finally made her profession and was baptized.

Philip Phillipse de Moer married Elizabeth, daughter of Harmon Ganzevoort, of Albany, about 1685, and soon after took up his residence in the township of Schenectady. He owned or leased a portion of the sixth flat on the north side of the river next east of the Comfort Flat. In 1689 he exchanged with Claus Willemse Van Coppernoll for the west

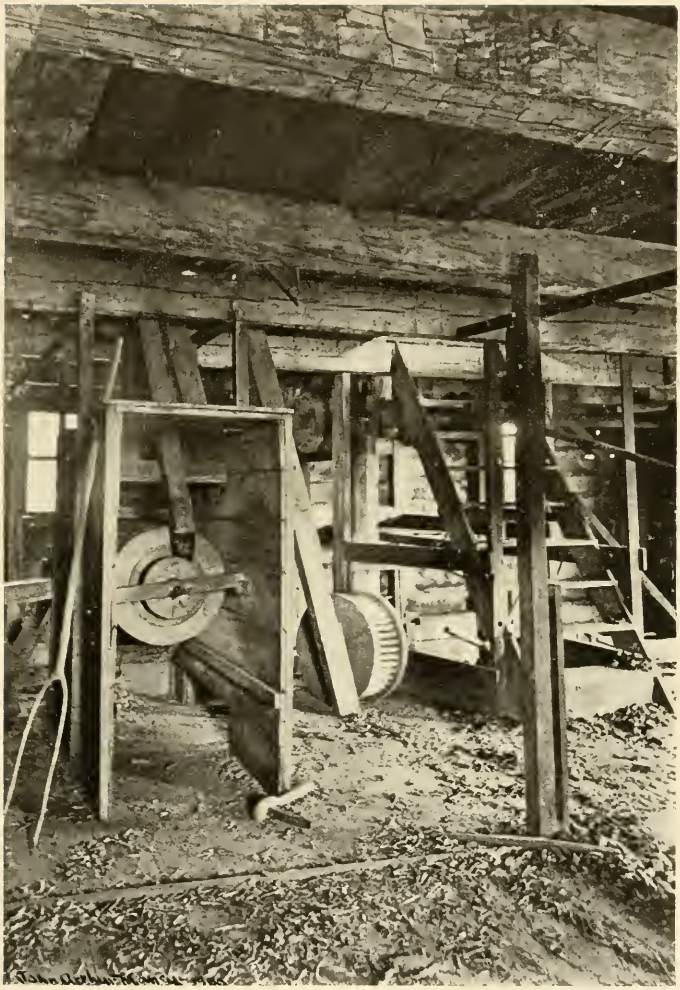
half of the Willegen Vlaghte, lying on the south side of the river about one mile above Philip Groot's farm, which lay on the north side. This was the other half of the Willow Flats occupied by Pieter Van Olinda.

It is said of Philip Phillipse that when the news of the massacre of Schenectady reached the settlers along the river, he fled with his family to the woods and lay concealed until the French and Indians, fearing retaliation from the aroused Dutchmen and their friends, the Mohawks, fled to Canada, with the settlers in hot pursuit.

With Phillips during this season of horrors was his baby boy, Lewis, who, when a man and engaged as a farmer and Indian trader, sold Catherine Weisenburg to Wm. Johnson. The true story as handed down in the traditions of the Phillips family is interesting, even though stripped of the usual embellishment of the stories of J. R. Simms.

It is said that about 1738, during one of Lewis Phillips's periodical visits to New York for the purpose of replenishing his supplies, he met among other emigrants who had lately arrived by the slow-sailing vessels of those early days, a young German girl, who importuned him to purchase her for service in the usual manner, by paying the captain of the vessel for her passage, which in this instance amounted to sixteen pounds. After considering the matter some time, he concluded to pay the sixteen pounds required and take the girl home with him.

This he did, and upon arrival she was duly installed as servant for this little family on the frontier. This servant girl was Catherine Weisenburg, who in a short time attracted the attention of William Johnson. It seems that Johnson was willing to pay the amount that Phillips had paid for her, sixteen pounds, and Phillips was willing that he should, and "he got the gal."



INTERIOR OF OLD GROOT MILL, CRANESVILLE

Mr. John Hubbs, a respected farmer in the town of Florida, whose ancestors bought the farm he now occupies of William Johnson, being part of the Sir Peter Warren estate, tells the following story about Sir William and his propensity for practical joking. One day while yet he was living at Fort Johnson, an Irishman, presuming on the fact of being of the same nationality, applied to him for a job. They were standing under the trees in the yard at Fort Johnson, through which ran the Kayaderos Creek. "What kind of a job do you want?" asked Sir William. "What can you do?" "Anything, sur," said the Celt. Sir William looked at him a moment with a twinkle in his eye, and then said, pointing to the rippling stream at their feet, "Do you see that creek?" "Yes, sur." "Well, I want you to follow that stream up through the forest until you come to an Indian fishing. If you find that he has caught any fish, bring them to me." "All right, sur," said the Irishman, and straightway started up the creek through the forest. After following the stream for some distance he came in sight of an Indian fishing in a little pool in the Hell Hollow ravine, with a good-sized string of fish by his side.

Obeying the order of Sir William the Irishman approached the Indian, picked up the fish, and started to return. As soon as the red man recovered from his surprise he sprang to his feet and seized the string of speckled beauties also. Then came a war of words that neither could understand, which finally led to blows and a rough and tumble fight, which resulted in the Irishman being badly beaten and the Indian marching home with the fish.

It is said that he concluded to look elsewhere for employment.

It would seem that Adam Vrooman, who made such a strong defence of his house at the burning of Schenectady, and

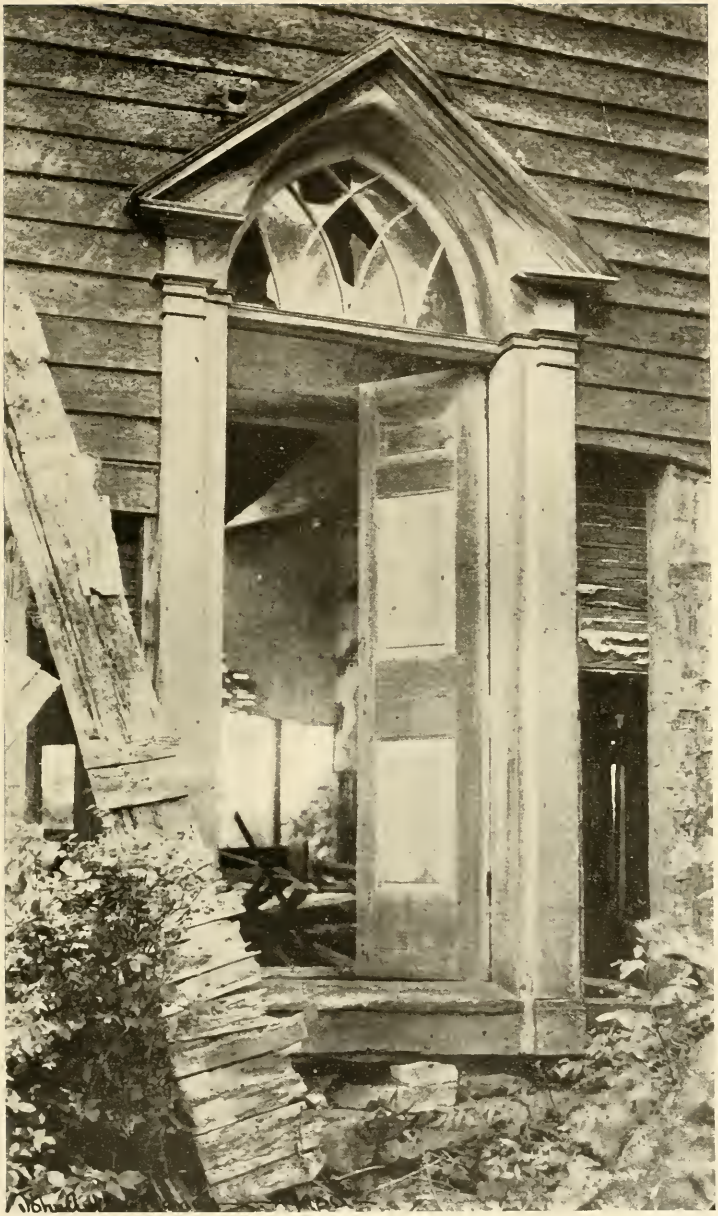
is said to be an ancestor of the late Mrs. Isaac Morris, the mother of Abram Vrooman, John F. and Charles H. C. Morris, of this city, and Isaac Morris, of Johnstown, was granted land on both sides of the Mohawk River at this place, as follows:

Whereas, Rode ye Maquaase (Mohawk), sachem for divers considerations, hath about three years agoe (1685) granted him (Adam Vrooman) two flats or plains upon both sides of ye Maquaase river above Hendrick Cuylers' land (Claas Graven hoek—Cranesville) containing eleven morgens wh: said land doth lie near ye stone house [Juchtanunda] so called by ye Indians, as ye go to the Maquaase country and forty acres of woodland adjoining them.

The grant is further described as

being on both sides of the Mohawk river west of Claas Graven hoek (as Cranesville was then called) on the south side ten morgens (20 acres) opposite a place called by Indians Juchtanunda (?) that is ye stone house being a hollow rock on ye river bank where ye Indians generally lie under when they travill to and from their country. The other pieces on the north side of the river, one a little higher than ye said hollow rock or stone house att a place called by ye natives Syejodenawadde (?) and so eastward down the river so as to comprehend twelve morgens (24 acres). The other just above the marked tree of Hendrick Cuyler (the owner of Claas Graven hoek) one morgen and three or four little islands.

In trying to locate the grant of the Mohawk Indian Rode, to Adam Vrooman, I have taken the trouble to examine the banks of the Mohawk from Claas Graven hoek up to Fort Johnson, and the only place where cliffs or overhanging rocks are to be found is at a point by the N. Y. C. R. R. freight house, and from the Chuctanunda Creek up to the Atlas mill. Back of the old Bronson mansion and the site of W. U. Chase's blacksmith shop are to be found the only shelving rocks, and also large masses of rock that have fallen from the cliff above, indicating that at some previous period this point has been a



THE DOORWAY OF OLD ST. MARY'S

" juchtanunda," a stone house or hollow or overhanging rock " where ye Indians generally lie under when they travill to and from their country."

Now, in regard to the flats spoken of in this grant, an examination of the south side of the river discloses the fact that the first flat west of Willow Flats is the ground now occupied by the fifth ward; the only islands not otherwise accounted for are the four or five small " Bronson Islands " and the twelve morgens (twenty-four acres) must have been the Bronson Flats in the western part of the city of Amsterdam, together with forty acres of woodland, and undoubtedly covered the site of the village of Amsterdam.

This leads to another thought.

We have been taught that the meaning of Chuctanunda was " twin sisters " and that it was applied to the north and south Chuctanunda because they entered the Mohawk nearly opposite each other. It is also said to mean stone-in-the-water.

Assuming that the definition of Juchtanunda (stone houses, hollow rocks, or overhanging cliffs) is correct (and from my authority I do not question it), it gives a different significance to the name Chuctanunda as applied to our creeks. That word is the name of the creek only secondarily, as, the creeks near the Juchtanunda, the Juchtanunda creeks; the resting-place or stone houses being paramount in the minds of the Indians and the creeks of secondary importance except as connected with their Juchtanunda, the only overhanging rocks on the Mohawk this side of Fort Hunter, until you reach the conglomerate cliffs near Hoffman's Ferry.

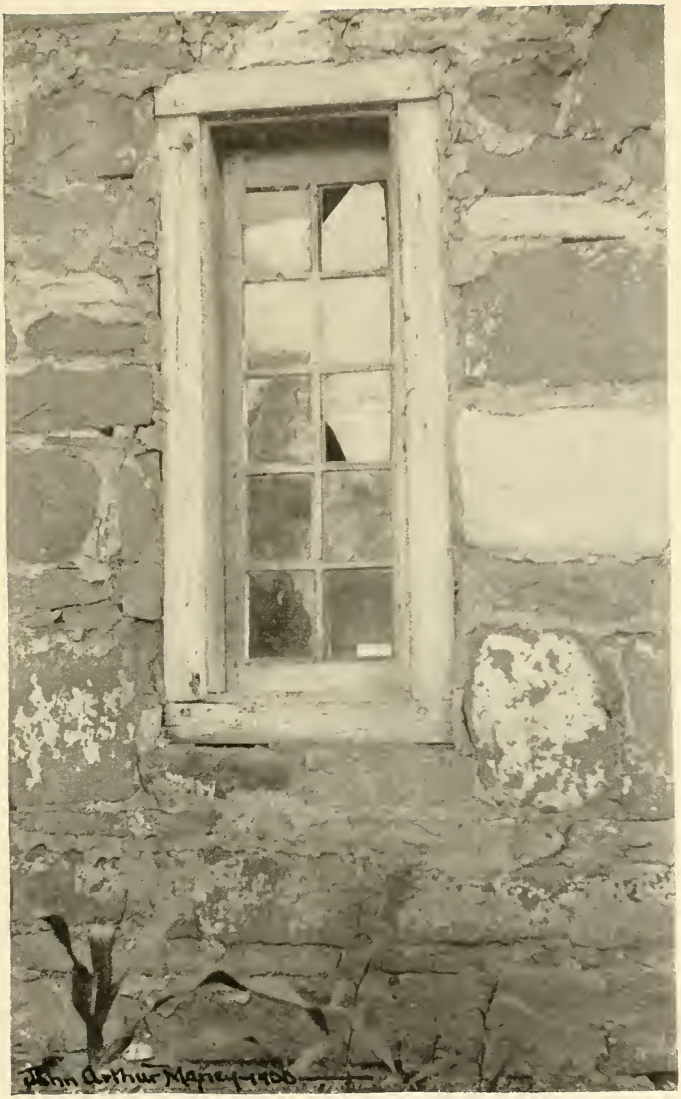
The discovery of the old Vrooman grant is valuable in two ways. It establishes a fact that has not been recorded in local history, which is, that land was taken up in what is now the city of Amsterdam in the seventeenth century, and brings to light an important rendezvous of the Indians that had not

been suspected; that is, the Juchtanunda (Chuctanunda). It establishes the fact that our two creeks have never been named by the Indians other than to call the creeks near the Juchtanunda the creeks of the Juchtanunda, although the name applied by the white man, the Twin Sisters, is truly beautiful and appropriate.

If you will take the trouble to go down to the bank of the Mohawk under the culvert west of Bridge Street and walk along under the overhanging rocks to the west, you will be convinced of the appropriateness of the term "Juchtanunda," or stone house.

About one hundred feet from the culvert you will come to a mass of rock that is familiar to every boy who has played on the river bank for the last half-century. It seems to have been originally a piece of rock perhaps twenty feet square, which, from its texture, must have been the upper course or ledge of the cliff on which formerly stood the Welcome U. Chase blacksmith shop and the first Masonic lodge in Amsterdam. This immense rock is broken in five pieces and remains where it fell years ago. About two hundred feet farther up the stream is the cliff on which stands the old Bronson mansion, the upper ledge of which projects so far that twenty men could lie under its shadow and be protected from the weather. This stone house is divided into two parts, the farthermost part being hid from sight by a projecting rock. Passing this rock you find a spacious open room, in the centre of which, from under twenty feet of solid rock, runs a bubbling spring of water. Under these rocks, for ages, the storm-tossed savage found shelter from the tempest, or a temporary home on his fishing or warlike expeditions. Later it undoubtedly sheltered the white and red boatmen overtaken by night with their cargoes of merchandise or produce from the farms.

Abram Vrooman Morris, spoken of above, may well be



CURIOUS WINDOW, OLD EHLE HOUSE, NELLISTON, 1752

called a self-made man, and his life is closely woven with the rise and progress of the city of Amsterdam. He never was a poor boy, in comparison to the waif described in one of John B. Gough's stories, who, when asked what kind of food he liked best, replied, " A raw turnip, or a potato with a heart in it, because it is more fillin' and stays in the stomach longer "; still, he had his own struggles, and learned early to take care of himself, and by his pluck and energy secured a competence in early manhood. He likes to tell of his life as a clerk for William Reid, who kept a general store formerly situated on the land at the southeast corner of Main and Bridge Streets. In those early days a country store was expected to keep everything, from a paper of pins to a barrel of flour, and from a box of pills to a barrel of whiskey. As Mr. Reid's store was no different from every country store, a barrel of whiskey, a cask of wine, and a keg of brandy were always in evidence in the rear of the store. Storekeepers were allowed to sell spirits by measure, but not by the glass.

One day a worthless bummer sport came in and asked for a quart of whiskey, at the same time producing a bottle to put it in. The proprietor filled the same with whiskey, and handed it to the w. b. s., who placed it in his pocket, saying he would " pay for it to-morrow "; but on Mr. Reid's refusing to trust him, he took another bottle, like the first, out of his pocket, filled with water, which the proprietor, supposing it to be the bottle he had just filled, took and emptied into the barrel of whiskey, while the w. b. s. went off with his bottle of whiskey without paying for it. Query: Was anyone a loser in the transaction ? An attempt to work the same scheme a few days later, resulted in the discovery of the game, and a rapid exit of the schemer.

Isaac Morris, the father of Abram Vrooman Morris, formerly kept quite an extensive shoe factory, for that period,

situated on the old Baptist Church lot, on Market Street, employing as many as twelve workmen. This building was subsequently removed to a vacant lot on Spring Street, and was known as the "Sandy Maginess house," which was afterward torn down to make room for the Dersch Block, next to the Pythian Temple. Mrs. Isaac Morris's maiden name was Jane Vrooman. Like Van Corlear and Wemple, the name of Vrooman is prominent in the history of the Mohawk Valley; but it is only to-day, with the aid of Pearson's *Schenectady Patent* and Simms's *Frontiersmen of New York*, together with valuable information from Abram Vrooman Morris, that I feel able to trace the lineage of the Vrooman family back to Holland.

It is recorded that in the early part of the seventeenth century three brothers named Pieter, Jacob, and Hendrick Meese Vrooman came to New Netherland from Holland. Pieter and Jacob settled in Albany and left no male descendants. Hendrick, after living at Kinderhook and Steene Raby (Lansingburg), removed to Schenectady in 1677. At the Massacre of Schenectady, February 9, 1690, Hendrick and his son Bartholomew and his two negro slaves were killed and burned, leaving two sons, Adam and Jan, to inherit his estate. Adam was born in Holland in 1649, and in 1670 bound himself for two years to Cornelius Van den Bergh, of Albany County, to learn the millwright's trade. In 1683 he built a mill on the Sand-kil, east of Schenectady, where the Brandywine mill now stands. In 1690, when Schenectady was destroyed, he saved his life by his bravery in defending his house, although his first wife, Engeltje, with her infant child, was killed, and his two sons, Wouter and Barent, were carried away to Canada. He married three times, his second wife being the widow of Jacques Cornelius Van Slyke, and the third, Greitje Takelse Hemstraat. He had nine sons and four

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daughters. He seems to have been a large land owner, for besides numerous lots in Schenectady he was granted a patent for six hundred acres of land in Schoharie, in 1714, which was occupied by his son Pieter and his descendants. On March 30, 1726, he obtained a new Indian title for fourteen hundred acres of flats knows as Vrooman's Land, in the Schoharie Valley.

On a previous page I stated that in 1688 he was granted an Indian title for land comprising the present fifth ward of Amsterdam, and the Bronson Flats and woodlands in this vicinity. It would seem as though Pieter was the only one of his sons who followed his father to the Schoharie, some of them living in Albany, others in Schenectady. Pieter died in 1771, leaving twelve children, one of whom was Abraham Vrooman, who persisted in writing his name Abram. He was the father of Mrs. Isaac Morris, Sr., and the grandfather of Abram Vrooman Morris, who is his namesake.

J. R. Simms writes at considerable length of the ravages of the Indians in what is known in history as the Massacre of Schoharie, in August, 1780. He says in one place:

The invaders, consisting of 73 Indians, almost naked, and five tories—Benj. Beacraft, Frederick Sager, Walter Allet, one Thompson, and a mulatto, commanded by Capt. Brant, approached Vrooman's land, in the vicinity of the upper fort, about 10 o'clock in the morning. They entered the valley on the west side of the river, above Onistagrawa, in three places; one party coming down from the mountain near the late residence of Charles Watson; another near the Jacob Haines place, then the residence of Capt. Tunis Vrooman; and the third near the dwelling of the late Harmanus Vrooman, at that time the residence of Col. Peter Vrooman, who chanced to be with his family in the middle fort. Capt. Hager being absent, the command of the upper fort devolved on Capt. Tunis Vrooman. Capt. Vrooman, on the morning in question, having returned home to secure some wheat, and Lieut. Ephraim Vrooman, to whom the command next belonged having gone to his

farm soon after Capt. Vrooman left, he left Lieut. Harper with less than a dozen men, to defend the post. Mrs. Ephraim Vrooman also returned to her home to do her washing.

It is said that on that morning Capt. Tunis Vrooman and his sons drew two loads of wheat to the barracks. The grain had not all been pitched from the wagon when he beheld approaching a party of hostile savages. He descended from the barrack, not far from which he was tomahawked and scalped, and had his throat cut by a Schoharie Indian named John, who stood upon his shoulders while tearing off his scalp. His wife, while washing in the farmhouse, was surprised and stricken down. After the first blow from the tomahawk she remained erect, but a second blow laid her dead at the feet of the Indian, who scalped her, and three of the oldest boys, with the blacks, were made captives. His son, Peter, would probably have escaped had not one of the blacks made known his place of concealment. Trying to escape, he was pursued by the tory Beacraft, who caught him, and, placing his legs between his own, bent his head back and cut his throat, after which he scalped him and hung his body across a fence.

Above I have told of Lieutenant Ephraim Vrooman and his wife leaving the fort early in the morning for their farmhouse. An Indian called Seth's Henry led a party of the enemy to this dwelling. On hearing the alarm Vrooman ran to the house, caught up his infant child, and fled into a cornfield, followed by his wife leading her little daughter. He seated himself against the trunk of a large apple-tree, with his wife concealed a few rods from him in the thrifty corn. His family would no doubt have remained undiscovered, had not Mrs. Vrooman become alarmed, and risen up with a cry, in low Dutch, "Ephraim, Ephraim, where are you? Have you got the child?" Instantly, almost, a bullet from Seth's Henry's rifle pierced her body, and as she

OLD ST. MARY'S, BLUE CORNERS

lay on the ground he tomahawked and scalped her, and the tory Beacraft killed her little daughter with a stone and drew off her scalp. It is said that when the body of Mrs. Vrooman was found, it was evident that she had partially revived and tried to staunch the flow of blood from her breast, first with her cap, afterwards with earth, having dug quite a hole in the ground. Adam A. Vrooman fled from the Indians to the upper fort, keeping the enemy at bay with his pistol, when they came too near him. On his arrival at the fort he was asked how he escaped, when he answered, " I pulled foot." After that, to the day of his death, he was called " Pull Foot Vrooman." His wife was made a prisoner. Simon Vrooman, his wife and three-year-old son, were taken prisoners also.

Abraham or Abram Vrooman, the grandfather of Abram V. Morris, had a narrow escape from death or capture. Being in Vrooman's land with a wagon, on which was a hay rack, he drove down through the valley and picked up several citizens. At Judge Swart's he shouted to Mrs. Swart, " Cornelia, jump into my wagon, the Indians are upon us." She ran to the house, snatched her infant child from its cradle, and reached the wagon with her husband just as the Indians appeared at the dwelling. Vrooman, who had a powerful team, did not stop to open the gates, but drove the horses directly against and over them, and was fortunate enough to outstrip the red savages, and escape to the middle fort.

At the time Seth's Henry killed Mrs. Ephraim Vrooman, another powerful Indian, who was directed by her call to her husband's place of concealment, approached him and thrust a spear at his body, which he parried, and the infant in his arms smiled. Another pass was made and parried, and the child again smiled. At the third blow of the spear, which was also warded off, the little innocent laughed aloud at the supposed sport, which awakened the sympathy of the savage, and he

made Vrooman a prisoner, also his sons and German workmen. John Vrooman, his wife, and five children were also captured.

The destroyers of Vrooman's land proceeded in the afternoon about fifteen miles and encamped for the night. The scalps of the slain were stretched upon hoops and dried in the presence of the relative prisoners. After travelling about six miles Brant, who was in charge, permitted the wife of John Vrooman, with her infant and one taken from Ephraim, to return to the settlement. Col. Peter Vrooman, by his energetic defense of the middle fort, saved it from capture by Sir John Johnson and his savages.

Of course, Simms has many tales to tell of other families of Schoharie, who suffered death or capture by the savages; but my purpose at this time is to follow the fortunes of the descendants of Adam and Peter Vrooman, and to trace the lineage of the mother of Abram V. Morris; as follows:

Hendrick Meese Vrooman.

Adam Vrooman.

Peter Vrooman.

Abram or Abraham Vrooman.

Jane Vrooman, the wife of Isaac Morris, Sr.

Isaac Morris's children were as follows:

Lewis, Abram V., Margaret, Tunis, Charles H. C., John F., James Stewart, and Isaac Morris, Jr.

Chapter XI

The Last Battle between the Mohawks and Mohicans. The Famous Butler Mansion

IN 1669, when no white man was seen along the shores of the Mohawk, except a few adventurous Dutch and English traders, French *courcurs-de-bois*, and an occasional Jesuit priest, a large body of Mohican warriors passed through this valley en route to surprise and destroy their natural foes, the Mohawks, and their palisaded village Kanyeageh, which was situated on the Sand Flat Hill west of Fonda. Three days after, this body of warriors returned, repulsed, and practically defeated, as they had expended their ammunition, consumed their food, and failed to destroy the Indian stronghold, although defended by a very small body of Mohawks. Within twenty-four hours this small body of defenders, reinforced by friends from the upper Mohawk castles, passed down the river in hot pursuit of their enemies, the Mohicans.

At Hoffman's Ferry they found them entrenched on the hill west of the present ferry, now called Towereune or Kinaquarione. This hill formerly extended to the river, ending in a "juchtanunda" at the water's edge and formed a strong natural barrier, which could not well be scaled. Quietly the pursuing warriors ascended this range, in the vicinity of what is known as Swart's Hill, fiercely and unexpectedly assailed the Mohicans in the rear and drove them into their entrenchments, which they stubbornly held until darkness put an end to the fight.

At the first streak of dawn on the following day the Mohawks again attacked their foes so fiercely that they drove them from their entrenchments and into the river, where the remnant of the tribe escaped in boats and by swimming. This engagement is spoken of as the last great battle between the Mohawks and the Mohicans. It is said that the latter tribe left their hunting-grounds on the Hudson River and migrated to Connecticut, from which place they did not return for more than half a century.

The hill was called Towereune or Ki-na-qua-ri-o-ne, which is generally understood to mean "The place of the last great battle." I am indebted to Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse for the following definition of words similar to the words written above, received from an intelligent aged Mohawk woman and an Abeniki woman, who speaks the Mohican.

The definitions are very interesting, as they all bear on the same subject:

Ke-na-kwa-di-one—We are going to kill them.

Ke-na-kwa-di-io-he-ne—I was going to kill them.

Ka-qua-ri-on-ne—Why did you not kill me, too, with my people?

Ki-na-qua-ri-o-ne—We killed the bear, or a place of death.

The old Mohawk woman says that the word, correctly spelled, may mean a place of capture, or a hill where they killed their enemy. The other spellings of the above are thought by the Abeniki woman to be of Mohican origin.

The definition of Towereune is given as follows, and, you will notice, refers to the same subject:

Ta-no-we-do-ne—We wanted to kill them.

Ka-na-ron-que—Those I loved best have gone (been killed).

Tow-ire-en-ne—Place where Indians (or the enemy) were killed.

183 SUNSET IN THE MOHAWKS LAND, TRIBES HILL

In 1689 and 1693 the French and Canadian Indians passed up the valley and raided and destroyed the Mohawk castle at Tiononderoga (Fort Hunter) and the castles above, returning to Canada by the trail along the Juchtanunda Creek. In 1738 Sir William Johnson settled in Warrensbush on the south side of the Mohawk, about half a mile below the mouth of the Juchtanunda Creek, or, as Philip Schuyler reported in his survey of the Mohawk in 1792, "one-half mile below the creek on which Vedder's grist mill stands."

As early as 1742 Johnson had succeeded in winning the confidence and affection of the Indians of the Six Nations, which finally led to his appointment as Indian Commissioner, and repeated conferences with the Indian tribes were held at Mount Johnson. During the old French War troops were repeatedly seen passing to and fro between Albany and Mount Johnson, sometimes on the south side, but generally on the north side, of the Mohawk. War parties of Indians were frequently organized by Mr. Johnson to harass the French settlements in Canada. In June, 1779, fifteen hundred soldiers under General James Clinton passed up the Mohawk, in two hundred and ten *bateaux*, being part of General Sullivan's expedition against the Senecas.

From 1755 to 1765 repeated conferences were held with the Indians at Fort Johnson, as it was then called. As early as 1746 we find the name of John Butler connected with Sir W. Johnson and frequently a member of the board of commissioners, sometimes as an interpreter.

Necessarily we find many objects of interest scattered through this section of the Mohawk Valley, notably Queen Anne's Chapel, Fort Johnson, Guy Park, and other old buildings.

Recently an old building has been brought to my notice that has never received the attention that it deserves.

I refer to the old Butler house on Switzer Hill. The 17th of June was an ideal day for a drive in the country, being bright with sunlight and the air balmy with a western breeze, so gentle that it might well be termed a zephyr. Our road led us through Tribes Hill, whose original appellation was Trips Hill and not Tripes Hill, as erroneously stated. The name may be found on the Tryon map of 1779, and refers to the original grant of that section, the northwest corner of which joins the northeast corner of the Butler grant. The Butler grant was conveyed December 1, 1735, to Walter Butler and three others. Passing by the many pleasant places in Tribes Hill, among which are the Striker and Shanahan places and the pleasant home of Dr. Suits, we reach the Young homestead. Turning north at the latter place our road winds over hill and dale and along the banks of the Danascara Creek until we come to the elegant home, and farm buildings of Mr. H. T. E. Brower. From this point the road takes a westerly direction with the Danascara ever in sight, past pleasant farm houses and farms that present a thrifty appearance. About thirty rods south of the junction of the Tribes Hill road with a road leading from Fonda to Johnstown stands the old Butler house, the former home of Capt. Walter Butler, Senior, and later of his son, Col. John, of Wyoming notoriety, and grandson, Lieut. Walter Butler, Junior, who is remembered in connection with the Cherry Valley massacre. Located a short distance from the main road, it is approached by a driveway, between rows of locust hedges, to a wide, well-kept lawn on the west side of the house. At first sight the house presents rather an incongruous appearance by its mingling of the new with the old, but as we look closer we see that, while the old does not add to the attractiveness of the new building, the new emphasizes the antiquity of the old by contrast. In the centre of the lawn is an old well with a modern pump, which

187 THE BUTLER HOUSE ON SWITZER HILL, 1743

has been substituted for the old weather-beaten well-box and sweep from which formerly depended a traditional old moss-covered oaken bucket. On the south edge of the lawn stands a large locust tree whose abbreviated dead branches extend in every direction. Near this tree a grape-vine grows, whose anaconda-like trunk has reached and enfolded this tree with its snaky coils. But it does not, like its reptilian counterpart, convey poisonous death in its embrace, but beautiful life, in its bright green leaves and tendrils and promises of luscious fruit.

To the south of the locust is the fruit garden, filled with the thrifty fruit trees indigenous to our cold climate, and a suggestion of the south in the numerous fruitful peach-trees, clustered in the bright sunlight. Here and there we see the syringa, the rose, and the Joseph coat, with their green foliage almost hidden by the luxuriance of the brilliant flowers that cover their branches. And back of all this wealth of color stands the gray, wooden walls of the old house, fairly grotesque in its want of beauty of outline, and the poverty of its ornamentation.

But these thoughts all vanished as we entered the house and were greeted by the mistress, Miss Margaret Wilson, and were at ease at once, from the cordiality of her reception.

The house was built in 1743 by Walter Butler, senior, the father of Col. John Butler, about the same time that Sir Wm. Johnson erected Fort Johnson, and from the known intimacy between the two families must have been the scene of many a revelry among those high livers.

A "lean-to" has been built on the west side of the house, extending the already long angle of the old roof and at the same time preserving the west side of the original building from the ravages of time and the elements. This shows that the original clapboards were each about twelve inches wide, planed by hand and with beaded edges. Between the upright timbers,

inside of the clapboards, were placed adobe or sun-baked brick of the usual length and about one and one-half inches thick. These brick were evidently laid in clay, instead of mortar, and finished on the inside with whitewash. In later years this rude finish was covered with lath and plaster.

The ceiling of the first story shows the heavy oak timbers exposed, and between them is seen the wooden ceiling, which also constitutes the floor of the second story. The house itself is about thirty by forty feet with the front to the east. The main floor was formerly divided by a wide hall in the centre with two rooms on each side and a stairway at the end of the hall. We were shown a trap door in the lower floor and another, directly over it, in the second floor, and evidences of an enclosure that connected the two, making a secret passageway from the second story to the cellar. The main timbers of the lower floor are very strong, being made of white oak trees about fifteen inches in diameter and thirty feet long, roughly hewn. The stone foundation is of the most primitive character, and looks as if the stones had been gathered from the fields or wherever they could be easily loosened with a bar. In fact, the old house made me think that it was erected in the same manner that King Solomon's temple was built,—that is, without the sound of axe, hammer, or other metal tools—except perhaps an axe. My attention was called to the outside doors, which all opened outward. In the bottom of each door was evidence of an opening, the shape of a half-moon, which was formerly closed with tarred tow or felt. It was explained that where a house was haunted this opening was made for the ghost to retire if it wanted to. But if it went out, for a few minutes, it could not get back on account of the tar.

"I know not what the truth may be,
I say the tale as 't was said to me."

This property has been in the hands of the Wilson family for nearly seventy years, having been bought in 1830 by Henry Wilson, the father of the present owners, Mr. Henry Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson.

They deserve great credit for having preserved this old building from destruction and decay.

Leaving the old Butler house, we were told that there was a very pretty view of the valley at the junction of roads above, but we were not prepared for the exquisite view that burst upon the sight as we turned the bend of the road.

CAUGHNAWAGA CHURCH, FONDA, 1763–1868

Imagine if you will, standing upon a hill about two hundred feet high, "green and of mild declivity," and the valley below abbreviated by a range of rugged hills that, bending to the south, end a few miles to the west at the river bank in the "Nose." A heavy rainfall of a number of days had cleared the air and foliage of all impurities, a gentle breeze had dissipated all mist and fog and even the purple haze of the distant mountain, leaving all nature bright and fresh and green. Before and below us were the manifold shades of green, of which nature is so lavish in those "rare days in June." In the centre of this emerald field lay the Mohawk, that by a bend in the river above and the dense foliage of trees before us seemed to have no beginning or ending, but spread out before us like a small lake whose surface was free from ripple or riff and shone like burnished silver in the bright midday sun.

Around this liquid mirror extended a fringe of low bushes, whose darker shade of green made beautiful contrast to the bright shades of the fields of grain beyond. A little to the north of this lake a short section of the New York Central Railroad stretches out in geometrical precision looking like a gridiron of huge dimensions. Along its side at short intervals rise blue spirals of smoke, which change to a bluish-white cloud as they mingle and float away against the dark green of the trees that cover the hill slopes, while on the sides of the southern hills dwellings of red and white, each with its little cluster of trees or shrubbery, mark the abodes of men.

Nearly in the centre of this picture and from out a cluster of oak and maple and elms emerges the dome of the old court house, and from its summit springs a tall staff with Old Glory floating lazily against its side, giving a charming bit of color to this picture of emerald hues. Suddenly, and seemingly from out a cluster of trees at the base of the hill, there comes a sound like the rushing of a mighty wind, supplemented by shriek and roar and rumble, and a form completely enveloped in its own black smoke, appears and disappears along the iron rails below, leaving a trail of smoke to mark its flight like the path of a shrieking shell from a monster gun. And over all this beauty the golden sunlight and the celestial blue of the heavens flecked here and there with clouds of fleecy white and sombre gray.

Chapter XII

Johnstown, New York

TRAVELLERS on the New York Central Railroad probably are familiar with a small village called Fonda, situated on the Mohawk River about forty miles from Albany, at the mouth of the Cayadutta Creek. If their destination is Johnstown, they will change cars at this place and take passage on the F. J. & G. R. R., or an electric car.

If you stroll up the main street of Fonda a few rods west of the station you will come to a stream flowing from the north and bearing an Indian name—Cayadutta. A century and a half ago the banks of this stream were in all their primitive beauty and wildness, and in earlier times had been chosen by the Agniers (Mohawks) for the sites of two of their villages, one on the high ground forming its western bank and bearing the name of Ca-hani-aga, the other about three miles to the north, lately discovered and yet unnamed. If you wander still farther up this creek you will find a succession of rapids now marked with mill sites, and in a bowl-shaped valley, four miles from the Mohawk River, a flourishing village named, in 1770, Johnstown.

This section was originally included in the Kingsborough Patent, as it was called, granted to Arent Stevens and others, June 23, 1753, and comprised twenty thousand acres of land. This land came into possession of Sir William Johnson, but at what date I have been unable to find any record. Probably

he was one of the "others" mentioned in the patent, as we known that he had leased or sold land to over a hundred families who had settled in that locality before he built Johnson Hall in 1763.

Previous to the granting of the Kingsborough patent, William Johnson was in possession of a few thousand acres along the north bank of the Mohawk west of Amsterdam, but the notorious Kayaderosseras patent shut him off on the east and the Butler and Caughnawaga patents on the west and north, obliging him to take up lands north of them in order to secure a large tract. The Kingsland grant of land was given to Sir William by the Crown after he was made Baronet and subsequent to the battle of Lake George in 1755. Among those to whom he leased land with the supposed purpose of establishing a baronial estate, were Dr. William Adams, Gilbert Tice, innkeeper; Peter Young, miller; William Phillips, wagonmaker; James Davis, hatter; Peter Yost, tanner; Adrian Van Sickler, Major John Little, and Zephaniah Bachelor. He named the placed Johnstown, built a court-house, jail, church, taverns, and numerous dwellings for his tenants.

It would seem as though his baronial mansion, as Johnson Hall is sometimes called, must have been considered a temporary structure, being constructed of wood (although after nearly a century and a half it is in an excellent state of preservation), because his other and older home, Fort Johnson, and the home of his daughter, Guy Park, both on the Mohawk, are well built of stone, with interiors much better finished than Johnson Hall.

The 25th of March, 1898, was a typical spring day, although the weather was not such as we are in the habit of having in the Mohawk Valley in that windy month. However, it was pleasant enough to induce me to take a trip to Johnson Hall, Johnstown. Perhaps I was in a mood to dream of the past

195 THE OLD STONE FORT AT JOHNSON HALL, JOHNSTOWN, 1763

and on that account the route to the old historic village seemed to be void of all modern improvements, and I was being transported through forests and lonely settlements.

In passing Guy Park I saw the rough stone walls of the original building surrounded by forests and rude instruments of husbandry. Fort Johnson impressed me with its antiquity without any stretch of imagination. A short distance above, the mind recalled the palisaded Fort Hunter, with the stone walls of Queen Anne's chapel in its centre, and I could see the group of dirty Indians crowding its wall and accepting a religion they knew nothing and cared nothing about. Looking across the Schoharie and over the hills to the west, I see the form of Father Jogues, with his long, black robe, tied around the waist with a rope, and his rosary hanging at his side, shrinking from warrior and squaw as though expecting some new cruelty or indignity. A little farther to the west on the north side I see the new village of Ka-nyea-geh (Caughnawaga), with its defensive palisades swarming with warriors defending their homes against hundreds of savage Mohicans, with the great Massachusetts Sachem, Chickatabutt, at their head. And in the midst of the Mohawks I see the form of Tekakwitha and the Jesuit Father De Lamberville.

Leaving Fonda I am recalled to the nineteenth century by asking a trainman if our train passed the old Indian site of Ka-nyea-geh and he answered that he had never heard of it. I put the same question to the conductor and he said he did not know.

Upon arriving at Johnstown I stepped up to a man with a badge on his cap and said: "Can you tell me what road to take to get to Johnson Hall?" "Johnson Hall?" he replied, "I never heard of it." "I mean," said I, "the old family mansion of Sir William Johnson, the place where he formerly lived." "Oh," said he, "you mean Sir William John-

son's Hotel ? It is right—" but I was around the corner interviewing some one else by that time, and did not hear what direction to take to reach the Sir William Johnson Hotel.

After receiving some intelligent instruction from a man in a blue uniform I started on my quest for Johnson Hall, which is situated about one mile northwest of the railroad depot. A bridge spans the Cayadutta Creek a short distance from the railroad, the waters of which were running red as if in commemoration of the blood of patriots shed by Sir John Johnson, Brant, and Butler in their frequent raids on the settlements in the valley of the Mohawk.

Passing by the numerous handsome cottages that line both sides of the street, I approached a fork in the road, and on a tree observed a board, which, at a distance, I supposed to contain the necessary direction to reach Johnson Hall. Approaching nearer, the information I received was this: " STove wooD $1.75 Per corD."

Not obtaining the information desired, I took the road to the right, and soon saw the building in the distance.

Although the sun was shining brightly, and the atmosphere gave evidence that spring was here, the bare trees and dreary aspect of fields, made gray with the frosts of winter, and the occasional patches of dirty white snow on the hill slopes, reminded me of the " winter of our discontent," from which we were just emerging.

In the distance to the right the Cayadutta winds its slow length along, to turn the wheels in the distant village, and near its left bank, partly hidden by stately oaks and maples, with lilac and evergreen trees scattered here and there, stands the historic mansion, Johnson Hall, modernized by cupola, bay windows, ornamental porch, and roof of variegated slate.

I must confess to a feeling of disappointment, although the view from the standpoint of the nineteenth century is very

JOHNSON HALL, JOHNSTOWN, 1763

pretty. Passing up a broad walk, about two hundred feet long from the entrance to this small park, lined with large maples, we reach the building. It is true that each maple has been pierced with a patent spile, from which, drop by drop, the colorless sap is flowing into small tin pails, but when I raise my eyes and see the old stone fort to the left and back of the building, I recall the object of my errand, and realize that I am at one of the homes of Sir William Johnson.

The house and adjoining land belong to Mrs. John E. Wells, and the occupants are very courteous to strangers who call to see the house. The present main entrance was formerly the rear of the house, and faces nearly southeast. Entering, I am ushered at once into a broad hall that extends the full depth of the house, at the end of which is a broad stairway with spacious landings that leads to a similar large hall above. To the left of the hall as you enter is a large room about eighteen by thirty-eight feet, with an ornamental wood cornice extending around the room, the sidewalls having panelled wainscoting about four feet high. The hall is about fifteen feet wide and thirty-eight feet deep, and to the right are two rooms about eighteen feet square, whose ceilings are also adorned with handsome wood cornice. Above, the space is divided into four rooms and a wide hall to correspond to the hall below. All of these rooms are finished with panelled wainscoting and shallow windows without weights. One of the rooms in the second story is pointed out as the council-room of Sir William, and another as the place where St. Patrick Masonic Lodge was organized and its meetings held for a number of years. The basement is said to have been used as a stable, but is now fitted up with kitchen, dining-room, etc.

The building is two stories high, and built of wood, the clapboards being so arranged as to represent blocks of stone. At present the interior has the appearance of a house of the

present day, with its panelled work grained to represent oak, and the handsome belongings of a well-to-do family of refined taste, but it would take quite a stretch of imagination to people it again with Molly Brant and her half-caste children and her brother, Joseph Brant, in full war-paint and feathers, passing down from the council-room above, were it not for the defacement of the mahogany banister and rail at every step taken by the chief down the stairs that he was never again to ascend. Whether it was done in anger or not, we do not know, but the marks left by the hatchet seem to have been the work of a mischievous boy, rather than a savage. Outside, and a little in advance of the original front, stands one of the two small forts that formerly stood on each side of the building.

It is said that the two forts were connected with the basement of the building by an underground passage, all evidence of which has been destroyed, except the opening from the basement, which has been closed with masonry. Johnstown may well feel proud of Johnson Hall, St. John's Church, the court-house, and jail, and the associations connected with Sir William Johnson, but the old stone buildings erected by him on the banks of the Mohawk, twenty years earlier, Fort Johnson and Guy Park, bear an impress of antiquity that the later buildings do not possess.

St. John's Episcopal Church is the third edifice of that name built in the village. It is said that the first church edifice was erected in 1760, and was located on the ground now known as the old colonial graveyard on Green Street, the spot being marked by a cross erected October 15, 1897, to indicate the location of the first church, at which time appropriate services were held at St. John's Church and at the old graveyard. This undoubtedly is the spot where the early missionaries officiated, dividing their time between Queen Anne's Chapel

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND GRAVE OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

at Fort Hunter and the old church at Johnstown. The next church building was probably erected in 1771 or 1772. It occupied part of the lot on which the present church now stands, with its side to Market Street, and with front facing northward. In erecting this church Sir William gave a two-acre lot on which it stood and also a glebe of forty acres on the southeast side of the village. The fight for this glebe, between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians, after the war, is very interesting reading, but we have not space to record it at the present time.

It seems that Sir William had never legally conveyed the title to the property, which after his death reverted to his son, Sir John Johnson, and after the confiscation of the estate, the Presbyterians occupied both church and glebe. The Episcopalians obtained possession of the church years after, but the Presbyterian's claim to the glebe was confirmed by the legislature. St. John's Church was destroyed by fire in 1836. Under the chancel was found the tomb of Sir William. In rebuilding, the church's location on the lot was changed, the front facing the east. This change left the tomb outside the walls of the church, and its location was lost, until discovered in 1862 by the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, than rector of St. John's. The vault was found in good condition except that a few bricks of the roof had fallen. A plain gold ring bearing the date of June, 1739–16 was found in the vault, also the bullet which Sir William received in the battle of Lake George. The ring is supposed to have belonged to Catherine Weisenburg, his wife, and worn by him after her death. Portions of the skeleton remaining were sealed in a granite sarcophagus, and restored to the tomb with appropriate ceremonies conducted by Right Rev. Bishop Potter, of the State of New York, June 7, 1862. The grave may yet be seen in front of St. John's south of the entrance.

On a subsequent visit to this ancient village, many other places of interest were pointed out to the writer, including the court-house on North William Street, and the jail on the corner of South Perry and Montgomery Streets, both built by Sir William Johnson in 1772. The court-house, although nearly one hundred and thirty years old, is still well preserved and attractive in appearance. The brick of which it is constructed was brought from England, and transferred to a sloop at New York for voyage up the Hudson to Albany. From thence they were carried by wagons to Johnstown. In the octagonal tower which surmounts the court-house is a substitute for a bell in the shape of a triangle made from a large iron bar, which is struck with a hammer by the caretaker whenever the court is called together.

The jail is of stone, with walls four feet thick, and is located on a slight eminence sloping gently to the south, north, and west. On the lawn are cannon and pyramids of shot and shell, leaving the spectator a little in doubt of the character of the old, well-kept building, flanked by modern structures for the sheriff's offices. The jail was begun at the same time with the court-house, the legislature appropriating sixteen hundred pounds for their completion in 1774. Of the jail it is said:

Under the date of October 26, 1775, the Tryon County Revolutionary Committee inquired of Sir John Johnson whether he pretended a prerogative to the courthouse and jail, "and would hinder or interrupt the committee to make use of the same public houses to our want and service in the common cause." Sir John in reply claimed the buildings as his property until he had been refunded £700 which Sir William had advanced toward their construction. The Committee at the same time respecting the claim, fitted up a private house as a prison, and sent some convicts to Albany and Hartford for safe keeping. Congress, however, was informed that Sir William had conveyed the buildings to the county, and the jail

THE OLD JOHNSTOWN JAIL, 1772

was used as a fort by the patriots during the Revolution, being fortified with palisades and block houses.

Of the early taverns of Johnstown the most noted were the Gilbert Tice's Inn, formerly on William Street, the Black Horse Tavern, on the corner of William and Montgomery Streets, now known as the Younglove Homestead, and Union Hall, at the junction of East Main and East State Streets, or, as it was called in earlier years, in the angle of the Tribes Hill and Fondasbush roads. They were frontier inns and were at times scenes of lawlessness and brawls between hunters and trappers, and the Indians and half-breeds, who frequented them to exchange their stock of furs and drink deep in the proceeds. Shortly after the war, Gilbert Tice's Inn on William Street was kept by a Frenchman named Jean Baptiste de Fonclaire, who was a very popular landlord, notwithstanding his excitability. It was in this building that Nick Stoner met the murderer of his father, the story of which meeting is told by J. R. Simms and others:

One day after the war a party of six or seven Canadian Indians who had come to the little settlement to exchange furs for fire-water, were gathered in and about the kitchen and barroom awaiting the meal that was being prepared for them by the landlord's family. In the kitchen were three Indians drinking from bottles of whiskey that were on the table standing near the huge open fireplace where the meal was being cooked. On the hearth was a large platter of fried pork swimming in hot gravy, and dishes of vegetables ready for the meal. Major Stoner, in search of a friend, entered the kitchen, and being slightly under the influence of liquor he soon became involved in a quarrel with one of the half-drunken Red Skins. Major Stoner's father having been killed and scalped by an Indian, the sight of a dusky savage was always enough to arouse murderous passion in his breast, and he instantly grappled the Indian and threw him on the table which overturned and landed his antagonist on the floor amid the debris of broken bottles, crockery, and part of the prepared feast. Springing to his feet while the

room resounded with war cries and oaths of the combatants, the Indian leaped over the table and grappled Stoner again. But as in the former tackle the white man proved the most skilful and the Indian was soon at the mercy of his wiry, maddened antagonist, who in attempting to throw him into the open fireplace only succeeded in landing his half-naked body in the great trencher of sizzling fat, burning his back in a fearful manner.

While the fracas in the kitchen was going on, a stalwart half-naked warrior, aroused by hearing the name of Nick Stoner repeated, was dancing or rather shuffling around the barroom flourishing a scalping-knife on the handle of which were numerous notches, and boasting in a monotonous tone of the bloody deeds recorded on the handle. Nine marks indicated the number of scalps of white men killed during the war.

Nick Stoner in a frenzy of rage left the kitchen after throwing the Indian into the fire, passed through a hall on his way into the front part of the inn, and almost stumbled over an Indian called Capt. John, lying there in a beastly state of intoxication. Noticing an earring in the man's ear, he placed one foot on the man's neck and grasping the jewel tore the flesh apart and dropped the jewel on the floor. Unconscious of the injury done him the Indian turned over with a grunt, and Stoner passed into the barroom, just in time to see the painted red devil flourishing his scalping-knife with yells and gesticulations, and hear him say, as he pointed to a notch deeper than the others, "and this is the scalp of old Stoner." Crazed with liquor and stung to madness by the thought of being in the presence of his father's murderer, he sprang to the fireplace, seized an old-fashioned wrought andiron, and with the exclamation, "You red devil, you will never scalp another one," he hurled it, red-hot as it was, at the head of the Indian, striking him squarely on the neck and laying him apparently lifeless on the floor, while his own hand was burned to a blister with the top of the andiron. At once bedlam seemed let loose and fears were entertained of other serious consequences, but the friends of Stoner succeeded in getting him to leave the house, while others induced the savages to leave town bearing their burned comrades with them.

Chapter XIII

Some Accounts of the Notorious Butler Family

Shakespeare says:

> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

Perhaps there is no name in American history that is more abhorred throughout the length and breadth of the Mohawk Valley than the name of Butler, through the evil deeds of Col. John Butler and Lieut. Walter N. Butler, father and son. Colonel John for his connection with the massacre of Wyoming, and Lieutenant Walter as the leader of the Cherry Valley massacre. And still their evil deeds were apparently confined to about four years of their life. In history, nothing is spoken of but the evil they have done, and their early lives are wrapped in comparative obscurity. We do not know when they were born, and the histories of the Revolution do not mention their ancestors.

On account of a recent visit to the old Butler place on Switzer Hill I have become interested in the subject, and have taken the time and trouble to gather together facts about this family that appear in different documents relating to the early history of the Mohawk Valley and the province of New York. Lossing's *Cyclopedia* merely states that John Butler was born in Connecticut, and died at Niagara in 1796, and makes no mention of the date of his birth or the name of his father. Among the colonial documents, however, we find the name of a Wal-

ter Butler, who was appointed lieutenant August 16, 1726, by Governor Burnett of New York. He was probably connected with the family of the Irish dukes of Ormond and Arran, who were patrons of the Burnett family. On May 6, 1728, Lieut. Walter Butler was assigned to Capt. Holland's company at Albany.

In 1733 the Crown granted to Walter Butler and forty-two others a tract of land near the Schoharie Creek, running south to Schoharie, and then following the line of Schenectady County to the Mohawk River. In 1735 fourteen thousand acres of this land extending from Fort Hunter along the Mohawk to Phillip's lock, came into the possession of Sir Peter Warren, the uncle of Sir William Johnson.

On December 31, 1735, the Crown also granted Walter Butler and three others a tract of land in the towns of Johnstown and Mohawk, comprising four thousand acres. On the Tryon map of 1779 this grant is shown as lying between Trips (Tribes) Hill and Johnstown. This seems to connect Walter Butler, senior, with the Butler place near Switzer Hill.

(Bear in mind that this Walter Butler was the grandfather of Walter N. Butler, of the Cherry Valley massacre notoriety.)

In 1733 he was a witness to a deed at Fort Hunter. In 1747 Sir William Johnson sent Lieut. Walter Butler on a mission to Crown Point. A little later Captain Walter Butler (having been promoted) was sent to Oswego with his son, John, as interpreter. Between 1756 and 1765 Captain John Butler was frequently in attendance at conferences of the Indians and Sir William Johnson at Fort Johnson, sometimes as one of the interpreters. We know that Captain John Butler was afterward made a colonel, and his son, Walter, a lieutenant of the British troops. In 1743 Walter Butler, Sr., erected a frame house on his grant on Switzer Hill, which afterwards became the home of his son, Colonel John, and

grandson, Lieut. Walter N. Butler, and was confiscated when Colonel John fled to Canada, during the war of the Revolution, with Sir John Johnson and his tories.

The Rev. Gideon Hawley, in his journey to Broome County, in 1753, records that Lieutenant (John) Butler was in charge of a sergeant and a few privates at Fort Hunter, where he resided with his family. Some time previous to 1753 he is said to have been one of the Connecticut colony that located in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. This, I think, is a mistake, as he is known to have been located in the Mohawk Valley at the time of the local troubles between the colony from Connecticut and the Pennsylvanians.

It is recorded that " the valley (Wyoming) was purchased of the Six Nations in 1754, by an association formed in Connecticut, and called the Connecticut Susquehanna Company; but no permanent settlement was attempted till 1762. The next year the settlers were dispersed by the Indians." In 1769 a body of forty Connecticut pioneers was sent thither by the Susquehanna Company, but found themselves forestalled by some Pennsylvanians, the Six Nations having in the preceding year again sold the territory to the proprietaries of Pennsylvania, and for the next six years Wyoming was the scene of numerous conflicts between settlers from the two colonies, both of which under their charters, as well as by purchase, claimed possession of the soil. This contest was at its height at the time of the Revolution, and undoubtedly was one of the causes that led to the attack and massacre of the settlers of the Wyoming Valley, July 3, 1778, or at least for some of the atrocities that were committed by former neighbors and acquaintances.

That Major John Butler was in command of the Rangers and Indians at Wyoming is a well-authenticated fact, as we have it from his own report to Lieutenant-Colonel Bolton,

dated July 8, 1778. He says, "In this action were taken two hundred and twenty-seven scalps, and only five prisoners." This report alone is enough to brand him as an incarnate fiend. No doubt the Senecas were responsible for most of the atrocities, but Butler knew what to expect from his savage allies, and made no attempt to restrain them. The Senecas were in command of a noted chief, Gi-on-gwah-tuh, and a half-breed called Queen Esther, probably a daughter of Catherine Montour. She is said to have killed fourteen of the inhabitants of the valley with her own hand.

It is said that sixteen of the prisoners were arranged in a circle around a large stone, and held there by a large number of Indians. This little party had been assigned to Queen Esther. Striking up a chant, she passed from one victim to the next, and with a death-maul dashed out the brains of fourteen of her victims. Two escaped, by making a sudden dash through the lines, and fled to the woods and finally escaped in safety. Catherine Montour, the elder, is an interesting character in Indian history. According to tradition, and her own story, her father was a governor of Canada, probably Frontenac, and her mother a Huron woman. Until about ten years of age she had been carefully reared and educated. During the war between the Six Nations and the French and Hurons, she was captured and adopted by the Senecas.

Lord Cornbury, in a letter to the Lords of the Board of Trade (in London) August 20, 1708, says:

> There is come to Albany one Montour, who is a son of a French gentleman who came about forty years ago to settle in Canada. He had to do with an Indian woman, by whom he had a son and two daughters. The man I mention is the son. He had lived all along like an Indian. Sometime ago the elder Montour had left the French, and had lived among the far Indians (Senecas), and it is chiefly by his means that I have prevailed with those far nations to come to Albany.

THE COURT-HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, 1772

In 1694 Mr. Montour was wounded by two Mohawk Indians near Fort La Motte. A letter dated Quebec, Nov. 14, 1706, and written by M. de Vandreuil, says: " He was devoted to the English, and in their pay; lived with the Senecas." He was killed by Lieut. Sieur de Joncaire, by order of M. de Vandreuil.

Captain Andrew Montour, the son spoken of above, acted as an interpreter for the Indian Commissioners in 1756; also sang Indian war-songs before Sir William Johnson at Fort Johnson, and presented scalps to Sir William at Johnson Hall in 1764. There is also a record of Mrs. Montour as an interpreter in 1711, at Albany. Stone, in his life of Sir William Johnson, speaks of Mrs. Montour, and describes her as she appeared at a council of the Indian Commissioners and delegates from the Six Nations, at Lancaster, Pa., in 1744:

> Although so young when made a prisoner, she had nevertheless preserved her language; and being in youth and middle age very handsome and of good address, she had been greatly caressed by the gentlewomen of Philadelphia during her occasional visits to that city with her people on business. Indeed she was always held in great esteem by the white people, invited to their houses, and entertained with marked civility.

It is pretty hard to believe that the woman described above should in her old age have become a fiend incarnate. It is said of her, after the battle of Wyoming: " Catherine Montour, who might well be termed a fury, acted a conspicuous part in this tragedy. She followed in the train of the victorious army, ransacking the heap of slain, and with her arms covered with gore, barbarously murdered the wounded, who in vain supplicated for their lives " (Campbell).

Among the Indians that were driven out of the Seneca country by General Sullivan was Catherine Montour. This

creature was treated with considerable attention by some of the British officers. It is said that she had two sons, who were leaders of bands at the massacre of Wyoming, which fact consequently imparted additional consequence to her. One of Catherine Montour's sons took a Mr. Cannon prisoner at Cherry Valley. He was an aged man and had been severely wounded by a musket ball. On their arrival in the Indian country, Catherine addressed her son in English in the presence of Mr. Cannon, saying:

"Why did you bring that old man a prisoner? Why did you not kill him when you took him prisoner?" (I am indebted to William Campbell's *Annals of Tryon County* for the above incident).

A John Montour is found among Lieutenant Walter N. Butler's forces, after the massacre of Cherry Valley, in command of a party of Senecas, and Rowland Montour defeated Colonel Cairns near Catawisse, during General Sullivan's raid, and was wounded in the arm and died a week later. These men were probably sons or grandsons of Catherine Montour.

In E. Cruikshank's *Butler's Rangers*, published at Fort Erie in 1893, we find the following account of the Butler family:

> Lieut. Walter Butler, a young Irish subaltern, claiming descent from the illustrious family of Ormonde, came with his regiment to America in the early part of the 18th century, from which he was exchanged into one of the independent companies formed for service in the colonies, and afterward incorporated as the Royal Americans or 60th. In the course of his service he made himself useful to Sir William Johnson, who in return exerted himself for the advancement of the Butler family. . . . He had two sons: John, the eldest, was born at New London, Conn., in 1725, and educated in the same province,

and Walter, junior, who was killed at Crown Point, on September 8, 1755, at the same time that Farrel Wade, Johnson's

brother-in-law, and the celebrated Mohawk chief, Hendrick, were killed.

Walter Butler, Sr., died in 1760, at the age of ninety, having been a lieutenant in the British army for seventy years. Lieutenant Walter, the brother of Colonel John Butler, who is spoken of as having been killed at Crown Point in 1755, was undoubtedly a son-in-law of Jan Wemp (Wemple) of Fort Hunter, who died in 1749, as in his will he bequeaths a portion of his estate to "my daughter, Maria Butler, wife of Lieutenant Walter Butler, Jr."

Cruikshank, speaking again of Captain John Butler, says:

> He went in 1760 with General Amherst to Montreal, as second in command of the Indians. During Pontiac's war he was actively employed in the difficult task of restraining the Six Nations from joining the hostile Indians. Owing to his intimate knowledge of several Indian languages, he was constantly employed by Sir William Johnson, up to the hour of his death, as interpreter at the most important councils. He then resided at his fine estate at Butlersburg (Switzer Hill), near Caughnawaga, and was one of the judges of the county court, and lieutenant-colonel of Guy Johnson's militia. Sir William Johnson had nominated him an executor of his will; but from some unknown cause he had incurred the pronounced dislike, if not the positive enmity of Sir John Johnson. Besides his wife, his family consisted of Walter N., the eldest son, lately admitted to the bar, "a youth of spirit, sense, and ability"; Thomas, still under twenty, two younger sons, and a daughter.

It may be said that Colonel John Butler appears to have been a close friend of Sir William Johnson, and associated with him in many of the political and military schemes of those early days. In 1772 the first court of general quarter sessions was held at Johnstown, and the judges were Guy Johnson, John Butler, and Peter Conyne. After the death of Sir William Johnson, on July 11, 1774, John Butler and his son Walter N., are said to have been in close official and social relations

with Sir John Johnson, and the elder Butler is spoken of as being a wealthy and influential resident of Tryon county. Of Walter N. Butler, we know that he was about the age of Sir John Johnson and that he was his playmate in boyhood, and the comrade and friend of his manhood. The only description we have seen of Walter N. Butler is found in Harold Frederic's charming book, *In the Valley*. In this book his descriptions have been so true to history that it is safe to assume that his researches have enabled him to give a pretty correct account of Walter N. Butler's person and character. He speaks of him at the age of twenty-three, and says:

> He was a handsome youth, with features cut as in a cameo, and pale-brown, smooth skin, and large, deep eyes; he was not tall, but formed with perfect delicacy. He dressed, too, with remarkable taste, contriving always to appear the gentleman, yet not out of place in the wilderness. He wore his own black hair, carelessly tied or flowing, and with no thought of powder.

He speaks of him as being "of a solemn and meditative nature, and filled to his nostrils with pride about his ancestors, the Dukes of Ormonde." He was, however, of excitable nature, and his being a constant companion of the Johnsons in their dissipations, undoubtedly changed his nature somewhat during the next trying six years. He studied law, and is spoken of as a pretty able young lawyer. Both father and son were at the siege of Fort Schuyler in 1777, with Colonel St. Leger, Sir John Johnson, and Joseph Brant, as we read of Colonel John Butler and two others entering the fort under a white flag with a bombastic demand for its surrender, which was indignantly refused by the commanding officer, Colonel Gansevoort. We also read of Colonel John Butler at the battle of Oriskany, where he caused the Royal Greens to turn their coats in order to deceive Herkimer's men, by pretending that they were

friends from the fort. The ruse was discovered, and the Royal Greens were put to rout. After the battle of Oriskany, Lieutenant Walter secretly came to the house of one Shoemaker, near Fort Clayton, on a secret mission from Sir John Johnson, and together with Han Yost Schuyler and others, were captured at Shoemaker's house, tried by order of General Benedict Arnold, and condemned to death as a spy. Owing to the solicitation of some of the American officers, the sentence of death was remitted, and Walter N. Butler was sent to Albany and placed in prison. Feigning sickness, and through the clemency of Lafayette, he was removed to a private house from which he managed, with the help of friends, to escape, and returned to the British army burning with indignation at what he termed the outrage of having his sacred person confined in a rebel prison.

He made his way direct to Niagara, and requested and optained command of a detachment of his father's rangers, called the Butler Rangers, with permission to employ the force of Indians under Captain Joseph Brant.

On his way from Niagara, Butler met Brant, who was displeased at the idea of being assigned to a subordinate station under a man he disliked. However, he finally turned back with his force of five hundred Indians. This expedition culminated in the massacre of Cherry Valley, November 11, 1778, with all of its heartrending atrocities, undertaken by Walter N. Butler in a spirit of revenge on innocent men, women, and children, to wipe out the disgrace (?) of having been confined in prison as a spy. Campbell says that: "Thirty-two inhabitants, principally women and children, were killed, and sixteen Continental soldiers, and all of the houses, barns, and outbuildings were burned, many of the barns being filled with hay and grain."

Campbell also says:

Whatever may have been the motives or the conduct of Brant and his Indians, it will not wipe away the stain from the character of Walter N. Butler. The night previous to the massacre, some of his rangers who were acquainted in Cherry Valley, requested permission to go secretly into the settlement and apprise his and their friends of their approach, that they might escape the fury of the Indians. This he peremptorily refused, saying that there were so many families connected that the one would inform the others and all would escape. He thus sacrificed his friends for the sake of punishing his enemies.

After this massacre, Walter N. Butler returned to Niagara with his forces and prisoners. On July 31, 1779, General Sullivan's expedition against the Senecas was organized, which succeeded in driving the main body of Indians to Fort Niagara and Canada. During his raid he destroyed the crops and buildings of the Senecas, and, with the help of the friendly Oneidas, did not fail to kill and scalp many of the Indian men, women, and children, for which acts he has been severely condemned.

In May, 1780, Sir John Johnson and the Butlers made their first raid through the Mohawk Valley proper, killing and plundering in every direction, and finally returned to Canada without being molested.

In the autumn of 1781 another raid of Indians and Tories under Major Ross and Walter N. Butler met with a different reception. They first appeared at Currytown, near Canajoharie, October 24th of that year, and passed rapidly on to the vicinity of Fort Hunter and Warrensbush, killing and capturing all that they met; then crossed the river and directed their course to Johnstown, with Colonel Willett and 416 men in hot pursuit. In the vicinity of Johnson Hall, Willett overtook the enemy and at once prepared for battle, notwithstanding the fact that Major Ross's force was greatly superior in numbers. (In a recent visit to Johnstown the battlefield was pointed out

to me by Mr. Edward Wells, a son of Eleazer Wells, and a brother of the late John S. Wells, whose family now own and occupy Johnson Hall. The chief object of our late visit to Johnstown was for the purpose of visiting the old battlefield.)

William Campbell, in his *Annals of Tryon County*, published in 1831, says:

> Major Ross and Walter Butler's force was encamped on the elevated ground a little north of Johnson Hall. The edifice, erected by Sir William Johnson, and in which he resided at the time of his death, is situated about one mile distant from the courthouse in the centre of the village, and upon ground descending gradually from the northwest to the south and southeast. The village plot descends to the north, thus forming a small valley between the Hall and the village. To a person in the village Johnson Hall appears to be situated on a lawn, beyond which no prospect opens to the sight. When arrived at the Hall, he perceives in an easterly direction the range of Mayfield hills or mountains, while to the south are seen Anthony's Nose, on the Mohawk, beyond that Charleston, and still further on, the hills between Canajoharie and Cherry Valley; and at a distance of between thirty to forty miles, the blue, cloud-like mountains leading to the Catskills and Delaware.

Colonel Willett with his inferior force was compelled to resort to strategy in attacking. Accordingly, he detached one hundred men under Colonel Harper to gain the rear of the enemy by a circuitous march around the hill to the west and north of the Hall and fall upon them in the rear, while Colonel Willett attacked them in front. A short distance above the Hall, Colonel Willett was met by Ross with all his force, and his men gave way at the first fire and retreated. Willett endeavored to rally them at the Hall, but failed. At the stone church (old St. John's) in the village he at last induced them to make a stand, and being joined by two hundred militia who had just arrived, again advanced to the attack. The detachment under Colonel Harper, having gained the rear, opened a

vigorous fire on the enemy, and obstinately maintained an unequal contest, which gave Willett time to form his men anew and again attack the enemy in front.

At nightfall, after a severe struggle, Major Ross's force, overcome and harassed on all sides, fled in confusion to the woods, not halting to encamp until they had gone several miles. In this engagement the Americans lost about forty; the enemy about the same number killed and fifty taken prisoners.

Major Ross retreated up the north side of the Mohawk, marching all night, after the battle. In the morning he was pursued by Colonel Willett, but was not overtaken. It was in this retreat that Walter N. Butler was killed. He was pursued by a small party of Oneida Indians. When he arrived at West Canada Creek, about fifteen miles above Herkimer, he swam his horse across the stream, and then, turning around, defied his pursuers, who were on the opposite side. An Oneida Indian immediately discharged his rifle and wounded him, and he fell. Throwing down his rifle and blanket, the Indian plunged into the creek and swam across. As soon as he gained the opposite bank, he raised his tomahawk, and with a yell sprang like a tiger upon his fallen foe. Butler supplicated, though in vain, for mercy; the Oneida, with uplifted axe, shouted in his broken English, "Sherry Valley! Remember Sherry Valley?" and then buried it in his brains. He tore the scalp from his victim still quivering in the agonies of death, and when the remainder of the Oneidas joined him, the spirit of Walter N. Butler had gone. The body was left unburied where he fell. The place where he crossed is called Butler's Ford to this day.

The following story is told by Dawson in his *Battles of the United States*. It occurred in Sullivan's expedition against the Senecas. Lieutenant Boyd and Sergeant Parker were taken prisoners by the Indians:

Knowing the certainty of his fate unless immediate relief was afforded, Lieut. Boyd asked for Joseph Brant, who commanded the Indians who had captured him. On being taken before Brant he gave the Masonic sign of distress and claimed from him the protection of "a brother," and was assured by the chief that he should suffer no harm. The prisoners were conducted to Little Beardstown, and Boyd was well treated; but during a short absence of Joseph Brant, Col. John Butler—the infamous Tory chief—called on the prisoners for information respecting the American army. Declining to answer, they were threatened with torture, but still refused; and with fiend-like cruelty—such as none but Butler and his kind could invent, and none but savages execute—the threat was enforced, and Boyd and Parker fell, martyrs in the cause of their country.

The remains of these brave soldiers were found two days afterward by their comrades and buried at Little Beardstown.

In August, 1842, their bodies were disinterred and buried with appropriate ceremonies in Mount Hope Cemetery, near Rochester, N. Y.

When I began this record with a quotation from Shakespeare, I expected to be able to prove its truth by showing that although the evil these men did lives after their death, there must have been some inherent goodness in their lives that was overshadowed by their acts and "buried with their bones." But I have searched in vain for a single kindly act or generous impulse of Captain Butler and his infamous son, Walter N. When their acts are compared with those of Joseph Brant, their deeds are the deeds of savages, and Brant's the acts of a noble, generous man.

The Butlers appear to have been not only arrogant and supercilious in a high degree, but barbarous, treacherous, revengeful, ferocious, merciless, brutal, diabolically wicked and cruel; with the spirit of fiends they committed cruelties worthy of the dungeons of the Inquisition. No wonder their lives are not attractive to historians. In a statement

addressed to the New York Legislature, December 20, 1780, I find an account of some of the work done by the quartette consisting of Sir John Johnson, Joseph Brant, Colonel John Butler, and his son, Lieutenant Walter N. Butler:

> It is estimated that seven hundred buildings had been burned in Tryon County; six hundred and thirteen persons had deserted to the enemy; three hundred and fifty-four families had abandoned their dwellings; one hundred and ninety-seven lives had been lost; one hundred and twenty-one persons had been carried into captivity; and twelve thousand farms lay uncultivated by reason of the enemy.

Truly those were the times that tried men's souls.

Robert Campbell says of the Butlers:

> Col. John Butler had some good traits of character and in his calm moments would regret the ravages committed by the Indians and Tories, but Walter N. Butler was distinguished from youth for his severe, acrimonious disposition. After the massacre at Cherry Valley, he went to Quebec, but General Haldiman, governor of Canada, gave out that he did not wish to see him.
>
> When Col. John Butler went to Canada he left his wife and children in Montgomery County. The committee of safety refused permission for them to join him. Walter N. Butler wrote to the committee proposing an exchange of Mrs. Campbell and her children (who had been taken prisoners at Cherry Valley) for his mother and brother. This exchange was finally agreed to and the family were reunited at Niagara.

A Canadian, E. Cruikshank, in a book called *Butler's Rangers*, has given a short history of the Johnsons and the raids of Butler's Rangers, from the English or Canadian standpoint. Of course he assumes that Sir William, if he had lived and taken part in the stirring scenes of the Revolution, would have been loyal to King George, and that his influence would have made Tories of a large number of the residents of the Mohawk Valley, who were afterward bitter opponents to his unpopular son, Sir John Johnson.

It is quite interesting to note his reasons and cause for the Revolution, in the province of New York. Some of them no doubt will be new to many of my readers. He says:

The power of the Loyalist (Tory) party was probably greater in New York than in any other province, but their leaders lacked the courage needful to turn it to the best advantage. The wealthy merchants, the proprietors of the great feudal manors, the adherents to the Church of England, the Dutch farmers and the recent German immigrants were generally disposed to be loyal or absolutely neutral. In the city of New York, two-thirds of the property was owned by Loyalists, and outside there was scarcely a symptom of disaffection. But there was a small party of violent revolutionists prepared to go to any length, and they dangled before the eyes of many discontented, lawless men almost irresistible temptations to join them. There was an enormous quantity of land held by a few active Loyalists which might be parcelled out among their followers; there was, too, a debt of eight or nine millions of pounds due to British merchants which might be repudiated. There was, besides, illimitable liberty to gratify their passions and do whatever seemed right in their own eyes."

Rather a sordid view to take of the causes that produced the birth of our glorious Republic. Nothing said about the injustice and oppression of rulers, nothing about love of country and the desire for political and religious freedom and hatred of monarchical government which had been simmering and boiling in the hearts of the provincials ever since the murder of the martyred Lieutenant-Governor Jacob Leisler, who was executed in New York City on May 16, 1691.

After speaking of the apathy of the people in New York, and the fact that " the inhabitants of Tryon County were, to all appearance, among the most loyal and contented," he says:

The great proprietors and wealthy families here were Loyalists (Tories) to a man. Besides the Johnson family, the Bradts, Freys, Hares, Herkimers, Thompsons and Youngs, John Butler, Joseph

Dease, Robert Lotridge, Hendrick Nelles, Peter Ten Broeck, Alexander White, and many others, imperilled handsome estates, which in the end were confiscated. Large tracts of land were owned by absentee Loyalists, such as the Cosbys, Delanceys, De Paysters, Waltons, and Gov. Tryon himself, and these eventually shared the same fate.

Despite the influence of all these men the spirit of discontent continued to make headway.

Sir William Johnson's latest project for improving his estates and peopling the country (in 1773, one year before his death), which was being vigorously carried out by his son Sir John, filled the minds of many of the original settlers with vague suspicions and alarm. For the most part they were descendants of sturdy Palatines that had suffered the extremity of ill for conscience' sake, and to whom the very name of Papist was abominable. For once Sir William failed to fathom the intensity of their religious prejudice. Though born in Ireland and bearing an Anglicised name, he traced his descent in the direct line from the Mac Ian branch of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. A feeling of kinship prompted him to enter into a correspondence which led to the immigration in 1773 of the MacDonalds of Auchallader, Collachie, Leek, and Scottus in Glengarry, with many of their relatives and dependants, forming a body of more than 600 persons.

They were all Roman Catholics. A few of the leaders purchased land; the remainder were established as tenants on the Johnson estates, and were supplied by Sir John with food, cattle, and agricultural implements valued by him at £2000 during the next two years. To the peaceful German farmers around them they seemed a rude, fierce, quarrelsome race, constantly wearing dirk and broadsword, and much given over to superstition and idolatrous practices. Accordingly, when Sir John Johnson fortified the hall at Johnstown and surrounded himself with a body of Highland Roman Catholics for its defence, they could not have appealed to the inhabitants in a more effective way. They had already learned to dislike the Highlanders, and they detested their religion.

On January 20, 1776, Sir John and about three hundred of his Scotch Highlanders surrendered their arms to General

Schuyler, aud were dismissed with assurance of protection while they remained peaceable. In May, 1776, they and their dependants fled to Canada with Sir John and settled on lands in what is known as the county of Glengarry in the province of Ontario, named after their home in Scotland. Although some of these Highlanders returned to the Mohawk Valley with Sir John Johnson's Rangers under Captain John MacDonald and participated in the battle of Oriskany and the raids on Cherry Valley, Wyoming, and the skirmish at Johnstown, it is probable that none of them or their descendants ever remained in the Mohawk Valley.

In 1737, the year before Sir William Johnson made his advent in the Mohawk Valley, it was proposed to people the upper Mohawk Valley with Scotch Highlanders. Captain Campbell, a Highland chief, came over to view the land offered, which, to the amount of thirty thousand acres, it is said, Governor Clark promised to grant free of charge, except the cost of survey and the King's quit-rent. Satisfied with the land and the assurances given him, Captain Campbell transported, at his own expense, from Scotland more than four hundred adults with their children; but on their arrival they were prevented by the intrigues of interested officers from settling on the tract indicated, and after suffering many hardships settled in and about Saratoga, becoming the pioneers in that locality as the Palatines were on the Mohawk. On November 17, 1745, France and England being at war, this Scotch settlement was surprised by over six hundred French and Indians and completely destroyed, almost the whole population being killed or carried into captivity. It is said that thirty families were massacred.

The settlement of Saratoga mentioned above was not located on the site of the Saratoga of the present day, but was situated on the bank of the Hudson near the mouth of Fish

Creek, the outlet of Saratoga Lake. The surrender of Burgoyne also took place on the plains near this old village in 1777. This post was established about 1689, while it is said that the present village had for its first settler Derick Scowton, who built the first log cabin in 1773.

The medicinal properties of the "High Rock" spring are said to have been known to the Iroquois at the period of Jacques Cartier's visit to the St. Lawrence in 1535. It is believed that Sir William Johnson was the first white man to visit this spring, being carried there by the Mohawks on a litter in 1767. It is said that the name Saratoga (Mohawk Sa-rag-ho-go) signifies the "place of herrings," "which formerly passed up the Hudson and Fish Creek into Saratoga Lake." This I hardly think is true, as it is said that herrings do not run up rivers the same as the shad and other fish, and that they are always found in salt water.

About the period of the Revolution many Scots came to the valley of the Mohawk and settled on land north of the present city of Amsterdam in the towns of Galway, Perth, Broadalbin (Breadalbane), and Johnstown. Many who settled in Perth came from Breadalbane and gave that name to their new home.

It seems "the irony of fate" that the descendants of the three principal actors in one of the most tragic events in the history of Scotland should choose the valley of the Mohawk for their future home,—the MacDonalds of Glencoe, the Campbells of Argyle, the clansmen of the Earl of Breadalbane, and, in later years, a descendant of Sir John Dalrymple, the Earl of Stairs, in the person of Mrs. Edward Reid, the godmother of the writer. The following story of the massacre of Glencoe is taken from Macaulay's *History of England* and the *Tales of a Grandfather* by Sir Walter Scott:

In the year 1690 all of Scotland had submitted to the rule of

King William and Queen Mary except a few of the warlike clans of the Highlands, among whom were the Camerons, Macleans, MacGregors, and MacDonalds. The duty of subjugating the above Highlanders was intrusted to the Earl of Stairs and the Earl of Breadalbane and an order was issued requiring the clans to submit to King William and Queen Mary, and offering pardon to every rebel who on or before the thirty-first of December, 1691, should swear to live peacefully under the government of their majesties. It was proclaimed that all who should hold out after that day would be treated as enemies and traitors. The Highlanders became alarmed and most of the chiefs and clansmen came forward and gave the pledge demanded.

In the mouth of a ravine situated not far from the southern shore of Lochleven, an arm of the sea which separates Argyleshire from Inverness-shire, dwelt the MacDonalds of Glencoe, whose chief was known as MacIan of the MacDonalds, one of the fiercest and most rebellious chiefs of the mountains. Near his house were two or three small hamlets inhabited by his tribe, the whole population not exceeding two hundred adults. In the neighborhood of the villages was some copsewood and a little pasture land while the hills and crags were bleak and barren. To the north towered the peak of Ben Nevis, and somewhat farther to the east flowed the Cona, on whose bank in the third century was born the poet Ossian. In the Gaelic tongue, Glencoe signifies the Glen of Weeping. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer and even in the brightest sunshine the impression is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. Even in July streaks of snow are often seen in the rifts near the summits. All along the sides of the crags, heaps of ruin mark the headlong paths of the torrents. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some stormbeaten pinnacle of rock. All the science and industry of a peaceful age can extract nothing valuable from that wilderness; but in an age of violence and rapine, the wilderness itself was valued on account of the shelter it afforded to the plunderer and his plunder. Nothing could be more natural than that the clan to which this rugged desert belonged should have been noted for predatory habits. Successive governments had tried to punish this wild race, but to no purpose, as a small force could be easily resisted or

eluded by men familiar with every cavern and every outlet of the natural fortress in which they had been born and bred. It is said that the people of Glencoe would probably have been less troublesome neighbors if they had lived among their own kindred. They were Papists and separated from every other branch of their family and almost surrounded by hostile tribes and were impelled by enmity as well as want to live at the expense of the Campbells and Breadalbanes.

When the thirty-first of December arrived, the MacDonalds of Glencoe had not come in, but on that day MacIan and his principal vassals offered to take the oaths, but could find no person competent to administer them. In great distress he set out over the mountain to Inverary, but owing to snow-storms and the natural obstructions of the route he was not able to present himself before the sheriff of Inverary until the sixth of January, 1692. After considerable hesitation on the part of the sheriff, because the prescribed time had elapsed, he at last agreed to administer the oath, and issued a certificate which was transmitted to the council at Edinburgh. It is charged that King William was not informed that MacIan had taken the oath, and that the papers were suppressed by Argyle, Stair, and Breadalbane for the purpose of destroying their enemy. The king was induced to sign the following order to the commander of the forces in Scotland: "As for MacIan and his tribe, if they can well be distinguished from the other Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves."

The extirpation planned by the Earl of Stair was of a different kind from that intended by the King. Stair's design was to " butcher the whole race of thieves, the whole damnable race." The pass of Rannach must be secured. The Laird of Weems must be told that if he harbors outlaws, he does so at his peril. Breadalbane promised to cut off the retreat on one side, MacCallum More on another. In due time a strong detachment was placed in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, and it was determined that the Glencoe men should perish, not by military execution, but by the most perfidious and dastardly form of assassination.

On the 1st of February 120 men of Argyle's regiment,

commanded by Captain Campbell, marched to Glencoe. Campbell was one of the few men who were likely to be trusted by the MacDonalds, as his niece was married to Alexander, the second son of MacIan. At the sight of the redcoats, John, the eldest son of the chief, advanced to meet them with twenty clansmen, and asked what the visit meant, and was told that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Provisions were liberally supplied; there was no want of beef; nor was payment demanded.

During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen, waiting for the time agreed upon when Colonel Hamilton, Breadalbane, and others would have secured all the passes and cut off all chance of escape. The officers spent much of their time with old MacIan and his family, and the long evenings were cheerfully spent with the help of some packs of cards and a little French brandy. Captain Campbell appeared to be warmly attached to his niece and her husband, and came every day to their house to take his morning draught, and all the while observed all of the avenues of escape from the glen, and reported the result to Colonel Hamilton.

Hamilton fixed five o'clock in the morning of the 13th of February for the deed, as he hoped to arrive at Glencoe before that time with four hundred men and have stopped all avenues of escape for the doomed chief and his clansmen. But at five precisely Captain Campbell was to fall on and slay every MacDonald under seventy.

The night was rough and Hamilton was not able to reach the pass on time, and while they were contending with wind and snow Campbell was supping and playing cards with those he meant to butcher before daybreak. In fact, he and

Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off and the avenues which they were to secure were open, but the orders which Campbell had received were precise, and he began to execute them at the little village where he himself quartered.

His host and nine other MacDonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the Captain's legs, and begged hard for his life, but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead. At another house a Highlander was up early that morning and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favor to be allowed to die in the open air. "Well," said the sergeant, "I will do you the favor for the sake of your meat which I have eaten." The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favored by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were levelling their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces and was gone in a moment.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief and had asked admission in friendly language. The door was opened. MacIan, while putting on his clothes, and calling to his servants to bring refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassin pulled off her clothes and trinkets and tore her rings from her fingers with his teeth. She died on the following day.

Campbell and his men committed the error of dispatching their hosts with firearms instead of using cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun from three different parts of the valley gave notice at once that murder was doing. The sons of the old chief escaped, and from fifty cottages the half-naked men, women, and children fled under cover of the darkness to caverns in the glen, and when Hamilton arrived in broad daylight the work of destruction, as he said, had not been half performed. Thirty-two corpses lay wallowing in blood on the snow before the doors; one or two women and the tiny hand of an infant, lopped off, were seen among the heaps

THE DRUMM HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN, 1763

of slain. One aged MacDonald, over seventy, was found alive, probably too infirm to fly. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The hamlets were burned and the troops departed driving away with them over a thousand head of cattle. How many old men and delicate women and children perished in the snow of the mountains on that fearful night can never be known; probably as many as were slain by the assassins.

When the troops had retired, the MacDonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spots where their rude dwellings had been, and performed some rude rites of sepulture for their murdered kinsmen.

Was it fate or retribution that brought about four hundred of the kinsmen of these murderers to the valley of the Mohawk a half a century later? The settlement at Saratoga was composed of clansmen of the Campbells, and in 1745 met with precisely the same fate from the Canadian Indians that they had inflicted upon the MacDonalds of Glencoe in 1692.

Chapter XIV

Legend of Mrs. Ross

A PARALLEL to the romance of the early life of Sir William Johnson is found in that of a young soldier who died at Johnstown during the Revolution, although it had a different ending. In one of the suburbs of London, in 1779, lived a young soldier of poor but honest parents, by the name of Charles Ross, who had fallen in love with a beautiful young woman, presumably of rich but honest parents, who objected to the attentions of the young man to their daughter. As usual in such cases, opposition fanned the flames of affection and made their love for each other more fervent.

About this time the regiment to which the young man belonged was hurriedly ordered to Canada to assist the English troops in the campaign in New York State; but young Captain Ross found an opportunity to visit his lady-love before sailing, at which tearful interview they uttered vows of mutual and eternal fidelity to each other with a promise that if he could not come to her, she would come to him, and together make a new home in the New World.

The persecution of her family, who desired her marriage to an elderly man of their choice, brought matters to a climax sooner than expected by either of the lovers, and made it necessary for immediate action on the part of the young girl in order to escape being forced into the obnoxious marriage. She dissembled as best she could in order to gain time to carry

out a scheme to join her lover in America. A typical English girl, robust and resolute, with ample funds for necessary accessories, she purchased an outfit of men's garments, cut off her beautiful auburn hair, and secured a passage on a merchant vessel sailing for the port of Quebec, under the name of Frank Reade, her own name being Frances. Her father was a surgeon of repute with large practice. When yet a child she had evinced great interest in matters pertaining to her father's profession, and as she grew older was frequently his companion in delicate surgical operations as an assistant; in fact, she was frequently called upon to render the assistance that the trained nurses of the present day so intelligently perform.

Fate was kind to her, in so much that she was able to elude the vigilance of her parents, embark on the ship without arousing suspicion, and in due time she found herself in mid-ocean and a victim of *mal-de-mer* in its most distressing form. The ship's crew consisted of the usual complement of rough and profane sailors, and a kind-hearted captain with his young wife; the girl being the only passenger. During her attack of sea-sickness the captain and his wife were assiduous in their attentions to their young passenger, and it did not take many days for the wife to detect the sex of their patient, and to confide her discovery to her husband. When the paroxysms of the disease had been allayed and the patient was convalescent, she was told of the discovery the wife had made and assured by the captain and his wife that if she would confide in them her confidence would not be betrayed. Her story was soon told, and the remainder of the long voyage with its storms and its calms was passed in comparative comfort, with the sympathy and friendship of the captain and his kind-hearted wife.

Landing at Quebec, Frank, in company with the captain, called on the commandant of the citadel in order to ascertain

where the regiment to which Captain Ross was attached was located, and was informed that it was stationed at Montreal, had been engaged in active service, and had lost many of its men in battle and through sickness. Her anxiety for information about Captain Ross nearly betrayed her secret, but the presence of the captain of the ship and his ready wit saved her from suspicion, and found a way whereby she was able to take passage on a sloop to Montreal, ostensibly to join the regiment there as a recruit. This voyage in the slow sailing vessel was more tedious to the young woman than the long voyage across the Atlantic, and she was heartily glad when it was over.

Arriving at the island of Montreal, she ascertained that Captain Ross and his company had been detailed to join the rangers under Major Ross and Lieutenant Walter N. Butler at Oswego, preparatory to raiding the villages of the Mohawk Valley, the objective point being Johnstown, N. Y., the recent home of the family of Sir John Johnson. The detachment had left Montreal but a few days before by the way of the upper St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario. Somewhat disheartened but not discouraged, the young girl determined to follow the detachment if she could procure a guide and means of transportation.

After due inquiry and with the assistance of the officer of the post, a Mohawk brave, familiar with the Mohawk Valley, was found, who advised going by the Lake Champlain route instead of Oswego. Procuring a Canadian woodsman's suit of clothes, consisting of a fringed buckskin coat, belted at the waist, skin trousers and leggings and a stout pair of moccasins, a skin cap, and hunting-knife in her belt, she was now more effectually disguised than while wearing the tight-fitting civilian suit she had discarded, and which had brought into prominence the shapely limbs of the wearer, but which were

not at all conspicuous in the frontiersman garb she had chosen. After a delay of about a week, a suitable birch-bark canoe was secured and stocked with provisions for the long and lonely journey to the Mohawks' country.

The first day of the journey was occupied in floating down the rapid current of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Richelieu River, the outlet of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Turning into the river the labor of the journey began, as every foot of the route had to be won by the stroke of the paddle. For the first few days Frank could give the Indian but very little assistance in using the paddle, but by persistent effort she was finally able to master the stroke and contribute her share toward the propulsion of their frail vessel. Two weeks were occupied in ascending the two lakes, and by the time they reached the head of Lake George, she was very glad to leave the canoe for the more arduous labor of packing their provisions over the trail through the forest to Johnstown, sixty miles away. Their packs were not very heavy as their provisions were nearly exhausted in their voyage up the lakes. Without any unnecessary delay the canoe was hidden on the border of the lake, the packs adjusted, and after a momentary glance at the sun and the surrounding mountains, the Mohawk plunged into the interminable forest and the last stage of their journey began. An hour brought them to the upper Hudson, which they forded at the Great Falls (Palmer's Falls) without difficulty. They were now in the enemy's country, which made it necessary to proceed with caution in order to avoid discovery from provincials and wandering bands of Oneidas, as their appearance would have attracted critical attention from any person whom they might meet.

The young brave's well-knit form was clad in a well-worn pair of deerskin trousers, fringed and discolored, which were belted and supported by a wide strip of buckskin placed

diagonally across the chest and back and over the right shoulder, leaving the balance of the upper part of the body bare. On his feet and half way to the knee were a pair of moccasins, laced with strings of deerskin; his head bare except a mass of jet black hair falling to his shoulders and half covering his face. In his hand was a musket and in his belt a small axe and hunting-knife, while his pack was held to his back by a string of rawhide. Following in his footsteps strode Frank, whose erect form and elastic step were but another evidence of the strength and vigor that shone from her dark blue eyes and flushed cheeks. The constant exposure to the weather during her journey of three thousand miles had browned her skin and hardened the muscles of her face and form, but did not prevent the flush of health shining through the dusky skin or dim the bright eyes. Her garments were weather-stained and her hair tangled and frowzy from neglect, but her general appearance was that of a hardy boy of eighteen or twenty years. Around her waist but under her buckskin coat was a broad belt filled with the open sesame of many people's hearts—gold.

The trail led over and around the foothills of the Adirondacks, which are dignified with the name of mountains by the tourists of to-day, and led them through towering forests and tangled underbrush, sometimes treading with noiseless steps over beds of the needles of pine and tamarack, or toiling over masses of rotten trunk and spear-like branches ; sometimes plunging into dark and damp ravines and sinking ankle-deep into the soggy mould; again climbing jagged rocks and almost perpendicular cliffs to some barren eminence with naught but the sky above and the October foliage of the forest below, with its boundless wealth of color, extending in every direction until it was lost in the haze of the distant horizon. Far away to the west is seen the dim outline of the Mayfield

Mountains, which the Mohawk points out as the goal to which they are toiling, and in the freshness of her vigor she urges him on until nature rebels and she pleads for rest. A camp is made, their simple meal prepared, and she sinks to sleep amid the perfume of the evergreen boughs that constitute her bed, dreaming again of the loved form and the enfolding arms of her absent soldier. Awake with the dawn with muscles tired and stiff, she urges the Mohawk in his preparation for the day's trail. This day they leave the mountains behind them and find the trail well beaten and over comparatively level country, but the night finds her worn and weary and the morning without energy. The succeeding days of her journey are uneventful, and at the close of October 24th they camp on a stream which the Mohawk tells her flows through the little village they are seeking.

Throwing herself on the green turf while the Mohawk prepares their evening meal, supplemented with some speckled beauties from the stream, she gives herself up to reverie and longing for her lover captain. Arousing herself she becomes aware that the Indian is gazing fixedly at her, and as her eyes meet he says in a low, even voice, " Is the captain the white maiden's brother or lover ? " With pale face and startled eyes she asks him what he means. " The maiden need not fear," says the Mohawk; " her secret has been hidden in the breast of Onatassa many days, even since she killed the snake that lay in her path at the island camp on the Horicon, when she poised the stone over her shoulder before she crushed the reptile, and at night when she murmured the name of her lover in her sleep."

" Why did you not tell me you had discovered my secret ? " demanded Frank. " Onatassa's eyes were open, but his lips were closed," sentiently replied the Indian; " the maiden did not want to be known, and the paleface was still a lad to him."

That night Frank could not sleep, but tossed restlessly on her bed of evergreens until dawn, when her weary eyes closed and tired nature demanded relaxation and repose.

The sun was well up toward the zenith when she awoke startled and bewildered to find herself alone. After her morning ablutions in the stream she prepared food for her morning meal and waited impatiently for the return of Onatassa. An hour, two hours passed before his active form was seen coming swiftly through the forest. While she slept he had been reconnoitring in the vicinity of Johnstown, three miles away, and reported a battle in progress between the American forces under Colonel Willett and the British under Major Ross, and that the American forces had been repulsed. Hurriedly resuming their packs the twain swiftly approached the battlefield, the girl eager and anxious as she drew near the end of her three-thousand-mile journey. Soon they were able to hear the roar of musketry, which, as they paused to listen, seemed to come nearer and nearer to them, and at last the forms of green-coated soldiers were seen apparently in retreat. Hastily withdrawing into a convenient gorge, a place of concealment was found for the maiden, and Onatassa advanced in the direction of the firing, which was apparently growing less and less in a westerly direction.

As told in the last chapter, in the account of the battle at Johnstown, the American forces under Colonel Willett were repulsed in their first attack and retreated to St. John's Church in the centre of the village. Receiving reinforcements, Colonel Willett rearranged his forces and again advanced to the attack, and after a stubborn resistance the British troops were completely routed and dispersed through the forest to the west in the direction of East Canada Creek.

Captain Charles Ross sought in vain to stem the tide of battle, and his company, being the last to give way, formed the

rear-guard of the army, which was more or less annoyed by small bands of Oneidas. While passing through a dense thicket he was struck in the chest by an arrow. Grasping the shaft, it became detached from the barbed flint, but with that one spasmodic action he fell unconscious to the ground. The retreating army hurried on, crossed West Canada Creek, where Lieutenant Walter N. Butler was killed by the Oneida, and in due time reached Oswego, leaving their dead and dying scattered through the forest.

Having ascertained part of the above facts, but knowing nothing of the fate of Captain Ross, Onatassa returned to the gorge and imparted the information he had received to the maiden, advising that as the forest in the vicinity was being searched by the Americans in order to render succor to the wounded, it would be well to remain concealed until the following morning, and then by a wide detour to the north to follow the trail of the retreating army. Making the young girl as comfortable as possible in her retreat, he again disappeared in the forest, urged on by the desire of Frank to know the fate of Captain Charles. After twilight the Indian returned and reported that the captain was with his command at the crossing of Garoga Creek, but had disappeared before reaching the Guyohara (East Canada Creek).

"How long will it take to reach the Garoga?" asked Frank. "Six hours," replied the Mohawk. Strapping her blanket to her back, but discarding all else, the girl grasped the stout staff that had been her support over the trail from Lake George; she pointed to the moon near the zenith, and said to Onatassa: "Lead on while yet there is light." Motionless, he gazed at that pale, anxious face, glanced at the moon over his head, picked up his rifle, and silently strode out of the ravine with the young girl following close in his footsteps. Striking the well-defined trail that led to the village of

Johnstown, they soon left the gloom of the forest and skirted along the cleared lands north of Johnson Hall, and after about an hour's travel struck the trail of the British forces, made wide and distinct through the underbrush by the frantic efforts of four hundred soldiers eager to escape from the vengeance of the conquering Americans. Near dawn they reached the Garoga Creek, which was crossed without difficulty. About two hundred paces from the creek the Mohawk called Frank's attention to the fact that the trail narrowed to about twenty feet in width, showing that the troops were marching in a semblance of order, which made it much easier for the searchers to scan every foot of the trail. A little farther on, a spot of bright color was dimly seen at the side of the road, which upon examination proved to be the dead body of a British soldier wearing the uniform of the 9th Regiment, and undoubtedly one of Captain Ross's command. The grewsome sight was repellent to the womanly nature of poor Frank, and she passed hurriedly on, only to be startled by a snapping, snarling howl in the forest in front of them. Calling to herself that fortitude which had been her support throughout all this weary journey, she examined every foot of the trail, eager yet fearful of finding that which she sought.

At the howl of the wolf Onatassa shifted his rifle and passed quickly ahead to a point where the underbrush formed an almost impenetrable thicket. With a nervous spasm of fear, Frank clung close in his footsteps, dreading to be left alone even for a moment, her night's weary journey reminding her that she was still a womanly woman despite the strange garb that she wore.

With a warning motion of his hand, Onatassa raised his rifle to his shoulder. Standing directly behind him, Frank was able to glance along the barrel of the rifle into the blazing eyes of a huge gray wolf that stood with one foot raised, as

though startled by the footsteps of the yet unseen Mohawk. The sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and with a convulsive movement, but without a sound, the beast dropped dead where he stood. As Onatassa pushed his way through the thicket with the hunter's instinct to gaze on his prey, Frank became conscious of a low moan at her left. Her nerves now strung to the highest tension, she turned to flee to the open trail, but the cowardly impulse was instantly banished, and she advanced through the thicket in the direction of the sound, only to again shrink from the apparently dead form of another British soldier. As she gazed, a convulsive movement of the man, probably partially aroused from stupor by the sharp crack of the rifle, gave evidence that life was not extinct. The gray light of dawn and the gloom of the forest barely revealed the form and the bright color of the garments of the soldier. Crying, " Onatassa," she hastened forward and removed the tall grass that partially covered the body, and disclosed the pale face of Captain Ross. Almost paralyzed with conflicting emotions, she uttered a low moan as she sank to the ground and pressed her cheek to that of the wounded officer. Instantly she raised herself to her knees with her hand stained with blood from the wound in his chest, and directed the Mohawk to prepare a litter for the removal of the captain.

Two saplings were cut the proper length, and while the Mohawk was binding them together with crosspieces, Frank cut small branches of cedar as a covering to the litter and spread her blanket in such a way that it could be wrapped around the wounded man. Placing the litter on the ground, the captain was gently rolled on his right side, the litter placed close to his body, and then as gently rolled to the left and on to the rude bed. Quickly lifting the same it was borne out of the thicket and into the sunlight of the early morning. While Onatassa brought water from the brook, the girl bared the

chest of the captain and disclosed a flint arrowhead still imbedded in an inflamed wound. Directing the Indian to bathe his face, Frank took from a pouch that hung from her side a small flask of brandy and a flat case containing a surgeon's emergency outfit, which she had procured while in Montreal. Forcing a small quantity of the brandy between the half-open lips, she watched the bared throat, and was grateful to see a convulsive movement that indicated an effort made to swallow the same. More brandy followed, and the pulse began to quicken. Opening the case and selecting a needle and silk, she bade the Indian gently remove the arrow point. A little blood followed, which was quickly washed away, and the wound bathed with diluted brandy. Glancing at the Mohawk she observed him looking intently at the arrow point, and as he caught her gaze he uttered the word "poison!" Without a moment's hesitation she applied her lips to the wound and drew the blood therefrom. This operation she repeated a number of times, until the blood ceased to flow. Again bathing the wound, she deftly sewed the lips together and made further attempts to revive her patient. His pulse grew stronger, a little color returned to the lips, and respiration returned, but he still remained unconscious. "Is there a house near at hand?" she asked of the Mohawk, who stood near, immovably watching her efforts. "A hundred paces to the east is the log cabin of the father of Onatassa, who is in Canada." "Let us go there quickly," said Frank, at the same time taking one end of the litter.

The captain was heavy and the road uneven, but they soon reached the cabin and placed the rude bed on the floor. With the aid of more boughs, a couple of bearskins found in the cabin, and a blanket, a comfortable bed was made, the captain's coat and heavy military boots removed, and the patient placed thereon.

Under the patient and intelligent care of the young girl the captain slowly improved, and before a week had passed he regained consciousness, but failed to recognize his nurse in her strange attire. The rifle of the Mohawk provided venison, the brook fish, and a trip to the village of Johnstown other necessities for the household, and the kindness of neighboring settlers, assistance and products of the dairy.

When the captain had so far recovered as to be able to pass part of the day in the bright sunshine outside the cabin, the Mohawk signified his intention of returning to Canada; but before he departed, Frank requested him to remain in the cabin two days longer while she went to the village to transact some business which she said could not be put off any longer. After giving specific directions to Onatassa for the care of the patient, she departed on her long tramp to Johnstown.

The cabin of Onatassa was situated on the bank of the Garoga, on an oblong point of land formed by two ravines meeting, and was selected by his father because of a tradition that this point was the location of one of the earliest palisaded villages of the Agniers (Mohawks) when they were driven from their old home on the island of Montreal by the Hurons and Algonquins, just previous to 1600. No evidence was to be seen, however, except a few holes that marked the line of the stockade and a few mounds of black earth in which clam-shells and broken pottery were found. From this point the trail had become a wagon road, leading through the forest; the low swampy spots made passable for the rude vehicles by logs laid close together, forming what was known as corduroy road, the road sometimes making a wide detour in order to reach fording-places across the streams.

The morning that Frank left the cabin of Onatassa was bright and clear, with a suspicion of the Indian summer in the air. Attired in her woodsman's suit, the Mohawk's rifle

resting on her shoulder, for protection from wild beasts which were occasionally seen in the forests, she at once adopted the long, swinging stride that she had learned from the Indian in their long tramp through the wilderness. In perfect health and vigor, and with the thought of her errand uppermost in her mind, she made the journey to the village of Johnstown in safety, and put up at the tavern that had been kept by Gilbert Tice, on William Street. In a former visit to the village during the illness of Captain Ross, she left an order with the village seamstress for some woman's underclothes, but not being able to procure outer garments that pleased her, she had purchased a full buckskin suit, finely embroidered, that had formerly belonged to a Mohawk maiden of about her height. Heretofore she had been able to conceal her identity from the captain, but the announced departure of Onatassa for Canada, and her maidenly modesty, urged her to at once carry out a scheme to which she had given a great deal of thought, which was, to resume the garments of her sex and be married to her lover, that she might have the right to remain with him, and care for him after the departure of the Mohawk.

After partaking of food at the tavern, she repaired to the home of Rev. John Urquhart, missionary to the chapel at Fort Hunter and St. John's Church, Johnstown. To him and his wife she told her story, and also requested their assistance in the necessary preparations for the marriage ceremony, which she desired to have take place the next day, immediately on her return to the cabin. Arrangements were also made with the landlord for rooms at the tavern until such time as suitable quarters could be procured elsewhere.

The clergyman and his young wife entered heartily into the scheme, and the girl returned to the tavern with the understanding that she was to return to the cabin early the following morning, and that the clergyman and his wife and the

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daughter of the landlord should follow about two hours later, in order that she could have time to make the necessary arrangements before their arrival.

The next morning's dawn found Frank busy attiring herself, as far as possible, in garments to which she had been a stranger for many weeks. Making a bundle of those she could not at present wear, she again dressed herself in her woodsman's suit, and, after a hearty breakfast, procured a conveyance, and in due time arrived at the cabin. After the usual morning greetings and a few minutes' care of her patient, she repaired to her apartment, which was one corner of the one large room, divided by a curtain made of blankets. Donning a silk blouse, belted at the waist, with lace at the neck and sleeves, the short buckskin skirt of the Indian costume, dark stockings, and a pair of English walking boots, she stood trembling and blushing. Her short auburn hair, wavy and rebellious, clustering around her forehead, her dark blue eyes, brilliant and tender at the thought of the coming meeting, knowing that in face and form she was a beautiful woman, she still delayed drawing the curtain that should disclose to her lover the woman he adored.

The captain had arisen from his rude chair for the purpose of going out into the bright sunshine. As he turned his back on the curtained room Frank parted the blankets and took a step forward, at the same time uttering in low, tender tones, surcharged with the longings of a heart filled with the repressed love of many weeks, "Charlie, love!" Turning quickly at the sound, he beheld a vision of beauty endowed with "nature's charms in most superb profusion" standing with outstretched arms. A bewildered expression passed over his face, and he raised his hand to his forehead as though he would clear the mist from his brain, but a well-remembered motion of the upraised arm and the love light in her dear

eyes were not to be mistaken, and he clasped her in his arms and spoke the word she had so long waited for, "Sweetheart!" Murmuring between his kisses and caresses, "Oh, my love, my darling, my sweetheart," she led him to his chair and kneeled by his side, while in answer to his eager questions she told the story of her long journey and her search for him in the wilderness. The sudden darkening of the doorway attracting their attention, they looked up to behold the tall form of Onatassa, whose dark eyes gave no gleam of surprise or emotion. "The white maiden's friends are coming," he said, and then immediately retired. And then Frank, or rather Frances, as we will now call her, with blushes told the captain of her journey to Johnstown, and the preparations she had made for their immediate marriage and removal to the village, that she might be with him always and care for him as his wife. She told him of the little cottage already furnished that had been hastily vacated by a family of Tories who had fled to Canada with Sir John Johnson, which only awaited his inspection to be secured as their future home.

By this time the clerical party had approached the cabin, were greeted by the inmates, and as comfortably disposed of as the limited accommodations of the cabin would permit. After some very light refreshments, the bride being already attired, no time was lost in the final preparations for the marriage ceremony. In front of the cabin, which faced the east, the forest had been cleared, leaving a turf-covered space of gentle declivity to the creek below. Outside of the weather-stained log house Onatassa was busy toasting venison steak for their midday meal before a wood fire built under the shadow of a giant pine. Back of the house were tethered the horses that had conveyed the party from the village, while the scattered trees and the distant forests were brilliant with the bright livery of autumn.

On the green sward was placed the captain's rude chair in the morning sunlight. Onatassa was called from his duties, and the minister's wife, acting as master of ceremonies, proceeded to arrange the bridal party. The captain, still weak from his wound and the extraordinary excitement of the morning, was assisted to his chair, Frances kneeling at his side half facing him; to the right of the captain stood the stalwart, half-naked form of the Mohawk, hastily decorated with paint and feathers for the occasion, as best man, and to the left the daughter of the landlord; in front the clergyman in cassock and cap, with the ritual of the Church of England in his hand.

With solemn voice the words were spoken that made them man and wife, and with feelings of mingled joy and anxiety they prepared to leave the rude woodland home of Onatassa. A simple meal was prepared for the party, and the captain gently assisted into one of the wagons. The parting of Frances and the captain with the Mohawk was not without emotion, the girl lingering to the last to express her gratitude for his care and consideration for her in their long journey through the wilderness and his kindness and assiduity during the trying season of the captain's illness. The expressions of gratitude seemed more acceptable to Onatassa than the numerous gold pieces that the girl placed in his hand.

Already prepared for his return to Canada, he accompanied the party to the crossing of the creek, at which point their path divided. The Mohawk came to the side of the wagon as it halted at the trail, and, addressing the maiden, said: "The paleface maiden is happy to-day. May sunshine always brighten her life. The memory of her bright eyes will illumine the path of Onatassa in his journey through the forests." Abruptly turning, he swiftly passed along the trail without a backward look, out of sight and out of their life. Their journey to Johnstown was without incident, and the

following Sunday found them happily located in their new home, where we will leave them.

The following extract is taken from a London paper, printed in 1785, and dated Hammersmith, England:

Died, at Hammersmith, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for her beauty and her constancy. Having met with opposition in her engagement with Captain Charles Ross, she followed him, in men's clothes, to America, where, after such a research and fatigue as scarce any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods, lying for dead after a skirmish with the Indians, and with a poisoned wound. Having previously studied surgery in England, she, with an ardor and vigilance which only such a passion could inspire, saved his life by sucking his wound. During this time she had remained unsuspected by him until his recovery, when, as soon as she found a clergyman to join him and her forever, she appeared as herself, the priest accompanying her. They lived for a space of four years in a fondness almost ideal to the present age of corruption, and that could only be interrupted by her declining health in consequence of the poison not being expelled which she had imbibed from his wound. The knowledge he had of it, and piercing regret at having been the occasion, affecting him still more sensibly, he died of a broken heart at Johnstown, N. Y. She lived to return and obtain forgiveness of her family, and died in consequence of her grief and affection, at the age of twenty-six.

Chapter XV

The Joseph Brant of Romance and of Fact

THE late A. G. Richmond, of Canajoharie, who was curator of the New York State Museum at the time of his death, was very much interested in the early history of the Indians of the Mohawk Valley, and had been able to make a very complete and valuable collection of Indian relics. He acknowledged that it was his hobby, and his private correspondence was embellished with a small vignette, representing an old woman with a pointed hat, riding on a broom stick, with the legend, "We all have our hobby."

From the frequent recurrence of the name of Sir William Johnson in these pages, you will undoubtedly infer that he is my hobby. But he is not, except incidentally; for the hobby that I claim or acknowledge is the early history of the Mohawk Valley and the location of early Indian villages east of Schoharie River. However, as my avowed object is to place on record all available history of this section of New York, the prominent individuals who were connected with its early history must necessarily often be brought forward.

Perhaps there is no name that is as often spoken of in connection with Sir William Johnson and his family as the name of Brant, Joseph Brant. During the Revolution, from 1775 to 1780, Brant and his Senecas was a name which paled the cheek and made mothers convulsively clasp their helpless infants, and caused many a strong man's muscles to grow rigid

and grasp, with anxious look, the trusty rifle or the ever-present hunting knife in his belt.

In Benson J. Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution* we find the following account of this noted Indian warrior, and as other records seem to agree with it, it has been accepted as, in the main, correct:

Joseph Brant (Thay-en-da-ne-gea) was a Mohawk of pure blood. His father was a chief of the Onondaga nation, and had three sons in the army with Sir William Johnson, under the great Mohawk chief, King Hendrick, in the battle of Lake George, in 1755. Joseph, his youngest son, whose Indian name, Thayendanegea, signifies "a bundle of sticks," or, in other words, "strength," was born on the bank of the Ohio, in 1742, whither his family had gone on a hunting trip. His mother returned to Can-a-jor-hee (Indian Castle) with two children, Mary or Molly, and Thayendanegea. His father, Te-ho-wagh-wen-ga-ragh-kwin, a chief of the Wolf clan of the Mohawk, seems to have died in the Ohio country. His mother, after her return, married an Indian called Car-ri-bo-go (news carrier) whom the whites named Barnet; which by contraction became Barnt and finally Brant. Thayendanegea was called Joseph, and was known as Brant's Joseph or Joseph Brant.

JOSEPH BRANT (THAYENDANEGEA)

Sir William Johnson sent young Brant to the school of Dr. Wheelock, of Lebanon, Connecticut, and after he was well educated for those days, employed him as secretary and as agent in public affairs. He was employed as missionary interpreter from 1762 to 1765, and exerted himself for the religious instruction of his tribe.

Lossing's explanation of the manner in which Thayenda-

negea got the name of Brant is quite ingenious and may be true, but the name "Brandt, a Mohawk Indian," appears in a conference held in Albany, in August, 1700, in connection with King Hendrick, and again in an Indian deed, also in connection with King Hendrick, dated July 10, 1714, which conveys land that was formerly the site of the old Indian village of Caughnawaga.

When the Revolution broke out Joseph Brant attached himself to the British cause, left the Mohawk Valley, went to Canada, and in 1776 went to England, where his education and his business and social connection with Sir William Johnson gave him free access to the nobility. In 1786 he again visited England. It is said that at a social function given in his honor, he attended in all his gorgeous savage apparel, and was the centre of attraction. During the evening he was approached by the Turkish ambassador, in company with some ladies. The Turk, thinking him a savage, took hold of some portion of his apparel to examine it, when Brant turned upon him in anger, at the same time uttering a hideous war-whoop, which so frightened the Turk that he fled precipitately, while many of the company ran from the room in consternation. The Earl of Warwick caused Romney, the eminent painter, to make a portrait of him which is said to have been an excellent likeness.

In 1755, at the age of thirteen, he was with the Mohawks under King Hendrick (then a very old man) at the battle of Lake George, in the fatal ambush at Bloody Pond. He confessed to feeling so frightened at the first discharge that he clung to a tree for support, hardly able to grasp his gun. But this feeling soon changed, and he was able to continue the fight bravely and with calmness. We next hear of him at the battle of Cedar Rapids, in 1776, where a party of British regulars and Canadians under Foster, and five hundred Indians

under the command of Brant attacked a small fortress defended by 390 Americans under Colonel Bedell, who, with but a small show of resistance, surrendered as soon as Captain Foster arrived. Meanwhile a party of 140 men under Major Henry Sherburne was sent by Arnold to reinforce the garrison. These were ambushed, and after a brave fight of an hour and a half they surrendered. Infuriated by the obstinate resistance of the Americans, the Indians butchered about twenty of their number. It is said that Brant tried to restrain the Indians in their fury, but was unable to do so, although he was able to save the life of Captain McInstry after preparations had been made to torture him by fire.

In May, 1777, it is recorded in Campbell's *Annals of Tryon County*, that Brant and his warriors made an attempt to cut off Cherry Valley. They approached from the east side and reconnoitered the settlement from a lofty hill. He was astonished to find a fortification and quite a large and well-armed garrison drilling on the esplanade in front of Judge Campbell's house. Considering it inexpedient to attack a well-armed garrison he withdrew and the little village was saved from destruction at that time. Brant had been deceived, however, in regard to the effectiveness of the garrison, as the well-armed soldiers that he supposed he saw from the high hills were the boys of the village drilling with wooden guns and swords. But it is said that on their retreat they ambushed two officers, one of whom, Lieutenant Wormwood, was killed, and the other captured. Brant rushed from his concealment and scalped the lieutenant with his own hands.

In the same year Brant was at Fort Schuyler in command of a party of Senecas, and also took part in the ambush and battle at Oriskany. Previous to this he and his warriors joined Sir John Johnson and Colonel John Butler, who had collected a large body of Tories at Oswego preparatory to a descent on

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the Mohawk and Schoharie settlements. There Guy Johnson summoned a grand council of the Six Nations. There was a pretty full attendance at the council, but a large portion of the sachems adhered faithfully to a covenant of neutrality made with General Schuyler at German Flats in the spring of 1777.

The commissioner represented to the Indians that the soldiers of the king were as numerous as the leaves of the forest, that the rum of the king was as abundant as the waters of Lake Ontario, and that if the Indians would become his allies during the war they should never want goods or money. Tawdry articles, such as scarlet cloths, beads and trinkets were displayed and presented to the Indians, which pleased them greatly, and they concluded an alliance by binding themselves to take up the hatchet against the patriots and continue their warfare until they were subdued. To each man was then presented a brass kettle, a suit of clothes, a gun, a tomahawk and scalping knife, a piece of gold, a quantity of ammunition, and a promise of a bounty on every scalp he should bring in.

Brant was thenceforth the acknowledged head of the Six Nations, and soon after commenced his terrible career in the midst of the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys. Sir John Johnson, Guy Johnson, Colonel John Butler, and other Tory commissioners bought the savages, placed in their hands instruments of death, bargained for the scalps of the patriots and inaugurated deeds of horror which culminated in the massacres of Wyoming, Cherry Valley, Schoharie, and points on the Mohawk River extending from Indian Castle to Warrensbush and the isolated farms lying north and south of the river.

The Oneidas fought with the patriots. The Indians of the lower Mohawk castle were not particularly active against the patriots, but the Onondagas, Cayugas, and particularly the Senecas, committed many an act of horror and earned their bounty of eight dollars for each scalp.

We hear again of Brant in 1778, when, with three hundred Tories and one hundred and fifty Indians, he overran the settlements of German Flats, when dwellings and barns were burned, grain destroyed, and stock captured. Neither scalps nor prisoners were secured, as the settlers took refuge in Forts Dayton and Herkimer, " and the old stone church of German Flats, which had been built under the auspices and by the liberal contributions of Sir William Johnson." It was during the spring of this year that Brant destroyed Springfield at the head of Otsego Lake. It is said that every house was burned except one into which the women and children were gathered and kept unharmed. Lossing says: " The absence of Tories in that expedition, and the freedom to act as he pleased on the part of Brant, may account for this act of humanity." The story of Cherry Valley and Wyoming has been told in previous chapters. Brant was with Walter N. Butler at Cherry Valley, but has been wrongfully accused of atrocities at Wyoming, as the Senecas at the massacre were under a chief called Gi-en-gwa-tah, and Captain Brant was many miles away.

Brant and his Senecas were at the battle of Co-ne-wa-wah (now Elmira) between General Sullivan's army and Tories and Indians under command of Sir John Johnson. The patriots were victorious. The record says: " Brant, perceiving that all was lost, raised the loud retreating cry, ' Oonah! Oonah!' and savages and Tories, in great confusion, abandoned their works and fled across the river, pursued by the victors." This battle is known as the battle of Chemung. It is said that the victors killed and scalped eight of the Indians in the pursuit. In April, 1780, Brant and his Indians and Sir John Johnson and the Tories, destroyed Harpersfield and settlements in Schoharie. It was during this year that Little Falls, Canajoharie, and Fort Plain were destroyed. At the battle of

Klocks Field, during the raid of the Mohawk Valley in October, 1780, the patriots were victorious. Brant was wounded in the heel, but escaped.

Johnson fled toward Onondaga Lake, where his boats had been concealed.

When Gen. Van Rensselaer heard of the concealment of the boats at that point, he dispatched a messenger to Captain Vrooman, then in command at Fort Schuyler, ordering him to go with a strong detachment and destroy them. Vrooman instantly obeyed. One of his men feigned sickness at Oneida, and was left behind. He was there when Johnson arrived, and informed him of Vrooman's expedition. Brant and a body of Indians hastened forward, came upon Vrooman and his party while at dinner, and captured the whole of them without firing a gun. Johnson had no further impediments in his way and easily escaped to Canada by way of Oswego, taking with him Captain Vrooman and his party prisoners, but leaving behind him a great number of his own men, and Tryon county enjoyed comparative repose through the remainder of the autumn and part of the winter.

In January, 1781, Brant was again on the war-path in the vicinity of Fort Schuyler. The slender barrier of the Oneida nation had been broken the previous year by driving that people upon the white settlements, and the warriors from Niagara had an unimpeded way to the Mohawk Valley. They were separated into small parties, annoying the settlements and occasionally capturing supplies. Some of these penetrated as far as Schenectady, probably to engage the Oneidas, who were located there at that time. In September of this year Brant was in the region now the State of Ohio, also in Kentucky, and, together with McKee and a party of Rangers, advanced on Boone's Fort and ambushed a party of horsemen, most of whom were killed or captured. This probably accounts for the fact that no mention is made of Brant's being present in the last raid through the Mohawk Valley, and final dispersion of the Rangers at the battle of Johnstown.

Here I would like to introduce an account of the raid of Ross and Walter N. Butler in October, 1781, taken from an English report. Governor Haldiman at that time organized a second expedition to destroy the remaining settlements in the Mohawk Valley. Sir John Johnson was sent by the way of Crown Point in order to strike the valley from the east. Major Ross was to advance from Niagara by the way of Oswego.

A violent gale prevented the detachments from Niagara from reaching Oswego until Oct. 9 (1781). On the 17th Major Ross left his boats with a guard, in a creek falling into Lake Oneida, and marched toward Otsego Lake. During the march several prisoners were brought in from whom it was learned that Sir John Johnson had appeared at Crown Point, but that their own movements were as yet undiscovered. On the 23d they passed through Cherry Valley, and on the evening of the following day reached Currytown. Owing to the roundabout way they had taken their appearance was as unexpected as though they had sprung from the earth. As they hurried toward the Mohawk they took a few prisoners, who stated that there were a thousand men assembled at Schenectady, five hundred at Schoharie, and that Col. Willett was at Canajoharie with four hundred more. Duanesburg or Warrensbush (their objective point), lying centrally between these two garrisons, was deemed perfectly safe from attack. Major Ross perceived that he had no time to lose, as in a few hours his presence would be known at all these places. And although his men were already fatigued by eight days of steady marching in very bad weather, and much of the time ankle deep in mud, he marched all night through incessant rain and over fourteen miles of the worst possible roads. His men struggled gallantly to keep together, and not more than a dozen fell behind, worn out by fatigue, and were abandoned to the tender mercies of the enemy. At three o'clock on the morning of the 25th they forded the Schoharie, within gunshot of Fort Hunter, and two hours later halted near Warrensbush (fifth ward, Amsterdam), where they were allowed to rest on their arms until daybreak. The rangers and Indians were detailed to destroy the settlement, which was seven (?) miles in length, while the remainder of the troops moved along the main road to support them. They found

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the place totally deserted, for the inhabitants had fled during the night. By ten o'clock they had advanced within twelve miles of Schenectady, and every building in sight was in flames, including three mills and a large public magazine.

Ross then wheeled about and marched swiftly up the Mohawk, which he forded with much difficulty, as the river was swollen by the rain. A small party sallied from Fort Johnson to dispute their passage, but the officer in command was killed at the first fire and his men dispersed. The militia began to gather behind him, and Ross determined to retreat directly through the woods instead of attempting to return to his boats at Oneida Lake. Marching through the woods to Johnstown he halted in the fields near Johnson Hall.

There Colonel Willett found him and gave battle, which resulted in driving Ross and his Rangers and Indians into the forest, as told in the account of the battle of Johnstown in a previous chapter.

Although most of the raids in which Brant participated were in the Mohawk Valley and the West, there is an account of one as far east and south as Minisink, in Orange County, N. Y. The story is only a repetition of many of the horrors that were perpetrated by the Indians and Tories during the Revolution. It was in 1779, and this border settlement had been left unprotected by the withdrawal of Count Pulaski and his cavalry, who had been ordered to South Carolina. During the night, Brant, at the head of sixty Indians and twenty-seven Tories, stole on the little town and fired several dwellings. A small stockade fort, a mill, and twelve houses and barns were burned, and a number of persons killed and taken prisoners. The next day there was a gathering of many volunteers, and soon 159 hardy men were clamoring to be led against the enemy. Colonel Tusten, who knew the prowess of Brant, opposed marching against a large body of the enemy with so small a force. But the debate was cut short by Major Meeker mounting his horse, flourishing his sword, and shouting: "Let the brave men follow me; the cowards may stay

behind." These words aroused the assembly, and the line of march was immediately formed. There was the oft-repeated ambush, the fierce fight at close quarters, the exhaustion of ammunition, massacre, and only thirty of the brave men returned to tell the tale.

It is said that during the battle Major Wood made a Masonic sign, by accident, which Brant, being a Free Mason, recognized and heeded, and his life was spared and he was kindly treated, until the Mohawk chief perceived he was not a Mason. After that Brant treated him with contempt, although he was afterward released and joined the fraternity by whose instrumentality his life was saved.

Many tales are told of Brant's savage cruelty, and he is often spoken of as a monster; but in almost every instance of horrible, bloodthirsty Indian atrocity the red men were accompanied by armed Tories, who assisted them in massacres, while Brant made every effort to restrain their savage instincts.

From early boyhood he was a companion of the whites, and in his early manhood was an assistant of Sir William Johnson. By birth he was a savage, but by education a white man. It is hard to believe that a man who had been cared for by Sir William as though he had been his own son, and who had learned from him the virtues of generosity and conciliation, a man who had been placed in contact with the eminent white men of that period in business matters, one who was a friend of Dominies Stuart, Urquhart, and Kirkland, and assisted them in the translation of portions of the Gospel and Prayer Book into Mohawk, and exerted himself in many ways for the spiritual welfare of his people, could degenerate into the savage that early historians have pictured him. The Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell, makes the Oneida say, in *Gertrude of Wyoming:*

> This is no time to fill the joyous cup;
> The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant,
> With all his howling, desolating band.
>
> Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
> 'Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth,—
> Accursed Brant.

Brant was not at Wyoming, but many miles distant, and although Campbell wrote to Brant's son John a letter of apology and regret, his poems are still published with that damning falsehood.

The bribe came from the British through Sir John and Guy Johnson, in the bounty of eight dollars for every scalp, and was the incentive for the murder of many helpless men, women, and children that Brant was powerless to prevent.

The battle of Minisink was not a massacre but the extermination of a body of brave, stubborn colonists, who chose to die rather than surrender, although Brant offered good treatment if they would lay down their arms, but warned them of the fierceness of the thirst for blood that actuated his warriors.

After the peace of 1783 he visited England, and on returning to America devoted himself to the social and religious improvement of the Mohawks, who were settled at Grand River, Brant County, Canada, and on the Bay of Quinte.

To Brant was intrusted the care of the silver communion set given to the Mohawks by Queen Anne in 1712 for use in Queen Anne's Chapel at Fort Hunter. Since that time its care has been transmitted to successive members of his family. In 1898 I met the great-granddaughter of Joseph Brant in company with about forty members of the Iroquois, who were in Albany to deposit some valuable wampum belts in the New York State Museum. Her name was Mrs. John Loft, and the babe at her breast was the great-great-grandson of Joseph Brant. Brant held a colonel's

commission in the English army, but he is generally known as Captain Brant. He died at his residence at the head of Lake Ontario, November 24, 1807, at the age of sixty-five years.

As the name of Fort Schuyler appears frequently in these pages, it may be of interest to state where it was situated. I will begin by saying that there were two Fort Schuylers in western and one in northern New York. During the last French war, as it was called, a number of forts were built along the Mohawk Valley between 1755 and 1758. In 1758 a fort was constructed where the city of Utica now stands, and named Fort Schuyler, for General Peter Schuyler.

Previous to 1710 a fort was erected on the site of Fort Ann, and named Fort Peter Schuyler, which was destroyed at that date by Colonel Schuyler, as it was thought worthless unless garrisoned.

The Fort Schuyler at Utica had been allowed to decay, and in 1777 was only a fortress in ruins.

At the same date that the Utica fort was built (1758) a fort was erected at Rome, N. Y., and named Fort Stanwix. In 1776 it was repaired and named Fort Schuyler, in honor of General Philip Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame.

In 1781 this fort, noted for its connection with the battle of Oriskany, was destroyed by fire and flood, and never rebuilt.

Chapter XVI

Incidents Relating to the Early History of Amsterdam and the Mohawk Valley

IN 1609 Henry Hudson, an Englishman, discovered the East and North rivers, the latter of which he ascended in his boat to Aurania, now Albany, and soon after sold his right privately to the Dutch West India Company. In 1614 the States-General of Holland erected a fort at Albany and called it Fort Orange. In 1663–64 the colony was subdued by the English, and became known as the colony of New York. Albany was incorporated as a city in 1686. Albany County at that time comprised all of the land north as far as Canada and all of the lands west.

At this time the present State of New York was possessed by the Iroquois and Canada by the Algonquins, the rivals of the Six Nations. Up to the burning of Schenectady in 1690 that village was the frontier settlement in the west, its neighbors being Fort Orange on the east, fifteen miles away, and Tiononderoga, a Mohawk Indian village, on the west, now Fort Hunter.

About 1710 the German Palatines and some Holland Dutch from Schenectady settled along the Mohawk River, but located in every instance except one on the south side. This exception was one Geraldus Camfort, who secured a small grant of twenty acres in what is now the town of Amsterdam, on April 22, 1703.

On November 2, 1708, the notorious Kayaderosseras Patent

was given to Naning Heermanse and twelve others, conveying about 700,000 acres which included all of the land in the present town of Amsterdam east of Guy Park through Perth, Broadalbin, and part of what is now Saratoga County. This grant was evidently fraudulent, as the Mohawks were told that they were only granting enough land for one or two farms, whereas it embraced land five times greater than that of Manhattan Island. As soon as this great fraud was discovered by the Indians they protested against it and resisted every attempt to settle on it. The patentees, as soon as they discovered how furious the Indians were at the deceit that would deprive them of such a large tract of their hunting-grounds, desisted from all attempts to settle or sell any of this tract for a great number of years, hoping that in time the Indians would be driven from the valley and leave them in possession of their ill-gotten wealth.

During Sir William Johnson's residence at Fort Johnson he espoused the cause of the Indians in their desire to have this patent annulled. After a number of years he succeeded in having this grant reduced to about 23,000 acres, which embraced the land in what is now known as the town of Amsterdam, east of Guy Park, and the town of Perth. Undoubtedly the contest over this patent and the attendant hostility of the Mohawks retarded settlements in Amsterdam for more than half a century, and the fact that Sir William could not procure lands near his estate at Fort Johnson on account of the Kayaderosseras grant was probably the reason that he concluded to build the town of Johnstown on lands he owned in that vicinity, instead of in the valley.

In 1788 all of the land in Montgomery County north of the Mohawk River was called Caughnawaga. Previous to that time this district and the land on the south side was called Mohawk. In 1793 this town was divided into the towns of

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Caughnawaga, or Fonda, Amsterdam, Broadalbin, Mayfield, and Johnstown. In 1810 old Montgomery County was the largest county in the State, its area being at that time 1,767,680 acres.

Up to 1772, what is now Montgomery County was part of Albany County. In 1691 there were but nine counties in the State, and Albany included all north of Ulster and Dutchess. An attempt was made to divide this county in 1769, but failed. A second petition was sent to the Assembly by Sir William Johnson in 1772, and a new county was formed called Tryon County, which embraced all of the State west of a line running due north of the Delaware River through and along the eastern limits of the present counties of Montgomery, Fulton, and Hamilton to the Canadian line. It was named Tryon from the governor of the colony, and Johnstown was designated as the county seat on May 10, 1772.

Governor Tryon was so devoted to the British interests that his name became obnoxious to the patriots of the valley, and in 1784 the name of the colony was changed from Tryon to Montgomery County, and comprised lands of the present counties of Fulton and Montgomery.

In 1838 this county was again subdivided into two counties and named Montgomery and Fulton, Montgomery County being named from the patriot, General Richard Montgomery, who was killed in the attack on Quebec, December 31, 1775. He had acquired possession of Chambly, St. Johns, and Montreal, thereby becoming master of the greater part of Canada.

On August 29, 1735, Charles Williams and others were granted a patent for a tract of land in the town of Florida containing about 14,000 acres, which was soon after sold to Sir Peter Warren of New York, the uncle of Sir William Johnson. This tract of land extended from the Mabie Patent, at the mouth of the Schoharie or Tiononderoga Creek about

six or seven miles along the bank of said creek to a point about midway between Mill Point and Burtonsville, thence from that point in a straight line about eight miles long to a point on the Mohawk River below Phillips's Lock, about opposite Cranesville, and was triangular in shape. It was on this tract of land that William Johnson was located when he came to this country in 1738, at the age of twenty-three years. William Johnson was born in Warrentown, county of Downs, Ireland, in the year 1715. It is said that he fell in love with a young lady in Ireland, but was prevented from marrying her by her friends. About this time his uncle, Sir Peter Warren, made him a proposition to come to America and look after his landed estate, an offer he gladly accepted. He located at what was called Warrensbush, on the easterly border of the estate and the Mohawk River. He erected a small dwelling and store at a point on the Morris or John Blood farm, about midway between the brick mansion and the house of Walter M. Major, and about one mile from Alexander and Hamilton Phillips, brothers who had located at what is now called Phillips's Lock somewhat earlier. As early as 1716, one Philip Groat, a member of one of the Dutch families that had settled at Rotterdam, made a purchase of land near Cranesville, and was probably the first white man that settled on the north side of the Mohawk, in the town of Amsterdam. From that date until after the Revolution we do not find the names of any others who settled in this vicinity, except the Sir William Johnson settlements at or near Fort Johnson—probably on account of the troubles over the Kayaderosseras grant. The grant to Philip Groat conveyed all of the lands between the creeks (about one mile) and as far north from the Mohawk as he might desire. This embraced the present site of Cranesville.

The settler saw perilous times from the very beginning. It is recorded that Philip Groat when removing hither was

drowned in the Mohawk near Schenectady by breaking through the ice. He was in a sleigh accompanied by a woman, who was also drowned. His widow and three sons, Simon, Jacob, and Lewis, the latter being only four years old, with several domestics, made the intended settlement. They were the pioneers of Amsterdam, and were sturdy, courageous people, as evinced by the stories that are told of these early days that tried men's souls and bodies. In 1730 the Groat Brothers erected a grist mill at what is now Cranesville, said to have been the first mill of the kind erected on the north side of the Mohawk, and for a time served the settlement at German Flats, fifty miles away. The first bolting cloth was put in by John Burns, a German, in 1772.

J. R. Simms says:

> In the summer of 1755, two hundred troops clad in rich Highland tartans passed on their way to Fort Johnson, six miles above. Groat, observing a gate across the road had been left open by the troops, went after sundown to shut it. When returning it began to rain, and for temporary shelter he stepped under a large oak tree. While there three Indians, a father and sons, approached him. He took them to be Mohawks, and extending a hand to the oldest, greeted him in a friendly manner. The hand was received and firmly held by the Indian, who claimed Groat as a prisoner. Finding them in earnest, and seeing them all armed with rifles, he surrendered.

The Indians belonged to the Owenagunga tribe. They took him to their settlement in Canada, where he was forced to run the gauntlet. He was soon after sold to a French Canadian named Louis de Snow, with whom he remained as a servant until the declaration of war between Great Britain and France, when he was claimed as a British prisoner, and for six months imprisoned in St. Francis's Way, near Montreal. He was finally liberated and returned home after an absence of four years and four months.

The manner in which the town and city of Amsterdam was named is not generally understood, or rather in speaking of the occurrence we are apt to get dates mixed.

We will have to rely upon tradition for the naming of the town, as there are no records of that event.

Tradition says that shortly after Joseph Hagaman settled at the place now called Hagaman in 1787, having made some improvements on his homestead, he began the erection of a sawmill. At that time (1788) all of the country north of the Mohawk was called the district of Caughnawaga. The scattered settlers had assembled for the purpose of raising the frame of Mr. Hagaman's sawmill. This must have been a great event to the settlers of this district, and undoubtedly the occasion called forth all the able-bodied men for miles around. Those who may have attended the "raising" of a frame for a large building forty or fifty years ago will remember the immense beams and posts and girders which were first pinned together with wooden pins and then placed in position for "raising." They will also remember that it was always expected that the owner or contractor should furnish refreshments,—sometimes sandwiches, often crackers and cheese, but always whiskey or rum.

This was undoubtedly a notable gathering, brought there for a notable purpose: the erection of a sawmill, which was almost as necessary to the early settler as a grist mill. The one to furnish bread, and the other the material for constructing the dwellings of those hardy pioneers. Undoubtedly the neighbors came from all points of the compass, either on foot or horseback or in the primitive vehicles of those early days, no coach, landau, cabriolet, coupé, or hansom in the procession, however. I can imagine that Captain Emmanuel DeGrafi was there, and, perhaps, Lieutenant Peter Groot, proud of the wound he received at the battle of Oriskany. Also George

Shuler, Peter Van Wormer, and some of the Putnams and Hansons from Tribes Hill, Fred Lepper, Wm. Kline, and some of the Swarts, Adam Sixbury, Nicholas, Isaac, Jeremiah, and Frederick DeGraff, and a number of Scotchmen from Perth and Galway. Perhaps some of the lads and lassies accompanied their elders to see the fun. No doubt the question of the division of the large district of Caughnawaga had been under discussion for some time, and the division lines practically decided upon. Naturally the question of a name for the new town that was to be, would be a proper subject for discussion, and when the name of Amsterdam was suggested and an informal vote taken, it was unanimously agreed upon.

Upon the organization of the town at the final division of Caughnawaga, in 1793, the wishes of the residents were respected, and the new town was named Amsterdam. The village at the mouth of the Chuctanunda was called Veddersburg until April 5, 1808, when at a town meeting, said to have been held in the house of James Allen, now a farmhouse owned by Stephen Sanford, being part of the Hurricana farm, the question of changing the name of the village from Veddersburg to Amstersdam was submitted to a vote, which resulted in a tie. "James Allen, being president of the meeting, had a casting vote, and out of modest courtesy to the Dutch element, decided upon the name Amsterdam."

Most of the histories of Amsterdam place the date of this town meeting in 1804, but from the records of the town clerk of the town of Amsterdam, it would seem that the correct date is that given above. There is no record of the vote spoken of above having been taken, however. The first town meeting of the town of Amsterdam, after the division of the old town of Caughnawaga, was held at the house of Isaac Vedder, on the first Tuesday in April, 1794, at which time the following town officers were elected:

Daniel Miles, supervisor; John P. Allin, clerk; James Allin, Joseph Hagaman, Emmanuel DeGraff, assessors; James Allin, Emmanuel De Graff, overseers of the poor; James Allin, Henry Kennedy, Emmanuel DeGraff, commissioners of highways; Nicholas Hagaman, Adam Nave (probably Neff), constables; Albert H. Vedder, Myndert Wimple, James Allin, fence viewers; John Groot, poundmaster; James Allin, place of meeting for 1795, and a long list of overseers of highways.

Building roads seems to have been their principal work, as it is the only business that is recorded in the books of the town clerk.

Among the list of taxpayers in 1794 were: Jeremiah DeGraff, Frederick DeGraff, Isaac DeGraff, John DeGraff, John DeGraff, junior, Emmanuel DeGraff.

On the tax-roll for 1794 we find that the assessment of Jacob Schuyler was £412; Daniel Miles, £429; Albert H. Vedder, £320; William Kline, £383; James Allin, £266; Frederick DeGraff, £260; John L. Groot, £220; Ahasuarus Marselis, £211; Geo. Shuler, £217; Chris. Peek, £252; Nicholas Brat, £207; Ezra Thayer, £211.

At the town meeting held at the house of Captain John P. Allin, on March 1, 1803, it was resolved that the town meeting for 1804 should be held at the house of Gabriel Manny at Manny's Corners. At that time the place of meeting for 1805 was changed back to the house of James Allin, where it had been held since the organization of the town in 1794. At the annual meeting in 1808 it was resolved that the next town meeting be held at the meeting house in Veddersburg. And it is probable that the vote changing the name to Amsterdam was also taken at that time (1808), as the record of 1809 says: "The annual town meeting was held in the meeting house in the village of Amsterdam." After that date up to 1812,

THE OLD ACADEMY, FORMERLY A STAGE HOUSE CALLED "GLOBE HOTEL," AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

which is as far as the record extends, the annual election was held at the house of Joseph Oosterhoadt on Main Street, where the store occupied by Isaac Adler now stands.

I have not been able to locate the house of Isaac Vedder, spoken of as being the place of the first election of officers for the town of Amsterdam. The only Vedder houses that I have been able to find is one that was occupied by Volkert Vedder as laid down on the old map of 1807, and stood where the residence of Mrs. W. K. Greene now stands, and the old Harmonus Vedder house that formerly stood on the site of the present residence of Mr. Lauren Kellogg.

The latter Vedder house was known as the Cornelius Miller house, which now stands on the west side of William Street, where it was moved about twenty years ago.

On a map made in 1807, we find two Vedder houses. One occupied by Harmon Vedder, standing where the dwelling house of Lauren Kellogg now stands, which I have mentioned before. Residents of Amsterdam will remember this house as the old Cornelius Miller house, which was, within a few years, removed to the west side of William Street, and is now known as No. 12. The other house was, in 1807, owned and occupied by Volkert Vedder, and stood where the residence of Mrs. W. K. Greene now stands. This house now stands on the north side of Greene Street, and is known as Nos. 7 and 9, and belongs to the heirs of the late Mrs. James Bell. In one of these houses, probably the Cor. Miller house, the first election in the town of Amsterdam was held. The election for 1795 was held at the house of James Allen.

At what time previous to the above date the Allen house was built we are unable to state, probably not many years. It was in existence, however, in 1793. It was evidently built for a public house, and kept as such for a good many years. James Allen conveyed it to his son-in-law, William Davis.

Davis conveyed it to Alfred Birch, who occupied it until 1851, when he conveyed to Alex. Scott, who conveyed to John Chalmers, who conveyed to Stephen Sanford, who now owns it.

Another old house is the Gabriel Manny, junior, house, on East Main street, about one-quarter of a mile from Elk Street. For a number of years this house was occupied by a Mrs. Ellsworth and subsequently by George Ross.

It was formerly one of the numerous stage houses that were so frequently seen along the Mohawk turnpike, from 1795 to 1840. There were two Gabriel Mannys, the senior living at Manny's Corners and the junior on the Mohawk turnpike.

Mr. Stephen Sanford is fortunate in being the owner of two of the oldest houses in Amsterdam,—the old James Allen house on the Hurricana farm and the Thomas house on the Round View farm.

The Thomas house was probably erected by Henry Thomas in 1797, as Mr. Sanford is in possession of a brick taken from one of the chimneys bearing that date.

This house and the Allen house are in excellent condition, and considering their " run of a century " and over, present a very sturdy appearance, owing to the heavy timbers used in their construction.

The Thomas, or, as it is sometimes called, the Reid house, at Round View, often attracts the attention of passers-by because it does not seem to be on a line with anything, unless it might be with the north and south pole.

This is accounted for by the fact that the old public road ran along what is now the rear of the house, which was formerly the front, as can plainly be seen by examining the rear door to the main hall. This door and casing is quite ornamental, and, with its quaint side lights, reveals the antiquity of the building.

In those days there was no roadway on the south bank of the creek by Green Hill Cemetery.

Persons who are in the habit of passing Round View have noticed a triangular piece of land leading from near the barn and coming to a point at a stone wall on lands of Samuel Clizbe. The north fence of this lot was the north side of the old road which ran between the barn and the house, through the meadow and across the present road, and, with a sharp turn, back into the field and through the centre of the half-moon woods and across the flats now covered by the waters of Kellogg dam, passed the old stone oil mill and entered the grounds of the present Green Hill Cemetery, by what is now the upper entrance opposite the old yellow house on the bank of the creek, thence, following an easy grade up over the hill, the road came out at the present main carriage entrance to the cemetery, and so on down Church Street.

This road was ordered straightened as it is at present, and the width ordered four rods wide, December 14, 1809, the highway commissioners being David Shepard, Samuel Jones, and Duncan Stewart. It is thought that the dug-way between Sanford's dam and the Green Hill Cemetery was constructed a little later.

The house at Round View farm was built in 1797 by Henry Thomas, and known as Henry Thomas's store, who probably conveyed the same in 1798 to William Thomas, who conveyed it to William Helling, January 14, 1806; Helling conveyed to William Reid, February 3, 1824; William Reid conveyed to Edward Reid in 1841; Edward Reid conveyed to Jane Dingman, who conveyed to William K. Greene, Greene to Richard Pierce, Pierce to R. H. Johnson, Johnson to Stephen Sanford, the present owner.

While it was in possession of Mrs. Dingman it was remodelled by changing the stairs in the main hall and by changing the front of the house to the south.

Below this house on the south side of the road next below the Jay Reid farmhouse is a building which I am inclined to believe was erected before 1794, and was the residence of Elisha Arnold, the father of Benedict Arnold and father-in-law of William Reid, both well-known business men between 1806 and 1850.

William Reid was born at Speddock, in the parish of Holywood, and county of Dumfries, Scotland, November 12, 1779. Sailed from Greenock, June 1, 1802, and arrived in the port of New York August 8th of the same year, and came immediately to Amsterdam, by sloop to Albany, on foot to Schenectady, and by *bateau* up the Mohawk River. He soon opened a school "on the rocks" at Rockton, where he taught for four years. In 1806 he married the daughter of Elisha Arnold, and a little later, in connection with his brother-in-law, Benedict Arnold, kept a general store on Main Street.

Contemporary with the above-named persons, at 1806, we find the names of Osias Bronson, the grandfather of James Bronson, who moved here in 1802, Timothy Downs, Daniel Miles, Tulluck, E. E. DeGraff, Barnes, Vedder, DeForest, Blade, Roseboom, Waters, Thomas, and Esmond, Matthew Bovee, and others.

The house now known as the Voorhees mansion was built by Garret Roseboom the latter part of the last century, and was one of the numerous stage or road houses scattered along the Mohawk turnpike in the early part of the last century. This quaint old building, both in its exterior and interior, bears the impress of antiquity. I lately called upon the two surviving members of the family, Messrs. Stephen and George Voorhees, and was most cordially received by those hale and hearty good fellows.

At first I felt like sympathizing with "Steve" in his nearly lifelong affliction, but when I noticed how ready the

younger brother was to use his eyes for the comfort and pleasure of the other, I was conscious that at home, at least, he did not feel the loss of his sight as when abroad.

This old building, with its exterior of severe simplicity, is a landmark that cannot fail to attract the attention of passers-by.

Architecturally, it cannot be called beautiful, but there are very few of our old residents who would care to have it marred by an attempt to modernize the structure. I think it was James G. Blaine who said that he did not like those changes that make an old building Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann behind.

Approaching the place from Market Street, we first see the substantial stone wall and iron gate that is so familiar to all the young boys and the old boys of the last century. How many of the old boys that have grown up in our city can say that they have never played on the top of this wall and under the shade of those venerable maples? Many of both sexes have pleasant memories of it as a trysting-place in the moonlight in days gone by. I think it is remembered equally with "the old pine tree at the end of the walk" on East Main Street, which stood where the parsonage of St. Mary's now stands.

The front of the mansion is practically the same as when built, the only change noticeable is in the wing at the east end, where the tall pillars which formerly reached to the roof and formed a high, narrow portico have been replaced by a two-story piazza. The house as seen from the street, with its plain white walls and antique doors and windows, would never be mistaken for a modern structure. The severely plain front door with its old-fashioned iron door-knocker representing the hooded head of an Egyptian princess, the latticed storm-door of the wing, the stone flagging branching from the gate to

reach the two doors, are the same as when I first saw them in my childhood, but I miss the four plain white pillars in front of the wing that succumbed to the hand of time, and were replaced by the structure spoken of above.

As we pass the front door we enter at once into a wide, long hall with broad stairs at the end, with the usual slim balusters and hand-rail of polished mahogany grown dark with age. The room on the west side was formerly used as a parlor, and the woodwork of the doors and casing and the mantle over the deep fireplace show the ornamental moulding and carving that we so often find in houses built a century ago.

On the east side of the hall is a large square room lighted by two windows in front. This room was the hotel office and barroom when the house was used as a road house in the early part of the last century and called the Roseboom House. Scattered among the modern pieces of furniture in this room are several pieces of dark mahogany or rosewood that are unique in their well-preserved antiquity.

On the walls are two well-executed oil paintings of interest, one of which represents a very pretty woman of perhaps twenty-five years in the short waist and scant skirt in vogue in those early days. This is Mrs. Betsy Voorhees, the wife of Dr. Samuel Voorhees. The other painting is a portrait of an older woman, and is a very well-executed likeness of Mrs. Reynolds, whose maiden name was Bartlett, and the mother of Mrs. Samuel Voorhees and Marcus T. Reynolds. The little cap that adorns the head is beautiful in its quaint simplicity.

The Voorhees family, which includes the Amsterdam and the Florida branches, are descendants of Steven Coerte Van Voorhees, born in 1600 at Hees, Holland, and came to this country " from before " the village in April, 1660, and settled at Flatlands, L. I.

The meaning in English of the Holland name Van Voor-

hees, is " from before the Hees "; " Van " meaning " from," " Voor " meaning " before " or in front of, and Hees being a small village about five miles from Ruinen, Holland, which contained in 1600 nine houses and about fifty inhabitants.

Dr. Samuel Voorhees was a man of great individuality, and is remembered as a man of ability in his profession. His appearance in his later years was such as to attract attention. A spare man of medium height and a slight bend forward when walking, snow-white hair and whiskers, which he wore in long fringe around the edge of the jaw, his short, quick steps, and the ever-present cane was a familiar sight on Main Street for a great many years. He died November 1, 1870. This brief account of the Voorhees family would not be complete if I failed to mention another member of the family—Mrs. Betsey Voorhees. She was a sister of the well-known lawyer, Marcus T. Reynolds, and was a woman of great intelligence and marked force of character, who kept in advance of all the projects of reform advocated by her co-workers, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, and Mrs. Bloomer. She died February 8, 1858.

Mr. Stephen R. Voorhees informs me that John V. Henry, at one time a prominent man in the village of Amsterdam, and also owner of Guy Park in 1805, was brother-in-law of Commodore Charles Wilkes of the American navy. John V. Henry had a son who was named for the commodore and called Wilkes Henry. He was a schoolmate of Stephen Voorhees in the old red schoolhouse that formerly stood where the East Main Street brick schoolhouse now stands, and which was burned in the great fire of the summer of 1856.

Wilkes Henry when a young man went on a voyage with his uncle, the commodore, in the exploring expedition of 1838–42, at which time they visited the Feejee Islands. Young Henry asked leave to go ashore with a boat crew.

Permission being granted, they rowed for the shore, disappeared, and were never heard from again. It was always supposed that they were captured by the savages and roasted and eaten.

It is said, however, that in later years the Feejees preferred the flesh of a nice plump female savage to a white man, as they found the flesh of a white man insipid, and having the flavor of tobacco.

This reminds me of the questions of a young irrepressible who had been told a story of a missionary having been eaten by a cannibal. "Papa," he says, "will the missionary go to heaven?" "Yes," said the father. After a pause the boy says, "Pa, will the cannibal go to heaven?" "No, of course not," says the father. "Pa," says the boy, "how can the missionary go to heaven if the cannibal don't?"

In the year 1826 General Lafayette passed through Port Jackson on the Erie canal on his way to the western portion of the State. It was not known that he was on the packet until it was near at hand, consequently no organized reception was made in his honor. However, about fifty of the residents hurried over in time to see him, but were so overawed at his presence that no one made an effort to speak to him. Among those who were present was Mrs. Samuel Voorhees, who transmitted to him a pair of fine worsted stockings knitted by herself of one hundred stitches to the needle. Afterwards Mrs. Voorhees received a letter from Lafayette acknowledging their receipt and expressing thanks for the gift. To-day this letter is one of the most valued possessions of the Voorhees family. They are also in possession of six mahogany chairs formerly the property of Sir W. Johnson.

Ozias Brownson (Bronson) came to Amsterdam in 1802, and later became a tenant on a farm belonging to Dr. Samuel Voorhees, who at that time lived in Amsterdam. Somewhat

later George W. J. Bronson, the son of Ozias, married a daughter of Garret Roseboom, the builder of the Voorhees mansion. Anthony Roseboom, a brother of Mrs. George Bronson, was born in this house, and is still living in Fultonville at the age of ninety-five years.

Mr. George Bronson and his bride went to housekeeping in the "old yellow Voorhees house," which formerly stood on the north side of Main Street, near the site of the Yund block.

Ozias Brownson subsequently bought a farm west of the village and built a farmhouse, which was afterwards burned to the ground. Our people have known this place as the Forbes farm, which is now owned by St. Mary's Church and used as a cemetery.

In 1796, a bridge having been built across the Schoharie, a turnpike was opened from Canajoharie to Albany on the south side of the Mohawk River and, with its extensions, called the Great Western Turnpike.

In order to accommodate the tide of emigration up the Mohawk Valley (the "gate" to the west) efforts were made to improve the thoroughfares, especially from Schenectady to Utica, and on April 4, 1800, a charter for the construction of the Mohawk Turnpike was granted. In 1802 or 1803 Seth Wetmore and Levi Norton came from Litchfield, Conn., and interested themselves in the turnpike enterprise. They, with Ozias Brownson, Hewitt Hill, and three others, formed the first board of directors.

The turnpike was not constructed so much for stages as for transporting the immense quantities of merchandise and produce to and fro from Albany to Utica and Oswego and subsequently to Buffalo and the great West. The wagons used were ponderous vehicles drawn by four and sometimes six and eight horses, and must have resembled the "prairie

schooners" of the West, with their canvas covers. To accommodate this great traffic, houses were built along the turnpike, and those already built were utilized for road houses, as they were called, for the accommodation of man and beast. These were equipped with a bar, a few beds, and large sheds.

The farmers in those days would drive their own teams and take along provisions for themselves and their horses, and by paying a sixpence for a bed and buying a quart of whiskey would find a place under the shed for their teams.

The stages were large Concord coaches, swung on leather thoroughbraces, with room for six passengers inside and as many more outside, with six or eight horses and a change of teams at every important stage house, and, as the road improved in later years, it is said to have been a stirring sight to see the experienced driver arrive at a hotel, with horses on a gallop, his long whip cracking over their heads, while his helper blew his horn with a toot, toot, toot, which was a signal for all the idle men and boys to gather to see the stage come in, which was the supreme event of the day. The following extract from Mr. Thurlow Weed's autobiography gives an interesting account of a stage journey on the Mohawk turnpike in 1824. After speaking of his journey from Rochester, he says:

> Nothing of special interest until we reach Sprakers, a well-known town that neither stages nor vehicles of any description were ever known to pass.
>
> Of Mr. Spraker, senior, innumerable anecdotes were told. He was a man without education, but possessed strong good sense, considerable conversational powers and much natural humor. Most of the stories told about him are so Joe-Millerish that I will repeat but one of them. On one occasion he had a misunderstanding with a neighbor, which provoked both to say hard things of one another. Mr. Spraker having received a verbal hot shot from his antagonist, reflected a few moments, and replied, "Ferguson, dare vas worse

men in hell dan you," adding after a pause, with a growl, "but dey vas chained."

At Canajoharie a tall handsome man, with graceful manners, is added to our list of passengers. This is Hon. Alfred Conklin, who, in 1820, was elected to Congress from this district. In passing Conynes hotel, the fate of a young lady, "who loved not wisely but too well," with an exciting trial for breach of promise, etc., would be related. Still farther east we stopped at Failing's tavern to water.

Going some miles farther east, we came in sight of a building on the west side of the Mohawk River, and near its brink, the peculiar architecture of which attracts attention. This was formerly Charles Kane's store, or rather the store of the Kane Brothers, five of whom were distinguished merchants of the forepart of the present century. Here Com. Charles Morris, who, in 1812, distinguished himself on board the United States frigate *Constitution* (he was Lieut. Morris at that time, and was wounded in the engagement), in her engagement with the British frigate *Guerriere*, passed his boyhood.

The next points of attraction were of much historic interest. Sir William and Guy Johnson built spacious and showy mansions a few miles west of the village of Amsterdam, long before the revolution, in passing which interesting anecdotes relating to the English baronet's connection with the Indians were remembered. A few miles west of Sir William Johnson's, old stagers would look for an addition to our number of passengers in the person of Daniel Cady, a very eminent lawyer, who resided at Johnstown, and for more than fifty years was constantly passing to and from Albany. At Amsterdam, Marcus T. Reynolds, then a rising young lawyer of that village, often took seat in the stage, and was a most companionable traveller.

Simms speaks of the following tavern-keepers along the Mohawk River: On Tribes Hill, Kline, Putman, Wilson; Guy Park, James McGorck; Amsterdam, Col. William Shuler; Cranesville, Crane; below, Lewis Groat, Swart, and others.

Chapter XVII

Canagera, One of the Mohawks' Castles

I HAVE before me a letter from the director of the Bureau of American Ethnology, at Washington, in which he suggests that a paper on some recent discovery of an Indian castle site near the city of Amsterdam be prepared and sent to the *American Anthropologist* for publication, and then he says: "You will see by the enclosed list of publications that this bureau has published very little in regard to the tribes of your State." It does seem strange that there has not been more written about the Mohawk Indians. Located as they were when Champlain invaded the Mohawks' country, in 1609, between Oneida Lake and Fort Orange, they, with the assistance of other tribes of the Iroquois, stood as a bulwark between the savage Indians and Frenchmen of Canada, and the struggling settlements to the east and south, up to the period of the ending of the French war, in 1763.

Undoubtedly the assistance the Mohawks gave the earlier settlers of the Mohawk Valley, and their inveterate hatred of the Algonquins in retaliation for the defeat they suffered by Champlain's help in 1609, saved the Mohawk River from being the southern boundary line of Canada. Nearly all the history of the valley dates from the time Van Curler and his little band of hardy pioneers settled at Schenectady in 1662.

One of the most noteworthy of those sturdy Dutchmen, next to Van Curler (or Van Corlear), was Jan Barentse Wemp, who arrived in this country and located in Beverwyck, in 1643

or 1645. The record says that he married twice and had six children. The suffix, *se*, to the name of Barent, indicates that he was the son of a Barent Wemp (Wemple). Three of his children were sons, whose names were Myndert, the eldest, and Barent, who was born in 1656, and married Folkje, daughter of Symon Volkertse Veeder, and had ten children. He was appointed captain of a company of foot by Lieutenant-Governor Leisler, in 1690. He had a son, Jan Barentse Wemp. The name of the third son I have not been able to ascertain.

Jan Barentse Wemp, the elder, was one of the original fourteen pioneers who settled in Schenectady in 1662. It is said that Governor Stuyvesant granted the first patent of land (an island at Schenectady) in 1662, to Jan Barentse Wemp and Jacques Cornelise Van Slyck, a half-breed. This island was sometimes called Wemp's Island, and is now known as Van Slyck's Island. Jan's name is connected very closely with the early history of Schenectady, and his descendants may be found among many of the prominent families of the whole Mohawk Valley.

Myndert, the eldest son of Jan Barentse Wemp, had a son, Johannes, also called Jan, or John, who, in 1711, lived in the "Mohawk's country, on the Mohawk River." On the 11th day of October of that year, Governor Hunter made a contract with John Wemp, Garret Symonce, Barent Vroman, Hendrick Vroman, and Arent Van Patten, of Schenectady, to build the fortification called Fort Hunter, at the mouth of the Schoharie River, and Queen Anne's Chapel, which was situated inside the palisade or fort. This fort and chapel were completed in 1712.

Jan Wemp, as he was called by his Dutch neighbors, owned part of the fourth flat of the Schenectady patent, which was located at Pattersonville. On December 16, 1737, he

obtained a patent of 450 acres of land in the town of Florida, located east of Queen Anne's Chapel glebe, and adjoining the same on the west, and the Babbington patent of 1717, on the east. He died October 14, 1749. He married, first, Catalina, daughter of Reyer Schermerhorn, June 15, 1700, and second, Ariaantje, daughter of Isaac Swits, October 6, 1709, and had twelve children; six sons and six daughters. A few extracts from his will may be found interesting. He divided his estate as follows:

> To my sons Isaac and Ephraim, the westerly part of the flats on the south side of the Mohawk River, where I now live, in the Mohawks' country; to John, Jr., the easterly part of my flats; to my daughter, Maria Butler, wife of Lieutenant Walter Butler, Jr., two morgens of land, etc., and to my daughter Rebecca, wife of Pieter Conyn, two morgens of land, etc.

This Walter Butler was an uncle of Walter N. Butler of Cherry Valley massacre notoriety, and was killed at the battle of Lake George, September 8, 1755.

Who has not experienced a desire for a stroll in the country during the bright and beautiful October weather so common in this latitude? It seems to come with added force on some bright Sunday morning, and one longs to breathe the fresh air of the fields and the odors of the forest, and perhaps "look through nature up to nature's God."

One Sunday morning I yielded to such a desire, and with a comrade boarded the trolley for Fort Johnson, and being rowed across the river by a "lone fisherman," we were soon on our tramp into the Mohawks' country. Our road lay along the canal, with its steam propellers belching forth dense black smoke and pushing and pulling two, four, or five heavily laden canal boats; on our left was the West Shore Railroad, with its long trains of rattling, rumbling cars, and screeching, hissing locomotives, while to the right, across the Mohawk, could

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be seen and heard endless trains of freight and passengers, passing east and west.

The road we were travelling was probably the Indian trail followed by Jan Wemp (Wemple) and his companions, en route for the Tiononderoga, to construct Queen Anne's Chapel and Fort Hunter. Leaving the massive masonry of the " two locks," which are long enough to admit two canal boats at one time, we pass the pleasant home of the MacGregors, and in due time arrive at the home of Mrs. Cornelius Wemple and Emory and Gilbert Wemple, sons of Cornelius and grandsons of Ephraim, spoken of above as having inherited the westerly half of the flats of Jan or John Wemp, which name is now changed to Wemple. We can imagine Jan and his companions, resting at the Indian spring by the wayside and drinking of its cooling water, and perhaps at that early date casting his eye over the flats with a desire for possession. The Wemple homestead of the present day is a commodious edifice of modern construction, situated near the highway a little to the west of the Indian cold spring. About one hundred feet from the house formerly stood the old Wemp place, as it was called, the home of Jan Wemp, the great-grandfather of the present owners of the farm. When the Erie Canal was constructed, in 1820, it passed through the front yard of the old house, even taking away the front steps, leaving the house so near the canal that you could step from the front door into the water. As I remember the old house, it was quite a pretentious two-story edifice, flanked with two stone houses one story high and about twelve feet square, one of which was used as a kitchen, as was the custom with well-to-do families in the early part of the eighteenth century. The walls of the old kitchen are yet standing, but the roof has, of course, fallen with decay and been replaced with a temporary superstructure that looks sadly out of place on its time-worn stone walls.

Our mission to the Wemple place was to find, if possible, the site of an old Indian castle called by Van Curler, in the diary of his journey to the Mohawks' country, Canagera, situated about one Dutch mile east of a large stream (Schoharie River). At this place, which is about two English miles from Schoharie River, we found abundant evidence of Indian occupation. The cold spring by the roadside and another on the hill were walled up years before the advent of Jan Wemp by previous occupants of the land,—the Mohawks. Back of the house is an old Indian ford, the only one for miles east or west over the Mohawk River. Mr. Gilbert Wemple pointed out an old Indian trail through the primitive forest, leading to Auriesville, and probably to the vicinity of Minaville.

Being asked if he had ever seen any embankment or evidence of the remains of an Indian fortification, he pointed to a path which he said led to a singular embankment, or ridge, which tradition said had been there before the advent of his ancestors. Following the path indicated, through the woods, I came to a field that had formerly been a forest of immense trees, but which had been almost entirely destroyed by a tornado that swept through the valley a few years ago. This field has been cleared, except of numerous huge upturned trunks, and is now almost completely covered with berry bushes. To the south of this field stands the primitive forest, on whose northern edge, on a bit of high ground, is a clearing. Extending across the north side of the clearing is a grass-covered embankment, about one hundred feet long, four feet wide at its base, and perhaps two or three feet high. At the east end of this embankment, and near the angle formed by a similar ridge leading to the south, is an opening about four feet wide or about the width of a gate or entrance. The easterly ridge is of the same size and structure, and extends about one hundred and fifty feet, to another angle, where it meets a

well-defined but irregular ridge around the edge of a swamp, to the place of beginning. On the west side of the clearing we found a rudely walled-up spring or well, filled with the rubbish of the forest. At various places on the top of the eastern and southern ridge, or embankment, large trees are growing, two of which are immense pines, estimated to be over 150 years old, showing the great antiquity of this singular work of the Indians. The size of the enclosure is about 100 feet by 150, and there is plainly visible an embankment of about 350 feet in length.

To the west of this clearing is a swamp, which could be drained to a near-by ravine by a cut about twenty feet long and two feet deep. On the north and east is a well-defined broad ditch, outside the embankment, leading to the swamp on the south. It is surely a very curious structure, and is of great interest, as there is evidence of Indian occupation on the hill and on the flats below.

After a thorough examination of the clearing and adjoining grounds, we returned to the Wemple residence, and there met Mr. Emory Wemple and our friend Harrison Chase, of Amsterdam, whose present wife is a sister of the owners of the Wemple farm, and were cordially received, told many an interesting tale, and shown many objects of interest. A curious stone slab, on a slight elevation, at a turn in the road near the large barn, was pointed out. A wide, deep indentation, evidently worn by the action of waters, ran across the width of the slab, and in the centre was a smooth circular depression having the appearance of a primitive mortar, such as was used by the early Indians in grinding their corn with a stone pestle. A spot near the house was said to have been a burial-place of the Indians, and a well-authenticated account of the finding of the bones of an aborigine who had been buried in an erect position was given.

The following day we again visited the clearing on the hill, in company with Messrs. T. B. Van Derveer and Dewitt A. Devendorf, and were confirmed in our opinion that the clearing contains the remains of an Indian fortification; but whether prehistoric or not, it is hard to tell. One of the party who was eager to explore an excavation in the clearing, descended into it and pulled down a pile of stone in his investigation. His hurried exit soon after was explained by the fact that he had put his hand upon a large snake. With a stick we removed a flat stone and exposed his snakeship, coiled for a strike. If it had been anything but a snake, we might have thought it a thing of beauty; but it would take a wonderful expansion of imagination to find beauty in a reptile. The coils of its parti-colored body were gracefully placed, and its flat head and about a foot of slimy length, was drawn back in graceful curves, with its small bead-like eyes watching for its enemy. However, no thought of compassion or admiration could prevent poising a stone for its destruction, nor was it an impulse of cruelty that dashed the stone to its lair. But we did not crush his snakeship, as we had hoped to; he swiftly glided, with an indescribable undulatory motion, without apparent effort, to a place of safety in the opposite bank. We were sorry we did not "bruise its head," as it was the proper thing to do, according to the Scriptures.

This little incident of the snake seemed to add gloom to the solitude of the forest, and we picked our way through a treacherous swamp and were glad to get on firmer ground again. Crossing a deep ravine, which afforded an outlet to the waters of the swamp above, we turned aside from our path to see the ancient burial-ground of the Wemple family, and were surprised at its populous appearance. It could hardly be called a graveyard, as it was situated in a vast field that gently slopes towards the setting sun. We counted over a hundred

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mounds in this ancient Godsacre, under the shade of a single giant oak. The single marble slab in commemoration of the death of Ephraim Wemple, in 1838, seemed out of place among the rude slabs of limestone, without date or inscription, that marked the last resting-place of the hardy pioneers, the descendants of Jan Barentse Wemple. Each mound was well defined and free from weeds or briers. Small slabs of gray limestone indicated the head and foot of each grave, making it apparent that a large number of children of various ages had been buried there. Mounds of greater length also marked the last resting-place of numerous adults.

About one hundred and sixty years ago, perhaps, the ground was opened to receive the remains of the first occupant of this primitive graveyard in the forest. Imagination pictures the scene. Up this gentle slope and under the shadow of towering pines, oaks, and maples, winds the funeral procession from the homestead on the bank of the Mohawk, the rude, unvarnished coffin borne by kindly neighbors, who have followed the trail from a distance to show, by their presence, their sympathy for the bereaved family. We can imagine an absence of bright colors in the funeral train, but no sable robes. Perhaps the Rev. Henry Barclay, their nearest neighbor, from Queen Anne's Chapel, stands at the head of the open grave, while at a respectful distance, a group of half-naked Indians gaze stoically at the strange scene. How unmeaning to the savages, but how full of hope to the sorrowing friends, are the words of the minister as the clods fall on the coffin: "I heard a voice from heaven saying, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. Even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors."

A few days later we again visited the clearing spoken of above, in company with the late A. G. Richmond of Canajoharie and W. J. Kline, T. B. Van Derveer, and Professor

Maney of Amsterdam, and were again puzzled over this strange embankment. A superficial investigation of the earth in the clearing did not reveal the hoped-for evidence of prehistoric relics, except some gray earth that had the appearance of ashes, which under the glass revealed the presence of tiny bits of charcoal. This was found about eighteen inches below the bottom of an old rotten stump, and was evidently of great age. A more extended investigation may reveal the evidence required.

The embankment on the hill does not prove or disprove the location of the site of Canagera, for it is said by Van Curler that this castle was without palisades. It may be of later construction, or it may antedate the Iroquois nation, and belong to the mound builders, as it bears resemblance to their curious earthworks, found in Ohio and other Western States.

I would like to add that the older residents of Fort Hunter speak of the clearing on the hill as "Yaunney's Garden," from the fact that a man by the name of Yaunney cultivated this spot about forty or fifty years ago. This may account for the absence of the hoped-for Indian relics, as the cultivation of the soil would naturally obliterate evidence of Indian occupation, in the shape of ashes, charcoal, burned stone, and so forth.

In 1897, while gathering material for the history of Queen Anne's Chapel at Fort Hunter, I had occasion to visit that place to locate the chapel, which was destroyed in 1820 by the building of the Erie Canal. I succeeded in doing so to my entire satisfaction, but was confronted with substantial evidence of the existence of the remains of a palisade at a greater distance from the chapel than a number of authentic documents had placed it, and looked upon it as a mystery that was hard to solve.

Reference has been made at different times and by different

authors to the fact that Sir William Johnson, previous to the Revolution, had repaired the fort and mounted it with cannon. We know that it was garrisoned by a detachment of British soldiers.

A short time ago, while looking over some old letters of Sir William Johnson's I came across the following, taken from a letter written to Governor DeLancey, and dated Mount Johnson, June 6, 1755:

I returned last night from the Conhogohery Indian Castle, having first been at the Mohawk Castle. At Both settlements I have fixt on places to build them forts. At the hither (Mohawk) castle I propose it to be nearly on a line with Fort Hunter, to take in the church (chapel) as a Bastion, and to have a communication Palisades between the two Forts, which will be of small Expense, and in case of an Attack may be of great service by mutually assisting each other, and if drove to the necessity of quitting the one, they may still maintain the other.

Another letter is dated Mount Johnson, June 16, 1755: "I have last night, with much difficulty, agreed with three men to build the two Forts at the Mohawk Castle."

That the two forts were built is shown from a speech by the Indian Abraham, before Sir William in 1758. I find it in the appendix of the second volume of W. L. Stone's *Life of Sir William Johnson.*

Fort Johnson, Jan. 13, 1758. At a meeting of some of the Mohawk chiefs of the lower town. Present, Sir William Johnson, Bart., Lieut. Claus, Dep. Sec'y, Geo. Croghan, Esq., Captain Thomas Butler; Mr. Arent Stevens, Captain Montour, interpreters; Abraham, speaker.

Brother Warra.—We come here to lay our case before you which, as it seems at present, is very precarious; listen Brother, and we will relate you our unlucky accident which happened in our town yesterday evening.

One of our young men who has been these many weeks past from home, returning yesterday, found that since his leaving home another

party of men were posted in the garrison. In order, therefore, to pay a visit to the commanding officer, and bid him welcome to his garrison (not knowing that the sentries were ordered to stop any Indian from entering the fort) he came up to the gate, and to his great surprise, as quite uncustomary heretofore, was repulsed by the sentry, and after offering a second time to go in, was pushed to the ground with the butt of the gun. Upon which, seeing himself thus unfriendly used, he returned to his house, and going along one of the block houses, they emptied . . . upon him, and shrew him with snowballs; standing a little after, under the door of his house, he saw two soldiers coming towards the Indian town, and considering his ill-treatment a little before, went to the gate of the Indian Fort, and attempted to stop the soldiers; giving them to understand that as they would not let them enter their fort, he was unwilling they should come among the Indians; but he was soon pushed back; and one of the soldiers took up a piece of wood, and knocked him to the ground with it, leaving four wounds in his head. Upon which a French prisoner tried to take up the wounded man but was prevented by the soldiers, and obliged to run for his life to a white man's house just by there, and they followed him and would have given him some cuts, had he not pushed the door after him and kept the door shut.

Some of our young men, seeing all this, immediately ran to meet us (as we were not yet come home from the meeting at your house) and finding us at John Wemp's, where we stopped a little, told us that there was fighting and quarrelling among the soldiers and Indians; we hastened home, and driving up towards my stable, in order to take my horses out of the sleigh, and put them up, in the first place found four soldiers in the stable, and upon asking them what they were doing there, and desiring them to leave the stable that I might put up my horses, they immediately struck me with their fists, on which I got hold of him that struck me first, and brought him to the ground, holding him some time, to prevent his striking me again, when the rest got hold of me, tossed me about, and had like to choke me; tore my wampum and silver medal from my neck, which they have either kept or thrown away, as I cannot find it in the place where we struggled. During the time of this two other Indians, hearing the noise, came to see what was the matter, when the soldiers were calling for help to the fort, as I found afterwards by a number of soldiers coming with drawn cutlasses, and

pursued the two young Indians, who were unarmed, and one of them ran to his house, and by a strong door, which he pushed after him, saved himself, although many cuts were made into the door to split it. The other Indian ran likewise to his house, but he had not time to shut the door when the soldiers rushed into the house, fell to cutting him and gave him three wounds in his body, two in his head, and a stab in his breast, which proves very dangerous. His sister, being in the house at the same time, cried out "murder," when one of the soldiers struck at her and cut her in two places under her arm; and having a blanket about her saved her from being killed. At last an officer, a sergeant, came from the fort to prevent their doing more mischief, but the soldiers were in such a rage that he was obliged to draw his sword among them and actually cut one of them in the arm; which, Brother, we mention to you for this reason that upon inquiring into the affair, we may not be charged with having wounded him; for we assure you, we had no weapons in our hands during the whole fray, nor intended at all to quarrel.

Yesterday morning, also, when two of our women wanted to cross the river in a canoe that belongs to us, and being ready to push from shore, they were pulled out of the canoe by the hair of their heads, by two of the soldiers, and the canoe taken from them. And not long ago an old woman, wife of one of the sachems, coming along the road with a load of wood on her back, was attacked by the soldiers, who wanted to ravish her, but defending herself with her axe, she prevented their design.

This, Brother, is now the true state of our complaint. [Gives string of Wampum.]

This affair occurred just at the time Sir William was expecting a large meeting of delegates of the Confederacy, and occasioned him a great deal of annoyance. However, he espoused the cause of the Mohawks, and caused the obnoxious garrison to be replaced by soldiers that were acquainted with the Indians.

In the history of St. Ann's Church and Queen Anne's Chapel, published by the writer in 1897, is a photo-engraving of the site of the chapel, which was situated inside the original Fort Hunter. The photograph was taken from the

bridge over the guard lock looking east. On the west side of the bridge are the gates that admit the waters of the Schoharie into the feeders, which in turn empty into the main canal about one half-mile away.

The figure on the left in the photo is looking across the canal towards the site of the chapel.

From the above account there seems to be conclusive evidence of the existence of two forts at Fort Hunter at that time.

From careful measurement we feel positive that the centre of the old stone building was about twenty feet from the east end of the right-hand stone wall, and between the two apple-trees whose tops appear in the foreground.

In 1869, during a flood, the roadway on the west bank of the creek was washed away, and a large portion of its waters found exit across the flat lands into the canal some distance from the roadway. When the water subsided it was found that much soil had been washed away, exposing two lines of palisades. One line extended along the line of the road on which the old rug mill stands, and a few feet north of the fence on its northern border. The other line was at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the first line, with a well-marked opening, with stakes on each side, presumably leading to the other line of palisades, about one hundred feet south.

The theory that suggests itself is, that the angular palisade belonged to the British fort, while the straight line was the stockade of the Indian fort or village, the opening spoken of being the palisaded connection between the two forts spoken of in Sir William Johnson's letters. The stakes of both palisades were about ten inches in diameter, an inner row covering the spaces between the outer row of stakes, the fortification being what was called double stockaded.

Although thirty years have elapsed since the flood that

exposed the palisade spoken of, a trench dug from the fence on the south side of the lot might again bring to light evidence of this old Indian palisade. If the owner of the lot, the Rev. J. H. Enders, would undertake this work and lay bare some portion of the old stockade, he would be able to add an interesting chapter to the early history of the Mohawk Valley.

Among the persons now living who saw the remains of old Tiononderoga (Fort Hunter) in 1869, are James Voorhees, Amsterdam; John Graff, Fort Hunter; and Dr. Henry Devendorf, Mill Point.

It is usual, when one drives out in the country for pleasure, to select a day that promises to be fair and pleasant, and for that reason we are apt to see hills and valleys under the same aspects, barring the changes of seasons. I took a drive a few days ago, however, when the sky was overcast and the rumble of distant thunder was heard in the west.

Our journey led us down the river road to the Swart's hill road, and, as we climbed that hill in the usual laborious manner, the rain-drops were falling thick and fast from the black thunder-clouds overhead. We were well protected from the shower, however, and rather enjoyed being out in the downpour, although our faithful horse soon put on the appearance that is attributed to a drowned rat.

As we reached the top of that dreadful hill the view of the valley was strange and grand. Safe and snug in our buggy as a bug in a rug, we saw the river and hills under such a new aspect that we hardly recognized our surroundings. From the height from which we gazed we looked down on the Mohawk, made gray by the dashing drops of rain, while the higher Florida hills, that had been concealed from view below by the lower range along the bank of the river, spread out before us on an inclined plane, stretching upward until they disappeared in the storm-clouds that formed a gray fringe along their

summit, as they scurried along dropping their moisture in gray sheets on field and forest.

Looking down the river, we could see the Towereune, and Yantapuchaberg, gray and misty in the distance, and the river, narrowed by the bend at Hoffman's Ferry, winding its way along the base of those high hills that reminded one of old Donderberg and Cro'nest at the entrance to the Highlands of the Hudson. The falling rain and the blackness of the clouds almost obliterated colors from the landscape that a moment before had been brilliant with shades of green and yellow and brown.

Our destination was Glenville, a pretty little village charmingly situated on a level plateau, surrounded by high hills, and reminds one of a hugh bowl on a mountain top. The view of this elevated valley, as you approach it from West Charlton, is a surprise and is very pleasing indeed. As we turned our course towards the river at Hoffman's the thunder clouds were still muttering in the east, but the sun shone brightly overhead.

Our course lay through "Wolf Hollow," one of the wildest and most charming drives in the valley of the Mohawk.

As we entered the hollow the sun brightened the roadway somewhat, but the gloom of the forests on each side was at times almost impenetrable.

This hollow, or ravine, or canon, is a narrow gorge between two of the highest hills between Glenville and Hoffman's, and is barely wide enough for a single roadway and the narrow creek that ripples or roars along its side in calm or in storm. The hills on each side rise to the height of three or four hundred feet, with a fringe of towering pines along their summits, and in some places just escape being termed precipitous. At one place on the western bank the earth has fallen away leaving a precipice perhaps a hundred feet high of thin ledges of slate from top to bottom. As we look up the side of the hill,

THE ROAD THROUGH WOLF HOLLOW

the forest would be most impenetrable were it not for a thin line of gray sky that appears through the trees at the summit.

At one point a rivulet is trickling down at our feet, and, as we look up, we see in the slaty bed of its almost perpendicular course a large volume of water that has been carried to it along the water courses above by the recent storm, and, as we gaze, we see it leap over the slaty ledges in myriads of tiny cascades until it dashes at our feet and goes murmuring along to the river below. About a mile from the entrance of the gorge, the ravine widens out a few feet and at the base of a cliff is seen, through the gloom, a large hole in its side, whose impenetrable blackness makes one shiver. This is said to be the entrance to a coal mine that was opened many years ago by some visionary person who expected to make a fortune from the venture. It extended some little distance into the eastern bank, and coal was found, but in quantities that would not pay the expense of mining. The mine is said to be filled with water.

Of late years the road through the ravine has been improved and is in fair condition, in fact much better throughout than Market Street hill. In the two-mile drive through it we did not hear the howl of wolf, or see man, woman, or child until near the exit two grizzled fishermen startled us by rising abruptly in the underbrush. They were collecting "scrabblers" for bait.

At the southern end of the gorge a singular rock formation has been uncovered in digging away the slate to repair the road. Above a mass of thin scales of slate is a course of gray sandstone about three feet thick in a segment of a circle inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees, and above, another thick course of slaty scales, making an interesting sight to the geologist. As we emerge from the ravine we find that we are still high above the river, a glimpse of which we catch through

the trees that are scattered here and there in pleasing irregularity. In a large field to the right stands an immense chestnut tree, whose trunk is so large that two men could not span its girth. The long, narrow, pointed, drooping leaves of its very dark green foliage and the clusters of lighter green prickly burrs that hide the toothsome nuts are a very pleasing sight and give promise of a bountiful harvest. Wolf Hollow has as many moods as our hills and vales, and a traveller should see it in the brightness of noonday and also at twilight in order to appreciate its beauties and its terrors.

Chapter XVIII

Early Industries

IN the year 1802 the Rev. John Taylor, while on a mission through the Mohawk Valley, made in his journal the following entry about Amsterdam, which was formerly part of the ancient town of Caughnawaga: "Near the centre of this town (Amsterdam) the Ouctanunda Creek empties into the Mohawk—a very fertile and useful stream. On this stream and in this town there stand 4 grist mills, 2 oil mills, one iron forge and 3 saw mills."

On an old map, dated 1807, is shown an oil mill, situated near the mouth of the creek and near the present site of the Pioneer Knitting Mill. This seems conclusive evidence that an oil mill was in operation at an early date, although our oldest residents confess that they have no knowledge of such an industry at that period. Where the other was situated it is impossible to say at the present time, unless it may have been in operation on the Juchtanunda Creek, and ante-dated the primitive mill of Supplina Kellogg, one of the early settlers at West Galway, who founded a linseed oil mill at that place in 1824, where he carried on the business in a small way until 1848.

Those who are familiar with the road from Hagaman to West Galway will remember that after passing Conner's grist mill they come to a long stretch of sandy road, and the road beyond becomes narrow and rugged on account of the dense growth of underbrush that lines each side of the wagon track.

Emerging from the bushes, the road forms a junction with another, running north and south, either branch of which, if followed, will lead to West Galway village.

In front and distant about a hundred yards from the junction is visible an ancient dam across the Juchtanunda and a number of buildings, some of which have all the appearances of antiquity. To the left of the lane that leads to the old buildings are two cottages pleasantly situated, one of which is the home of Robert Calderwood and family. The writer feels under obligations to Mr. Calderwood for courtesies extended and interesting information given.

The old buildings mentioned above are all that remains of an active business centre, located here three-quarters of a century ago.

The dam, although the water is allowed to run through a large opening on the south, is in a remarkable state of preservation, considering the manner of its construction.

The wings of the dam are embankments about two hundred feet long to the north and to the south, but the pour, or dam proper, is about fifty feet wide, and constructed by laying heavy logs the full width of the stream, upon which were placed other logs about five feet apart and laid at right angles with the foundation. Then another row of long, heavy logs and a row of smaller ones at right angle and so on until the desired height was reached. Leading from the dam on the north side is a square, open flume, showing signs of age and usage. Some years previous this square flume replaced a round tube that had worn and rotted away. The old round flume carried the water that furnished the power to turn the water wheel that operated the machinery that ground the seed that made the oil in the pioneer oil mill of Supplina Kellogg, which was located below the dam on the north side of the stream. The building is still standing, although dismantled

THE ROAD TO GALWAY (HAGAMAN'S)

of all the machinery used for the manufacture of linseed oil, and though the exterior of the structure shows evident signs of age the interior displays immense beams and girders that seem to bid defiance to time and decay.

I was informed that part of this old building was formerly located below the Beaver Dam Creek about a mile below a grist mill belonging to Robert Campbell, whose residence is still standing near the northwest corner of the roads mentioned above. Two of the millstones of this grist mill may be seen in a field opposite the Campbell residence near the junction of roads.

The back part of the Kellogg mill was used as a fulling mill, where the farmers brought cloth, woven by their wives and daughters, to be fulled and dressed. In the upper story, bins were arranged in order to keep each customer's cloth separate, and the fields adjoining were fitted with apparatus for drying the same. Back of this building and disconnected from it was a sawmill.

On the opposite side of the creek was a tannery, where hides were made into leather by the old-fashioned tedious process that took twelve months to complete. The building has been destroyed, but the old vats are still pointed out, in which may yet be seen portions of the wooden frames. To the west of the tannery was a fair-sized building, still standing, and formerly used as a shoe shop.

The oil, fulling, and saw mills were conducted by Supplina Kellogg, and the tannery and shoe shop by George Dunning.

Across the fields to the south, but on the main road, still stands the long, low farm buildings of Mr. Kellogg and the birthplace of his sons, John and Lauren, who succeeded their father in the linseed-oil business, and subsequently established the same in the village of Amsterdam, in an old stone building which was formerly a distillery conducted by Benedict Arnold and others.

Opposite the residence of Supplina Kellogg was the home of George Dunning, and it is mentioned that between the two families such cordial relations existed that they might almost be called one household.

The method of making oil in those days was crude in the extreme, but the principle of manufacture was practically the same as now; that is, the crushing of the seed and pressing the product to extract the oil.

This primitive mill had but one set of stones and one press. The crushing process was accomplished by two circular stones, shaped like grist mill stones, attached to an axle, like cart wheels, and connected to a vertical shaft, which in turning gave two motions to the stones, that of their own axis and the axis of the upright shaft, and revolving on a stone bed on which the seed was placed. This process was continued until the seed became a paste, when it was tempered with heat and water, placed in bags and subjected to great pressure by hand in order to extract the oil, which was then conducted to the rude cellar beneath and placed in barrels. The capacity of this rude mill was about one barrel a day, which was disposed of to neighboring farmers and the near-by village. It is said that a large proportion of the oil manufactured was consumed by the veteran painter of those days, Gardner Clark, the grandfather of William G. Clark, of Amsterdam.

The residuum, called oil cake, was allowed to accumulate until such time as a market could be found for it in some neighboring city, when it was hauled to Amsterdam and shipped to its destination by canal.

Almost the first building erected by the early pioneers after building their rude log huts was a sawmill to prepare their timber for dwellings, then the grist mill to grind their grain, and afterward a fulling mill for the dressing of cloth, woven on their rude looms at home.

The definition of fulling or milling is as follows: the operation of removing greasy matters from woollen goods and of giving to them a more compact texture by causing the fibres to entangle themselves more closely together, as in the process of felting. Fulling mills are a very ancient invention.

After the death of Supplina Kellogg and the removal of the plant to Amsterdam, his sons, John and Lauren, increased the capacity by larger sets of stone. The increased product of the mill made it necessary to buy seed in larger quantities than our farmers could furnish, although they were encouraged by Messrs. Kellogg to plant increased acreage by loaning them seed for that purpose. At that time Boston was the centre of importation of India seed and from that city the firm bought most of their supplies.

When the firm decided to engage in the manufacture of oil in Amsterdam, in 1851, they purchased of the estate of Benedict Arnold the mill property they now occupy.

Some years earlier Mr. Arnold purchased of Tunis I. Van Derveer this mill site and water-power and erected a stone building sixteen feet high for a distillery, and transferred the apparatus from his old distillery building, which formerly stood where the Y. M. C. A. building now stands. When Messrs. Kellogg bought the property, the still had not been in operation for a number of years, and the dam was in need of repairs.

Mr. John Kellogg informs me that in making the needed alterations evidence was found in the bottom of the dam that a primitive oil mill had been located on the banks of the creek at this point at some early period in the history of the village. Probably this was one of the two oil mills spoken of by the Rev. John Taylor in 1802.

Messrs. Kellogg at once added two stories to the old distillery building, repaired the dam, and otherwise improved the

property. They increased the capacity of the old mill to four sets of stone for grinding the seed and the necessary presses for extracting the oil. These presses were run by hand and the work was very laborious. Gradually the business increased, requiring additional machinery and more adequate means for extracting the oil and additional buildings for storage of raw material (which they imported direct from India) and manufactured product. The dam was enlarged, and the water-power thereby increased fourfold. Upon the death of Lauren Kellogg, Mr. James A. Miller was admitted to the firm. As the years rolled around, other changes were made in the firm by admission or withdrawal, until now the firm consists of John Kellogg and his two sons, George and Lauren, under the firm name of Kelloggs & Miller.

In order to accommodate the constantly increasing business of the firm, a branch railroad was built in 1879, connecting with the New York Central Railroad and owned by a private corporation, consisting of members of the above firm.

The same year the branch was opened a very serious accident occurred on this branch, whereby Mr. George Kellogg lost his left arm by falling from a train of freight cars in motion. Previous to this the younger son, Lauren, nearly lost his life by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting on the banks of the Galway reservoir. In both cases their vigorous strength and indomitable will snatched them from the jaws of death and restored them to health.

Fifty years ago the capacity of the small mill on the banks of the Juchtanunda at West Galway was one barrel of oil a day or 10,000 gallons a year. To-day the yearly output is: linseed oil, 1,700,000 gallons; oil cake, 15,000 tons; and the consumption of flaxseed about 750,000 bushels.

Practically, Amsterdam is a city of the nineteenth century, and beyond a few primitive sawmills and grist mills all of the

industries that have made it a city have been inaugurated, extended, and multiplied within the nineteenth century.

The very first year of the new century or the very last year of the old (1900) was the centennial of the erection of the first church building in the village of Amsterdam (Veddersburg).

Among the many and varied industries that have been the potent element that has developed a primitive hamlet of a half-dozen families to a thriving city of 20,000 inhabitants, is the carpet industry. I speak particularly of this industry as it seems to have been woven into the early life of the city more than any other, from the fact that the persons who have done more than any others to establish the two great industries of Amsterdam — the manufacture of carpets and the manufacture of knit goods—were formerly partners in a small carpet factory standing on the site of the present buildings of the Greene Knitting Co.

The history of the carpet industry of Amsterdam reads like a fairy tale; with its small beginning and struggle for existence, and its present immense plant and the affluence of its proprietors.

Sometime about 1836, William K. Greene, Senior, met with reverses in business in Connecticut, his former home, but at once set about retrieving his fortune; his son, William K. Greene, securing a situation in a silk mill at Poughkeepsie as bookkeeper. Thinking that there was a good opening for business in the village, he advised his father to come there and open a boarding-house. Poughkeepsie was then quite a manufacturing town, and, besides fulling mills, woollen factories, an oil mill and a large number of grain mills, there were fifty looms in families for the manufacture of cloth for common clothing. In 1810 there was only one hotel and about 3000 inhabitants in the village. W. K. Greene, Senior,

went to Poughkeepsie and opened a boarding-house, as advised by his son.

Among his boarders was a man by the name of Douglass, an experienced dyer, whose father was a manufacturer of ingrain carpets in Scotland.

A great deal of his conversation was about carpets and carpet manufacture, and he soon interested Mr. Greene and his son to the extent that they began to think seriously of starting a factory in a small way.

One day, while talking with Mr. Douglass about carpets, being undecided where to locate, Mr. Greene picked up a copy of the *New York Herald*, and noticed an advertisement of an old satinet mill and dwelling at Hagaman's Mills, offered for rent for one hundred dollars a year.

They at once secured the buildings, purchased six hand looms and the necessary apparatus complete and loaded them on a sloop en route for Albany.

Thus by accident or by fate the carpet industry was brought to the Mohawk Valley. This was in the month of December, but before the vessel reached Albany a severe spell of cold weather closed the river and they found their plant fast in the ice fifty miles from their destination. Nothing daunted, however, they caused their looms to be loaded on sleighs and in that primitive fashion, after a journey of fifty miles, arrived safely at Hagaman.

With the Greenes came Douglass, William Perkins, and William Wright, son-in-law of Mr. Perkins, experienced weavers, but, like all of the others except Douglass, knowing little about the manufacture of carpets.

After a few years of varied success at Hagaman, the firm was induced by the advice of Mr. John Sanford and others to move their plant to Amsterdam village and establish themselves in a long, low, yellow building, formerly the mill site

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of the sawmill of Albert H. Vedder, the founder of Veddersburg, and now occupied by the immense factory of the Greene Knitting Company. After the change in the location of this primitive carpet factory, John Sanford became associated with the Greenes in the manufacture of carpets, and continued a member of the firm for some time.

The old yellow mill was burned in 1849. How well I remember that cold, windy, midwinter night! It being my first experience of a fire of magnitude is probably the reason that the occasion has made such a lasting impression on my memory. Even the weird, undulatory clang of the old Baptist Church bell, as its sound, borne upon the wind, reached the ear, from the frantic efforts of some person unused to the method of ringing the alarm, seemed to cry "Fire! fire!! fire!!!" which sound was soon changed to the harsh, meaningless sound of a broken bell, as the bell had indeed been broken by the frantic efforts of the ringer to arouse the sleepers. As we reached the foot of the hill the sight that met my inexperienced eyes was grand and fearful. Truly it was a light set upon a hill that could not be hid. The tongues of flame borne to and fro by the wind, the myriads of sparks vanishing in the blackness of the heavens, the sombre evergreens on Cornell's Hill fitfully lighted by the roaring flames, the creak, creak of the fire engine toiling up the hill through the ruddy whiteness of the snow-covered street, the hoarse shouts and oaths of the firemen, the cries of "Fire! fire!!" gave a nervous chill to the looker-on that was not all attributable to the intensely cold night.

The building was totally destroyed. Shortly afterwards Mr. Sanford sold the land and mill site to W. K. Greene (whose heirs are in possession of the property at the present day), and, in company with his son, Stephen Sanford, fitted up an old stone mill at the head of Church Street for a carpet factory.

Jehiel Dean also erected a weave room on Livingston Street where a box factory now stands, and W. K. Greene, Sr., also engaged in the manufacture of carpets in a small way on the opposite side of said street.

The building on the north side of the street was afterwards bought by Mr. Stephen Sanford, and subsequently destroyed by fire, and the building on the south side was purchased by John M. Clark and moved to the corner of Livingston and Chuctanunda Streets and used as a carpenter shop. This building was subsequently burned and rebuilt of brick, and after numerous changes is now known as Morris Mill No. 3.

In 1853 the old stone mill, as it was then called, was destroyed by fire but was immediately rebuilt, only one story high, but covering about three times as much ground.

Mr. Stephen Sanford entered the carpet manufactory in 1844, and in 1848 formed a copartnership with his father, Mr. John Sanford. After the destruction of the old stone mill, Mr. Stephen Sanford purchased his father's interest, which was little else than the ruins of the burned mill. He immediately set to work rebuilding and enlarging the factory, which year by year has increased in magnitude under his personal supervision.

As the business prospered, new buildings were erected for the manufacture of different materials that enter into the manufacture of the various kinds of carpets produced in these mills, and for the storage of raw material.

At present this immense plant comprises thirty-six buildings, whose floor space amounts to six hundred and sixty-three thousand square feet, or about fifteen acres.

When we think that this immense floor space is covered with machinery, engines, boilers, looms, and shafting, together with stock and manufactured product of the mills, and that the daily product of the mill would carpet the road from

Amsterdam to Johnstown, or more than five million yards in a year, with a pay-roll of over $1,000,000 in twelve months, we may begin to conceive its magnitude and to feel additional respect for the man and mind that has created and controls it.

I think it is safe to say that during the last half-century at least forty thousand persons have earned a living and in some cases a competency in this mill. Some have grown gray inside its walls; others have built factories of their own, and have shown their business ability by making a success of their undertaking.

A long list could be made of men holding prominent places in the business interest of our city who served apprenticeship in the Sanford carpet factory. Among them are W. B. Smith, James T. Sugden, William McCleary, the late John Howgate, Almon Filkins, Samuel Wallin, John Crouse, and a host of others, including John Lorrimer of Philadelphia.

I might go on and give statistics of the business of this mill,—of the millions that have been paid to employees during the last fifty years, of the thousands of miles of carpets that have been manufactured and the thousands of employees who thus earn their daily bread, and of the capital that is required to conduct this immense business; but this has so often been written by other pens than mine that I shall refrain from statements whose figures, in the language of the old Scotchman, would only "begumble the senses and confound the imagination," and would be revealing matters of a personal character to which the public can claim no right, although the proprietors might not have any desire to withhold them.

The success of this great business is a matter of pride to the citizens of Amsterdam, from the fact that not alone has the city been benefited by its success, but private individuals and organizations of all kinds have received benefit, by its

enabling the proprietors to gratify the natural impulse of their generous hearts "with hands open as day to melting charity."

Of course there have been seasons of depression in this business, seasons that come in the life of most business men, when profits are light or none at all, seasons when losses are heavy and money hard to get. But although there have been times when money had to be hired at as large a rate of interest per month as it can be secured for now per year, the proprietors' paper has always been paid at maturity.

If I should be asked why this firm, which is composed of Hon. Stephen Sanford and his son, Hon. John Sanford, has succeeded while others have failed, I should say that it is because the senior member is possessed of seemingly opposite characteristics,—cautiousness and boldness; cautious not to enter upon any method of action until he is sure he is right, and then to execute the same with boldness and energy.

Up to 1854 the product of this mill was ingrain and three-ply carpets manufactured on hand looms, and as the business increased it gave employment to a large number of experienced weavers. Previous to 1849 an old frame building stood on Main Street just west of the present site of the Farmers' National Bank, and was used as the post-office and law office of Joseph French, who was also postmaster. Mr. John Sanford bought the post-office building and had it carefully torn down and re-erected as a loom shop next to his buildings on Church Street. This building was used as a hand-loom shop for a great number of years, even after the large mill buildings had been filled with power looms for the manufacture of Brussels carpets. In fact, this old building was retained and hand looms used for a long time, more for the purpose of finding employment for a number of old and experienced weavers who had been in his employ for a number of years than for any pecuniary benefit to be derived therefrom. This

old landmark was torn down a few years ago to make room for the large Axminster mill that now covers its site.

The history of the carpet industry would not be complete if mention were not made of the carpet factory of Shuttleworth Brothers. About 1872 or 1873, Mr. James Wade, an Englishman of good family connections in Bradford, England, was brought to Amsterdam by Mr. Stephen Sanford to do some special work in his mills. He was a man of education, of fine personal appearance, and gentlemanly address, and soon won the confidence of some of the business men of that place. With James Wade came Joseph Coats, Elijah Smith and John Simpson, all experienced workers in the carpet business.

A short time after coming to Amsterdam, Mr. Wade, in company with Charles De Wolfe, William H. Arnold, and Stephen H. Kline, organized a stock company for the manufacture of carpets, and succeeded to the extent that a building was erected on the bank of the Mohawk River at the foot of Vrooman Avenue. The factory was stocked with looms and other machinery, but owing to dissensions among the stockholders or want of capital, it was not run as a stock company, and soon passed into the hands of Stephen H. Kline and William H. Arnold, under the firm name of Kline & Arnold. This firm conducted the business a few years, making Brussels carpets, which from various reasons did not prove a success, and the mill was closed. Subsequently the looms and machinery were sold by parties interested in New York, and the building stood empty awhile, or until it was purchased by the Shuttleworth Brothers.

In 1875 Mr. William Shuttleworth, the father of the "Shuttleworth Brothers," came from England to Glenham, N. Y., to start a carpet factory for A. T. Stewart & Co., and was made superintendent of the same, his sons, some of whom

had grown to man's estate, being engaged in different departments of the mill.

After the death of William Shuttleworth in 1878, his sons bought, of New York parties, the carpet-mill building on the bank of the Mohawk at Amsterdam, and, returning to England, advantageously secured fifteen looms for the manufacture of body Brussels carpet. The firm at that time consisted of James, John, and Walter Shuttleworth, who, together with Herbert, a younger brother, constituted a quartet in which was comprised knowledge, ability, and skill to operate every department of the factory.

The family connections are quite extended, and many of them may be found among the skilled workers in different departments of the mill and are among the most estimable residents of the city.

The firm now consists of James, John, and Walter Shuttleworth. The younger brother, Herbert, has lately established a dye-house on a large scale in the western part of the city.

After the burning of the carpet factory on Market Street hill, W. K. Greene, Senior, had a small factory for the manufacture of carpets in a building on the Juchtanunda Creek in the rear of what is now called the Sanford flats. He afterwards moved the plant to the upper story of a frame building situated on the south side of Livingston Street, the lower story being occupied by William Connell for the manufacture of rugs.

About 1850, William K. Greene, Jr., erected a brick mill on the site of the old yellow mill, and in company with Davis W. Shuler conducted a carpet mill for a short time, when the partnership was dissolved. W. K. Greene, Junior, secured the Harris property, erected a building and moved the carpet machinery into it, and conducted this business until 1861,

when he disposed of the stock and machinery to Stephen Sanford. In 1857 he formed a partnership with John McDonald, for the manufacture of knit goods in the brick building which is now the centre of the immense plant of the Greene Knitting Co. This partnership was dissolved in a year or two, and Mr. Greene conducted both mills alone until 1861, when, having disposed of the carpet business to Mr. Stephen Sanford, he turned his whole attention to his hosiery business. The war of the rebellion having commenced, a great demand for knit goods sprung up, the factory was run to its full capacity, with great profit, and soon it was necessary to enlarge the plant. Building after building was erected, as the business increased, until the whole of the present large mill was completed. Mr. Greene did not live to see it, however, as his health failed, and he went to Europe in 1869, together with his wife and Miss Bennett, in hopes that he might derive some benefit from a change of climate and freedom from business cares.

The change, however, did not have the desired effect, and he gradually grew worse, and while sojourning at Rome, died Jan. 22, 1870.

The body was placed on board a sailing vessel, and arrived at his home during the spring of 1870, his family having previously arrived by steamer.

During the absence of Mr. William K. Greene in Europe the business, under the firm name of William K. Greene & Son, was conducted by the junior member of the firm, Mr. Elijah P. Greene. After the death of Mr. William K. Greene, and the return from Europe of his youngest son, Henry E. Greene, the style of the firm was changed to W. K. Greene's Sons, and so conducted until the death of Elijah P. Greene, when it was changed to W. K. Greene's Son & Co., and continued under that name until the death of Henry E. Greene, when the present firm, The Greene Knitting Co. was organized.

During the administration of Elijah P. and Henry E. Greene, the business was enlarged and many improvements made. W. K. Greene has not only the honor of being the first manufacturer of knit goods in Amsterdam, but the founder of what has grown to be one of the largest hosiery mills in the city.

It is about forty-four years since William K. Greene and John McDonald inaugurated the knit-goods industry in Amsterdam, with what was called a three-set mill. At present there are twenty-three knitting mills, with about two hundred sets of machinery and an annual output of about 12,000,000 pieces.

In 1850 William Connell, who had been employed as an overseer in the old yellow mill, secured an old building on Spring Street in the rear of the building now known as No. 12 and started the manufacture of tufted rugs, with four looms. He subsequently moved to the lower story of the frame building on Livingston Street spoken of before, increasing his plant to twelve looms. Somewhat later he removed to the old post-office building on Church Street, the property of Mr. Sanford. Still later the looms were purchased by Mr. Stephen Sanford and used for weaving ingrain carpets.

I remember well the Livingston Street mill, as I had occasion to pass it quite frequently in those days. Nearly all the hands that were employed were boys from twelve to twenty years old, and they always seemed to have a good time at their work, and some of them were always ready to play with the passers-by.

The names of some of the boys will be recognized as well-known residents of Amsterdam. Among others were Samuel Ward, Hiram Simmons, Fountain Ward, Edward Fosmire, Frank Fosmire, Dennis Garrigan, James Faulds, Walter McCowatt, David McCowatt, Daniel Mutimer, Walter

Mitchell, Tunis Peck, John Nevins, James McNally, James Mailor, Wm. Mailor, and " Puffy " Clark.

" Puffy " was a little barefooted Irish lad, generally clad in a cotton shirt, and a pair of trousers with one suspender. He was a bright little fellow, and was very much interested in the prize fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, which was fought about that time, and was ever ready to stand up before any boy of his size to show his knowledge of the " noble " art of self-defence. Quite a friendship sprung up between " Puffy " and myself, something of the Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn kind. I remember that I admired him and was proud of his friendship, and envied him his accomplishments, which, in addition to his willingness to fight, with or without provocation, consisted of the art of swearing like a trooper, and chewing tobacco like a sailor, although only fourteen years old. What became of " Puffy " in after-years I do not know, but I have always remembered his little pale face and ready fist.

A desire to emulate " Puffy's " virtues and to be more worthy of his notice, led me to try and learn to chew tobacco. My father was quite a smoker, and kept his tobacco in his office on a high shelf out of my reach, but I was frequently sent to the store for a fresh supply. Having decided to learn to chew, I boldly went to the store one day and bought a paper of tobacco and had it charged to my father. I remember that the tobacco was inclosed in the dull blue paper used in those days, with the words " Ben Payn's Smoking Tobacco " and two crossed pipes printed thereon.

In the rear of the store was a pile of lumber, back of which I went and put some tobacco in my mouth, hid the paper under the boards, and chewed my quid like a little man.

It was not long before I felt that I did not like the weed as well as I thought I would, and was glad to throw away the

nasty stuff. By the time I arrived at home I was pale and dizzy, and soon attracted the attention of my mother. Those who have had a similar experience will appreciate the various degrees of misery through which I passed, and the anxiety of my mother over the strange symptoms that successively presented themselves. The throes of the stomach were augmented by the stings of conscience, when I thought of the whole wretched business, and I was willing to vow that I would never look at a bit of tobacco again as long as I lived.

Thus ended my attempt to become a tobacco chewer, and not even " Puffy " Clark was told of my failure. It was many long years before I again touched tobacco in any form.

William Connell is remembered as a scholarly man, a great reader and a profound thinker. He married Miss Nancy Merrill, a sister of the late Mrs. Tunis I. Van Derveer. After selling out his rug business he opened a small store on the north side of Main Street, near the creek. This store became the resort of many of the intellectual residents of the village, and was often the scene of many spirited debates. He died in 1866 at the age of fifty-nine.

In 1886, John Howgate, William McCleary, Samuel Wallin and David Crouse, former employees in the Sanford & Sons' carpet factory, formed a copartnership for the manufacture of rugs, securing a building on the east side of Bridge Street in Port Jackson. During the same year the building was destroyed by fire.

Securing a building at Rockton which had formerly been occupied as a shoddy mill, they moved what was left of their plant, and were soon in order for business, with twenty-five hand looms for weaving rugs.

From that time to the present, the enterprise seems to have been a continued success. During 1897 it was found necessary to erect another large three-story brick building

some distance from the others. This building is fitted with power looms which are run by electricity, transmitted by cable from a large dynamo situated in one of the older buildings. This method of transmitting power on a large scale is new in Amsterdam, and is interesting in the perfect success of the enterprise.

It will probably surprise most of my readers to know that at present the factory is fitted with 185 looms, employs three hundred and twenty hands, and manufactures 3000 rugs per week, or an annual output of over 150,000 rugs, valued at about three-quarters of a million dollars.

Chapter XIX

Old Indian Names and Sites — The Legend of Little Falls

THERE is more or less speculation about the origin of the word Caughnawaga, the popular impression being that it was the name of a tribe of Indians that were located near the present site of Fonda. This cannot be, as there never was a tribe of Indians of that name, but it may have been a corruption of two words, Gandawague, the name of an Indian village of the time of Isaac Jogues, and probably located near Kline, and Ca-han-i-a-ga, the distinctive name of the Mohawks. (Of course you are aware that the word "Mohawk" is not Indian at all, because there were no labials—*b*, *p*, *m*—in the Mohawk language; but it is undoubtedly what was called "Mohawk Dutch.")

There is another definition of the word Caughnawaga, which seems to me to be the correct one. Between 1667 and 1669, the French Jesuit Fathers Pierron, Bruyas, and Fremin were successful in converting a number of the Iroquois to Christianity. Father J. Wynne of the order of Jesuits of New York City in a recent letter says: "You will notice that it was the policy of the fathers to withdraw the Christian Indians from the Indians still unconverted, all along the valley, from the lower Mohawk castle as far as the Onondaga."

The "Praying Indians," as they were called, were located near the Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence and the village named La Prairie by the French and Caughnawaga ("at the

Rapids") by the Indians; and although the settlement was composed of Indians from the Canadian tribes and the tribes of the Iroquois Confederacy, among whom was the great Mohawk chief, Krin, they were always called Caughnawagas, or Praying Indians. At the burning of Schenectady there were sixteen Algonquins, and one hundred and fourteen Frenchmen, and eighty Caughnawagas or Praying Indians, led by Krin, the Mohawk chief. It will be seen that although the name may mean and probably does mean "at the Rapids," it does not refer to rapids in the Mohawk, but to the site on the St. Lawrence at the Lachine Rapids. The Dutch named their early settlement near Fonda Caughnawaga, thereby transferring a word that belonged to the St. Lawrence River to the Mohawk Valley. The Dutch settlement was located at the eastern end of the present site of the village of Fonda, the old Caughnawaga church erected in 1763 and demolished in 1868 probably being the centre of the old settlement. Investigations by archæologists of the Mohawk Valley have brought to light the site of an Indian village, which is also called Caughnawaga or Gan-da-wagua, situated on the sand flats west of the village of Fonda. A desire to see the old Indian site was the object of a recent visit to Fonda by the writer.

Inquiry of many persons young and old failed to elicit the desired information as to its locality, and an accidental meeting with the Rev. Washington Frothingham seemed providential, as he possessed the requisite knowledge of its location and kindly imparted the same. Following his direction I visited the sand flat where it is said to have been situated. Accustomed to flats of the Mohawk Valley which lay along the river and are frequently covered with water in spring and during heavy rainstorms, I was somewhat surprised to find the sand flats on what is called the four-hundred-feet plateau. I enjoyed the tramp to this elevated plateau, and was charmed

with its level, fertile fields and its fringe of forest trees that partially obstructs the view to the east and to the north, while to the west and south the landscape reminded me of the words of Byron's *Dream*—" A gentle hill green and of mild declivity, the last as it were the cape of a long ridge of such, save that there was no sea to lave its base, but a most living landscape, and the wave of woods and fields of grain, and the abodes of men scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke arising from such rustic roofs "—and in the distance the glistering, shimmering Mohawk.

Although unsuccessful in my search for the exact location of the site of the ancient village, I felt well repaid for my walk, notwithstanding the dusty road and excessive heat that brought my blood nearly to the boiling-point. At a subsequent date, having informed myself of the exact site, from a map drawn by the Rev. C. A. Walworth, and published in Miss Walworth's *Lily of the Mokawks*, I continued my search in company with Prof. J. A. Maney.

Starting from the railroad depot our attention was attracted to the old Fonda Hotel, its façade of Ionic columns suggesting the idea of a Grecian temple. It is quite an ambitious structure, and must have presented a very impressive appearance at the time of its construction, in 1835, from its isolation and the poverty of its surroundings. A suggestion of the same style of architecture is also seen in the old court-house, south of the New York Central Railroad.

Our route to Caughnawaga and Tekakwitha spring led us up Main Street to the Cayadutta Creek, which we followed along its eastern bank until we came to a white bridge spanning the creek. The bridge seems to have been constructed for private use as the road leading from it ended in a farmyard. As we were nearing our destination and desiring more definite information, we accosted a sturdy young man we met

TEKAKWITHA SPRING, FONDA

as follows: "Excuse me, sir, do you reside near here?" "Yes, sir." "Have you lived here long?" "About seven or eight years." "Do you know where the site of the old Indian village, Caughnawaga, is located?" "No, sir, I never heard of it." "Did you ever hear of a spring near here called Tekakwitha spring?" "No, sir." The Professor smiled as we passed on, remarking that we were having our usual success. In the farmyard we met a man whose slow step, bent form, and gray hair seemed to indicate a septuagenarian. After the usual preliminary greeting I inquired: "Have you lived here long?" "Over sixty years." "Did you ever hear of a spring called Tekakwitha spring?" "No." "Do you know where the site of the old Indian village, Caughnawaga, is?" "That is down that way," pointing to the east, "but they say that there are some Indian graves up on the sand flats." "Can you tell us where?" "Up on the top of the hill, but I don't know just where."

The Professor again smiled and we again passed on, remarking that we would have to trust to the map. Rain-drops were beginning to fall, but not daunted in the least we followed the track of the F. J. & G. R. R. along the high ground on the west for about a quarter of a mile, until we came to a point where the Sand Flat Hill recedes from the railroad in the form of a half-circle, forming a level swampy field partly covered with brush and berry bushes. Following an indistinct path through this tangled mass, which led us in an erratic manner up and down the slope and through the swamp, we came at last to a wooded ravine at the head of the circle. A barbed wire fence was safely passed and we found ourselves in a small grove, and, about half-way up the hill, came upon Tekakwitha spring. With a great expansion of imagination we pictured the young Indian maiden in the scanty dress of Indian childhood, picking her way down the steep woodland

path from the plateau above, with a rude earthen jar to be filled at the spring below. Perhaps other children of both sexes were following her, while at the spring crouches a painted warrior drinking in a primitive way of its cool water. Near by stands a dirty, unkempt squaw, cooling her feet in the stream that ripples down the hillside on its way to the Cayadutta Creek, while all around, the earth has been trodden bare by the coming and going of many feet from the village on the flat above, and broken branches and dead leaves choke the murmur of the waters.

To-day the stream is marked by the impress of the hoofs of the kine of the valley below, and scattered about are broken pieces of decaying fence boards, an old tin pail, a bit of red tile, and two narrow planks doing duty as a bridge near the spring. The spring itself issues from under the roots of a white birch tree, whose leafy branches bend over the spring as if to guard it from the rays of the sun. The gnarled and tangled roots of the parent tree remind one of the tentacles of a huge octopus, as they stretch out over and into the black depths of the spring itself. Nature, with the aid of art, would make this little vale a beautiful spot. The Professor, who took a snapshot of the spring and its surroundings, and who has a reputation of producing gems of beauty from the most incongruous elements, succeeded in making a very fine photograph of this secluded spot.

We were nearing the end of our search for the Indian village, and climbing the steep path out of the ravine, we reached the sand flat and the field wherein the site of Caughnawaga is said to be. Diligent search failed to find any evidence of the old village, as the woodman's axe and the ploughshare have long ago obliterated all trace of palisade and Indian sepulture. Previous search and examination, together with the finding of evidences of Indian occupation, have estab-

THE FALLS OF THE CANAJOHARIE

lished the fact, however, that this spot was the site of old Caughnawaga.

Kateri Tekakwitha was an Indian maiden born at Gandawaga (Caughnawaga) in 1656. Her mother was a Huron captive and her father a Mohawk chief. At an early age she embraced Christianity, and in 1675 was baptized by the Jesuit Father de Lamberville. Shortly after, she fled to Canada to escape the persecution of the Mohawks, on account of her religion. Her route is said to have been along the Chuctanunda Creek at Amsterdam, and her destination Caughnawaga, at the Lachine Rapids, on the St. Lawrence River, where she arrived in the autumn of 1677. She died April 17, 1680, at the age of twenty-four.

In Miss Walworth's *Lily of the Mohawks*, the story of her life is told.

A few months ago I was riding in a drawing-room car on the New York Central Railroad through the Mohawk Valley. In the same car was a small party of gentlemen and ladies, and it was apparent from their conversation and personal appearance that they were well-to-do, educated people, from one of our Western States, making their first trip through the valley of the Mohawk. It was very interesting to note their enthusiasm over the rocks and hills, after a lifelong residence on the flat lands of their Western prairies, as they would call their companions' attention to a picturesque group of rocks or the wooded slope of some slight elevation. Unconsciously my eyes would follow the direction of their gaze, and would become aware of charming bits of scenery that through familiarity with the banks of the Mohawk I had passed many times without comprehension.

From being interested in their evident enjoyment of the scenes they were so swiftly passing through, I became interested in the scenery itself, and discovered many beauties

in the valley of my lifelong home that I had overlooked or had become so familiar with that they were, in a measure, rocks, and hills, and streamlets, and nothing more. Since that day I have looked upon the scenery of the valley with the eye of an enthusiast, and have found beauty in every bend of the river and in every ripple of its riffs and shallows.

Here and there throughout the valley numerous tributaries flow into the river, some of them being large, permanent streams, others mere rivulets, magnified into torrents at every considerable rainstorm.

In many of the ravines or gorges through which these smaller streams flow are hidden charming bits of scenery, some of which might be dignified by the word "sublime." I have in mind the ravine through which Lewis Creek runs, which I visited with Charles Newman of Cranesville. As before stated, this creek is the eastern boundary of the land which was purchased by Lewis Groot in 1715 (who was one of the first purchasers of land in the town of Amsterdam), and named Adriutha, and known as Cranesville.

There are many objects of interest in this ravine, one of which is a very large spring that is situated at the base of the hill about three hundred feet from the turnpike.

The volume of water issuing from this spring was sufficient to furnish the requisite power for the primitive mill erected by Groot in 1730, on the site of the old building now known as Swart's mill. At the present time there are the ruins of two old mill-dams between the mill and the spring, the woodwork of the structure having decayed and almost entirely disappeared. The dam nearest the spring is the smaller of the two and seems to have received the water from the spring alone. The sides and front of the dam are earth embankments, but the face or pour is reinforced by a dry wall of flat stones. This stone front is further reinforced by stone buttresses on each

side in the shape of a quarter-circle, while in the face of the front wall is a square opening or gate with rotten wood facings, evidently used to discharge the water into the lower dam. The lower dam is constructed of earth and stone, in the same manner as the upper one, but without the stone buttresses, the two together being capable of storing quite a respectable quantity of water. The gray, or rather almost black, stone walls are moss-grown and in various other ways give evidence of their age, which is " nigh onto " one hundred and seventy years.

The spring itself will warrant more than a passing notice. Care was taken ages ago to wall it up on three sides, making an enclosure about six feet square, in the center of which the water boils as though forced from below, in a quantity that would fill an eight- or ten-inch pipe, and from the situation of the dams it would appear as though the water from the creek, which is some distance away, was excluded from the dams. Probably because the flow of water in the stream was small except in storms, when it became a torrent.

Penetrating the ravine a little farther, over a rugged path, we find that Lewis Creek is made up of two streams, one from the east and another from a northerly direction, the acclivity of the banks of both ravines being almost insurmountable. Entering the bed of the stream which flows from the northerly direction we become aware of an obstacle in our path that it will be impossible to overcome, which is the sheer precipice, of perhaps fifty feet in height, of Adriutha Falls. I would say that this name, Adriutha, is applied to the falls probably for the first time, as it is usually spoken of by the homely name of Buttermilk Falls, although the application is not evident.

All this locality between Lewis Creek and Eva's-kill was called Adirutha or Adriuche, and this name is mentioned in the

transfer of this parcel of land, and flats and woodland directly opposite at Kline, the supposed site of On-e-ka-gonc-ka, to Hendrick Cuyler in 1686. I would therefore ask the public to accept the name "Adriutha Falls," for this picturesque feature of nature in this wild gorge, instead of the wholly inappropriate name "Buttermilk Falls"; also to apply it to the large spring in the glen, "Adriutha Spring." I have been told that in the spring, and in rainstorms, the falls are a beautiful sight; but for the greater part of the year no water falls over this precipice.

Reaching the top of the cliff from another direction we find that about fifty feet from the brink is another fall, about ten feet high, that cannot be seen from the bed of the creek below. Water is running over this cascade, but disappears before it reaches the brink of the precipice. The ascent to the top of the banks of the ravine is somewhat tiresome, but if the climber enjoys the picturesque features of nature he will be well paid for his labor. About one hundred feet below the precipice, at one side of the gorge, is a very large boulder which geologists will probably say was deposited where it now rests during the glacial period. Over this boulder and on the cliffs that constitute the rocky bank of the stream, honeysuckles are growing, the profusion of the many-pointed purple flowers adding a charming bit of color to the gray rocks that seem to be incapable of affording the requisite nourishment to this hardy climber.

The branch of the stream from the east is broken by many cascades, and the banks of the ravine are quite abrupt, but at one point a steep ridge or spur, sometimes called a "hog's back," is seen, with a well-worn path from creek to summit. The acclivity would be very difficult if it were not for trees and saplings to assist the climber along its narrow ridge. My principle object in visiting this ravine was to find, if possible,

ADRIUTHA FALLS, CRANESVILLE

some evidence of Indian occupation. I had been told by some of the residents on the top of Swart's Hill that there were a number of holes or depressions in the ground along the ravine that were objects of interest on account of the mystery surrounding them, and their evident ancient origin. It had been suggested that they had probably been used as corn pits by the aborigines. A thorough search along the eastern bank failed to reveal them, but ashes and charcoal were found five or six inches under the earth on the eastern brink of the ravine at the point where the path or trail on the "hog's back" reached its summit.

Unexpectedly, I found the holes near the Adriutha Falls, on the western bank, but in such numbers that they could hardly have been used as corn-pits. Instead of four for five holes, I found fifteen near the western slope of the ravine, in an irregular regularity that would indicate that they had been dug for a purpose, but for what object I was unable to decide. A thorough examination of a few of these holes may solve the problem.

It may be thought that I am spending a good deal of time in investigations that cannot possibly bring any fee or reward from a financial point of view. That is probably true; but there is a matter of great historical interest connected with the location of a large Indian village that undoubtedly existed on the banks of the Mohawk River between Amsterdam and Schenectady. The early history of the Mohawks is shrouded in mystery. Even the exact location of their castles at the time of the discovery of the Hudson River (in 1609) is still a matter of conjecture. Before the discovery of Van Curler's journal of 1634, all or nearly all of the researches of archæologists were directed to points above Schoharie River, and theories were built up to prove that as early as 1642 the first Mohawk castle was located on the west bank of the Schoharie.

The only knowledge we have of that early period is obtained from the *Relations* of the Jesuits, the statement of some of the Hollanders at Fort Orange, and, in 1666. the account of De Courcelle and De Tracy's expedition to the Mohawk country, at which time they destroyed the four forts or castles of the Mohawks, and in all these accounts I can find nothing to contradict the theory that the first castle was located between the city of Amsterdam and the village of Pattersonville. That many of the Mohawks frequented the north bank of the Mohawk in that locality, is shown by the numerous relics that are found along the flats and first range of hills north of the river.

The location of an Indian site is the object of our search, and the residents of the valley will assist materially by reporting their "finds," or any embankments or holes of ancient origin they may have discovered in their immediate vicinity. The finding of flint or stone implements, ancient pottery, fresh-water clam-shells, burnt stone, ashes, and charcoal at a little distance under ground, has often led to the discovery of the ancient site of an Indian village. What I mean by ancient, is a village that existed previously to 1609, or perhaps as late as 1666.

In all the early maps of the Mohawks' country, Vanderdonk's of 1655, Visscher's of 1656, or the Jesuit map of 1665, although the three or four Mohawk castles are depicted thereon, the Schoharie, which might well be called a river where it enters the Mohawk, is not shown on any of them. If it was located between Fort Orange and the castles or Indian villages, it ought to have been known to the map-makers, especially as the little Mariaville pond is shown on two of these maps. Therefore we are inclined to look for three of the Mohawk castles of the above date below Schoharie River.

361 MOSS ROCK AT THE FOOT OF THE RAPIDS, LITTLE FALLS

I have no intention of posing as a scientist, but a recent visit to the picturesque little city of Little Falls, with its vast jumble of ragged rocks and high, water-worn cliffs, turned my attention to the probable cause of the natural phenomena so plainly visible at the rocky city of the upper Mohawk.

As early as 1840 Prof. Louis Agassiz, the noted naturalist, advanced the theory that the northern part of North America during the glacial period, was covered with an ice-cap which reached as far south as the fortieth parallel of latitude, and north to the utmost limit of the earth. This included all of New York State to the Atlantic Ocean. The time of this period no man knows, or will ever know; but it was eons upon eons ago. The movement of the glacier, whose great weight and impetus were irresistible, was toward the sea, and in its journey it carved out valleys and converted jagged rocks into polished boulders, which were in some cases carried hundreds of miles and deposited in valleys and on mountain tops.

In the vicinity of the Adirondacks and the White Mountains this glacier was more than a mile high, while in British America its estimated thickness was about two miles. This immense body of ice increased gradually from age to age, from north to south, and as gradually disappeared from south to north. The valley of the Mohawk was probably formed by part of this great stream of ice denuding the hillsides and disrupting mountains.

As the ice-cap receded from the sea, it left the valley of the Hudson bare, which became the means by which its melting body was conveyed to the Atlantic Ocean. Gradually the valley of the Mohawk was uncovered, and the ice receded to the vicinity of Lake Ontario, while yet the ice barrier blocked the St. Lawrence Valley, forcing the Lake Ontario depression to fill and the waters to extend in every direction except the

north, until it found relief at Rome, New York, and the Mohawk Valley became the only outlet to the sea of the great Lake Iroquois, or Ontario, and Lake Spencer, as the enlarged basin of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie combined has been called. Some of the water found its way to the Mississippi Valley at Chicago; but the greater part flowed through the Mohawk Valley. This continued until the St. Lawrence Valley was relieved of the glacier (which continued to waste slowly at both ends), and the waters of the great lakes found their natural outlet to the sea by the St. Lawrence, and the Mohawk Valley was relieved of this vast accumulation of waters. The above theory has been gathered from a monograph on Lake Agassiz, by Warren Upham, and published by the director of the United States Geological Survey in vol. xxv.

On the beautiful Sunday afternoon and evening that I wandered about the rockbound city of Little Falls, I tried to imagine this wild spot as it appeared to the phlegmatic Palatine settlers at Manheim, Danube, and the German Flats in 1722. At that date the rapids and their adjoining shores were in all their primitive grandeur, unadorned or marred by the works of man. Undoubtedly the water-power early attracted to their border the saw and grist mills, whose dams probably were an unwelcome barrier to the daring warriors who trusted their lives to the birchen canoe in shooting the rapids. In every direction would have been seen rocks and running water, and rocky hills crowned with the primeval forests. For nearly a mile extended the cascades between perpendicular cliffs from two to four hundred feet high, while at the foot of the rapids the stream was deflected by Moss Island or Moss Rock to pass through a rocky channel about forty feet wide to the placid stream beyond. On the south side of the river the perpendicular face of a cliff one hundred

365 THE RAGGED ROCKS AT LITTLE FALLS

feet high, called Lovers' Leap, threw its dark shadow on the turbulent stream, while to the west, for nearly a mile, the bare, perpendicular, rocky face of a hill four hundred feet high, rose sheer from the shore of the rapids. A story is told of a young Indian maiden and her dusky lover, who, being pursued by a hostile band of Indians, sprang from this cliff, clasped in each other's arms, preferring death to separation. This occurrence gave to the locality the name spoken of above, but judging from the numbers of Jacks and Jills who now congregate on this elevated spot on summer evenings, it might well be renamed " Lovers' Retreat."

In 1848 Benson J. Lossing passed down the Mohawk Valley, stopping at points of interest in search of material for his *Field Book of the Revolution.* His description of Little Falls is very interesting. Among other things he describes a cavern on one of the cliffs which at that period overhung the New York Central Railroad at a point nearly opposite the " Lover's Leap." He says:

> The rugged shores present many incontestable evidences of abrasion by the violent action of water, thirty to sixty feet above the present level of the river. Many of them are circular, perpendicular cavities in the hard rocks, which are composed chiefly of gneiss, granite, and horn blende.
>
> On the western (northern) shore of the river a few yards from the railroad and about thirty feet above its bed is a large circular cavity with an opening about ten feet wide facing the river, and over its entrance a massive lintel which appears as if hewn and placed there by the hands of man. Within this cavity, which is open at the top, are smaller ones on its concave side. Indian legends invest these cavities with romantic interest. One of them I will repeat, in brief, as it was told to me, for it is identified with the spot described.
>
> Long years ago, when the river was broader and the falls were more lofty, a feud arose between two young chiefs of two of the clans of the Mohawk tribe, the Wolf and Tortoise. A maiden of the Bear Clan was the cause of the feud, as maidens often are. She

was loved by both of the young chiefs, and for a time she so coquetted that each thought himself beloved by her in return. (As maidens often do.) Her father was a stern old warrior, and loved his child tenderly. Both chiefs had fought the Mingoes and Mohegans by his side, and the bravery of each entitled him to the hand of the maiden. Her affections were at length stirred by the more earnest importunities of the Wolf, and she promised to become his bride. This decision reached the ears of the Tortoise, and the embers of jealousy which disturbed both while unaccepted suitors, burst into a flame of ungenerous revenge in the bosom of the disappointed lover. He determined to possess the coveted treasure before the Wolf should take her to his wigwam. With well-dissembled acquiescence in her choice, and expressions of warm friendship for herself and her affianced, he allayed all suspicions, and the maiden rambled with him in the moonlight upon the banks of the river when her affianced was away, unconscious of danger. The day approached for the maiden to go to the wigwam of her lord. The Tortoise was with her alone in a secluded nook upon the bank of the river. His light canoe was near, and he proposed a voyage to a beautiful little island in the stream, where the fire-flies sparkled and the whippoorwill whispered its evening serenade. They launched, but instead of paddling for the island, the Tortoise turned his prow toward the cataract. Like an arrow they sped down the swift current, while the young chief, with vigorous arm, paddled for the northern shore. Skilful as with the bow and hatchet, he steered his canoe to the mouth of the cavern described, as then upon the water's brink, seized the affrighted maiden, and leaped ashore, at the same moment securing his canoe by a strong green withe. The cave was dry, a soft bed of skins of beasts was spread, and abundance of provisions were there stored. At the top of the cave, far above the maiden's reach, an opening revealed a passage through the fissures of the rocks above. It was known only to the Tortoise; and there he kept the maiden many months, until her affianced gave her up as lost to him forever. At length, while hunting on the southern hills in flowery May, the Wolf saw the canoe at the cavern. It solved the question in his mind. The evening was clear, and the full moon shone brightly. He waited until midnight, when, with an arm as strong and skill as accurate as his rival's, he steered his canoe to the mouth of this cavern, which was lighted up by the moon. By its light he saw the perfidious

ON THE TOW-PATH, LITTLE FALLS

Tortoise sleeping in the arms of an unwilling bride. The Wolf smote the Tortoise, but the wound was slight. The awakened warrior, unable to grasp his hatchet, bounded through the opening at the top of the cavern, and closed it with a heavy stone. The lovers embraced in momentary joy. It was brief, for a fearful doom seemed to await them. The Tortoise would return with power, and they had to make choice of death by the hatchet of the rival chief or by the waters of the cataract. The latter was their choice, and in affectionate embrace they sat in their canoe and made the fearful leap. The frail vessel struck propitiously upon the boiling waters, and, unharmed, passed over the gulf below. Down the broad stream they glided, and far away, upon the margin of the lower lake they lived and loved for two generations, and saw their children's children go out to battle and the chase. In the long line of their descent, tradition avers, came Brant, the Mohawk sachem, the strong Wolf of his nation.

Since the above was written (in 1848) the New York Central Railroad has been widened at this point, by cutting away the face of the northern cliff, and the Dolgeville Railroad now climbs along an incline, also cut from this cliff, and has undoubtedly destroyed the cavern spoken of above. However, about five hundred feet from the viaduct that carries the last-named railroad across a deep ravine at the eastern end of the city, is to be seen what seems to be the back of this cavern, recessed about two feet from the present face of the cliff, and surmounted by a slab or lintel perhaps fifteen feet long and three feet thick, reminding one of an entrance to some rock temple of India, as described by travellers. On the tops of both the northern and southern hills are found many pot-holes of varying size and depth, plainly indicating that the immense prehistoric streams that flowed through the Mohawk Valley from Lakes Iroquois and Spencer must, at some period, have passed over the highest hills at that point. That there was a very high fall in existence where the foot of the rapids now is, seems to be indicated by the disrupted rocks in that

vicinity, and the great depth of water at that point, which is said to be a hundred feet or more.

A very interesting rock is seen near the lower iron bridge, and about one hundred feet from the river bank, and perhaps thirty feet above the present level of the stream. The rock stands about fifteen feet above the surrounding earth and is in the shape of a horseshoe whose outer diameter is about fifty feet, inner diameter about twenty feet, and the width of the horseshoe about fifteen feet, with the opening to the west, or up the stream. The inner surface of this horseshoe or broken circle, which is bowl-shape, is perpendicular and marked with segments of a circle all around the inside, plainly showing the rotary motion of water and débris, as it was poured in immense volume from high falls above it. At the eastern end of the inner circle is a pot-hole five feet deep and about two feet in diameter. This hole has been worn through the side near the bottom, indicating the manner in which this immense bowl was formed. I have no doubt that the removal of the accumulation of earth and water from the bottom of this bowl would uncover a cavity of remarkable interest.

But Little Falls is historic as well as prehistoric. Across the river, below the State dam which feeds the Erie Canal, are the remains of a well-constructed shallow aqueduct of seventy feet span, which was formerly used for floating canal boats from the canal to a large basin which was situated on the north side of the Mohawk, back of the present station of the New York Central Railroad. This aqueduct is no longer used, one of the arches having been destroyed.

In a previous chapter mention is made of the early mode of navigating the Mohawk River and the canal at Little Falls, and from Rome to Wood Creek, and so on through Oneida Lake and Oswego River to Lake Ontario, with two short portages in Oswego River.

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To improve the waterway to the West, the Inland Lock Navigation Company, in 1795, constructed a canal about two miles long, from below the rapids to the deep water above the falls. This canal was cut through the rock on the north bank of the river, and with the aid of five locks *bateaux* were raised 42 feet and launched into the smooth water above the falls. A small portion is still to be seen in the western part of the city, also the stonework of the two upper guard-locks or gates. The canal seems to have been cut through solid rock, was about ten feet wide, and ten feet deep at the upper lock. The width of the old canal indicates the maximum width of the *bateaux* used by the early navigators.

Chapter XX

Canajoharie—The Hills of Florida

THE Indian name for Canajoharie seems to have been spelled Can-a-jor-ha, and was originally applied to a singular hole in the creek that enters the Mohawk River at that place. The Indian interpretation is said to be "the pot that washes itself," the water seemingly boiling as it flows from this singular hole in the bed of the creek. The name was also applied to the stream itself and to lands south of the Mohawk in its vicinity, and in after years to the village that grew up at its mouth after the Revolution. Historians, however, have of late years confused readers by confounding the Indian town of Canajorha with the Canajoharie of the present day.

All of the south side of the Mohawk, from the Nose or spur of the Mayfield Mountains which crosses the river near Sprakers, to the highlands at Little Falls, was known as the land of the Can-a-jor-has, and when the Canajoharie Castle is spoken of, it means the Indian settlement in the town of Danube in Herkimer County, and now known as Indian Castle, which was the home of Brant and Hendrick and the place where Sir William Johnson assisted in building a church which is called by writers, "the church at Canajoharie."

The first name we find applied to the present village of Canajoharie is Scramling, from a tavern kept by Henry Scramling, situated on the river "opposite the Freys," as an early chronicler records it.

Smith and Wells make the following entry in a journal: "13th May, 1769—At Scramlin's we turned off from the river, pursuing a S. W. course for Cherry Valley."—"The carriers tell us that they were paid 30 shillings a load for carrying from Scramlin's to Otsego Lake."

The creek itself is a thing of picturesque beauty, with its high cliffs and a cascade where the water falls from forty to fifty feet.

Opposite Canajoharie is Palatine Bridge, a station on the New York Central Railroad. In a history of Montgomery County we find the following:

The earliest settlement in this town, and probably the first west of Schenectady on the north side of the Mohawk, was made by Heinrich Frey, a native of Zurich, Switzerland, who, in 1688, left that city for America, bringing with him an open letter from the mayor addressed "To whom it may concern." Upon his arrival in New York in 1689, he received from Gov. Dongan a "location ticket" for 100 acres of land on the Schoharie creek, but the Mohawk Valley having more attractions for him, he soon removed thither, and settled just west of the present village of Palatine Bridge, where he erected a log cabin on a knoll near a fine spring. Here he laid claim to a tract of 300 acres of land, his only title to it, aside from possession, being, probably, obtained from the Indians. This land was subsequently included in the patent issued to Van Slyck, from whom Frey procured a permanent title. The old homestead has always remained in possession of the family and is now the property of S. L. Frey, Esq., who represents the sixth generation. The log cabin was occupied until 1739, when a substantial stone dwelling was erected.

This building can be seen a few rods west of the village. It has a row of port-holes on all sides, and during the French wars was stockaded and occupied by several companies of troops. The photograph of this ancient dwelling is represented on page 379. A picture is also given of a curious

old window in the Ehle house (1752–1900) at Nelliston, N. Y. The house may also be seen from the car windows on the right-hand side going west between the Frey house and St. Johnsville.

For many years travellers have viewed the valley of the Mohawk from the north side of the river, passing under the shadow of hills that tower above them, while their eyes have become so familiar with the southern shore that they cease to be impressed by its beauty. The West Shore Railroad, therefore, gives to the traveller the valley under a new aspect and opens vistas that he hardly recognizes.

One morning in the latter part of May I boarded the West Shore milk train, en route for Indian Castle. A thick haze somewhat obscured the sun, and the air was still and warm. As the sun climbed toward the zenith feathery shadows were fitfully seen as we sped along the valley, while the sun itself, surrounded by a hazy halo and thin, fleecy clouds, looked more like the full moon of a summer night than the brilliant, blazing orb of day. The hills and valleys were partly obscured by a light blue vapor, which revealed the gray of the rocks but toned the bright green of forests and fields to olive tints. As we near the Nose, or rather Noses, just east of Sprakers, the river makes a sharp bend from north to south, which, as we sped along, opened a charming vista of the Mohawk, and permitted us to see a long distance up the river between the high hills of the Noses, which a moment before seemed to obstruct our passage.

On both the north and south sides of the river the hills rise perpendicularly to a great height, showing a great mass of rock with clinging vines and shrubs and crowned with pine, cedar, and hemlock, whose dark foliage is mingled with the lighter green of oak and maple. At some distance from the point where we enter the pass, the northern ridge falls away

379 THE OLD FREY HOUSE, PALATINE, 1739

into a wide ravine, or short valley, running to the north back of the county farm.

Among the rocks of this ravine has been established an industry which, though it is said to be a monopoly, we do not care to have transferred to our city. I can pledge you my word that the Board of Trade will have nothing to do with it. In that ravine lives a man who retails oil at two dollars an ounce. His harvest begins in the warm days of spring, when the snow is disappearing, but is of comparatively short duration. At that season he dons his rubber boots and incases his legs in lengths of stove pipe, arms himself with a stout club and invades the haunts of the rattlesnakes that infest that locality. You can judge of the number slain by the fact that during the year 1899 he sold one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of rattlesnake oil at two dollars an ounce.

The hill on the south side of the river is sometimes called the " Little " Nose, but to one that gazes at its rocky elevation of 740 feet, from its base, the name seems to be misplaced. Near its top, a little distance to the south, is the egg-shaped opening of " Mitchell's cave," a cavern very interestingly described by Percy N. Van Epps, in a publication called *The Museum*. The entrance is made by a perpendicular drop, by means of a rope, of about 16 feet, to an opening 11 by 30 feet and 13 feet deep. From this point, by incline plane and perpendicular descent, Van Epps, Van Horne, Hartley, and others penetrated to the depth of 280 feet without finding any very large rooms or extensive horizontal galleries. The cave or cavern has the appearance of having been formed by a huge cleft in the mountain, and the exploration is made not without danger, and with considerable discomfort.

The name Anthony's Nose is applied to similar high hills in two other places in New York State, one on Lake George, near " Rogers's Slide," and the other in the highlands on the

Hudson. You will probably recall Washington Irving's story in his *Knickerbocker History of New York*, of the incident which caused the last-named hill to be called "Anthony's Nose."

Peter Stuyvesant and his trumpeter, Antony Van Corlear, are sailing up the Hudson on a voyage of discovery. Early one morning, while their sloop is passing the highlands, Van Corlear is lounging on deck. The sun, rising over a high hill, lights up the large red nose of Antony. Glancing from his nose, the ray of sunlight strikes the water and kills a sturgeon. Whereupon Governor Stuyvesant proclaims that the hill shall be called "Anthony's Nose."

Passing by the rocky hills and extensive flats of the Mohawk, and many a lone fisherman, and glimpses of the old stone houses known as the Frey and Ehle houses, on the opposite shore, with due milk-train speed we at last reached Indian Castle. We missed the usual crowd at the station, because there are not enough people in the hamlet to make a crowd. The object of our journey being to visit the former home of the Indian warrior, Joseph Brant, and a church built by Sir William Johnson in 1763, we turned our steps toward the only spire that was visible. It being near our usual dinner hour, we accosted a lady, as we crossed the bridge that spans the Con-o-wa-da-ga, or Castle, Creek, and asked if there was a hotel or store in the place where we could procure some food. She kindly informed us that there were none, but volunteered the information that there was a canal grocery about three-quarters of a mile away that had a license (?). Further inquiry elicited the information that we could procure the key to the church of Mr. Willis Green, who lives in a large white farmhouse, with extensive conservatories adjoining, situated near the church edifice. This locality is interesting because it was the last home of the Canajorhees, and the upper castle of the

THE PETER EHLE HOUSE, NELLISTON, 1752

Mohawks during Sir William Johnson's residence in the valley.

I feel somewhat timid in writing about the Canajorha Castle after S. L. Frey of Palatine has given it his consideration for so many years, and has written so much about it. But I purpose writing from my standpoint of investigation, trusting that if I am wrong he will correct me. As Indian Castle is situated in Herkimer County, I also feel as though I was encroaching upon territory belonging to historians of the adjoining county, and may differ somewhat from their conclusions.

In Miss Walworth's *Tekakwitha* is a map of ancient Indian villages, drawn by General John S. Clark, of Auburn, who was accompanied by Mr. S. L. Frey when sites of the villages were located. Although all other villages are represented as having changed their location frequently between 1642 and 1700, the Canajorhees seem (according to this map) to have been permanently located about two miles north of Palatine Bridge, and that they were never located at the village now known as Canajoharie.

We will have to accept the conclusions of Messrs. Clark and Frey, as I know of no better authority than they on this subject. The same uncertainty about the Canajorhees seems apparent after 1700, until they were settled at Indian Castle on the Con-o-wa-da-ga Creek. We know that they were there in 1755, when Sir William Johnson built a fort for them and named it Fort Hendrick, and that a block-house was there previous to that date, but I have not been able to ascertain the time of their removal to that locality. I have in my possession, however, a copy of an old deed which may throw a little light on the subject. It is a deed from the Indians to Jan Wemp of Fort Hunter, and describes the large island still in possession of his descendants. The western end of this island is opposite Fort Hunter. It reads as follows:

" . . . possession and demand of in and to all that great island lying and being in the county of Albany, in the Maquas river *most opposite to the Indian castle at Canajohary*, together with as much land on the main on ye southwest side of said river as said island is in length," etc., etc. The above deed was dated 1720. My attention was called to it by the late R. A. Grider. The phrase "most opposite to the Indian castle at Canajohary," would seem to indicate that it was located either to the east or to the west of the great island at Fort Hunter.

East of the island, on the north side of the Mohawk River, on the high hill between Fort Johnson Creek and Dove Creek, many evidences of Indian occupation have been found, and may have been the site of the Canajohary Castle in 1720. Sir William bought this property in 1739, and probably between the two dates, 1720 and 1739, the Canajorhees located at Indian Castle. In another deed to Jan Wemp, dated 1728, for lands in the same locality, occurs this sentence: " Know that for sundry good causes and lawful considerations *in moving*, but more especially for the love and affection we bear to our loving friends, Jan Wemp and Cornelis Van Slyck," etc., etc. This would seem to indicate a removal of the Indians to some other locality and may have been the time that the Canajorhees moved from the north to the south side of the river, or it may refer to the removal of an Indian village from the lands purchased by Jan Wemp on the mainland. Evidence of an Indian village is still seen on the hills about 1000 feet south of the Wemple residence.

Indian Castle of to-day presents few evidences of former Indian occupation except a few sunken graves in a cedar thicket at the western edge of the precipitous hill on which stands the old church. Mr. Willis Green, whose house stands within the line of the old stockade, pointed out a well still in

BRANT'S CHURCH AT INDIAN CASTLE, 1763

use, which was said to have been in the centre of the fortification, while back of his house is still to be seen the outline of the foundation of the house of Joseph Brant and King Hendrick. A hill on the opposite side of the creek is probably the site of the old block-house spoken of in the following letter from Sir William Johnson to Governor DeLancy:

MOUNT JOHNSON, June 6, 1755.

Sir:—I returned last night from the Conhogohery Castle, having first been at the Mohock Castle. At both settlements I have fixt on Places to build them Forts. At Cohogohery I propose it on the Flat Land out of Gun-Shot from the Hill where the Old Block houses now stand, out of which upon the Point of the said Hill I propose to erect a good Block House. On the rear of the intended Fort, there is a clear, improved Vale run of more than half a mile, on the left Flank it will be assisted by the said Block house on the point of the Hill, a fire between which and the Fort will clear the open land on that side; the land is all clear and cultivated in the Front. On the right side there are a few Bushes and small Wood to clear, when all will be open on that side for more than half a mile. One of the Bastions to serve for a church, etc., etc.

I am
Sir
With the Utmost Respect
Your Honours
Most Obedient &
Most Humble Serv't,
WM. JOHNSON.

GOV'R DELANCY.

Procuring the key of the old church from its hiding-place in the horseshed, I explored the old edifice, but did not find much of interest, as the interior has been modernized, except the windows, which still retain their small panes of glass. The entrance, which was formerly on the west side, has been changed to the north. I was told of an old bell in the steeple which is fractured and useless, on account of rough usage at

the time of the Indian exodus to Canada during the Revolution. The Canajorhees attempted to take the bell with them, but when the whites became aware of it they pursued and overtook the canoes on the Mohawk River. It is said that in order to save the bell from capture it was thrown into the river. It was afterward recovered by the whites and replaced in the belfry from which it had been taken, but in a damaged condition.

About two miles west of the village, still in a good state of preservation, is the old brick residence of General Herkimer, erected in 1764.

The first bridge across the Mohawk at Amsterdam was erected in 1821.

This bridge was to consist of two spans, with abutments on each side of the river, and a pier in the centre. It is quite evident that the engineer who planned its construction would never have been engaged to erect the Brooklyn Bridge, as a portion of the Amsterdam Bridge fell of its own weight before its completion, and the plan was changed and the bridge constructed with two piers instead of one. The foundation of the old pier in the centre can yet be seen during the summer, when the water is clear. This bridge was carried away by a flood in 1839, and another bridge that was immediately erected met a similar fate in 1842. The third stood firm until 1865, when the northern span was carried away during the spring flood of that year.

In the early part of the spring of 1865 heavy rains had cleared the Mohawk of ice, and continuing for a number of days filled the river until it seemed as though the banks could hold no more. In fact, it overflowed into the Erie Canal and filled some of the levels east of Auriesville.

At that time a new lattice bridge was being built across the river at Fonda, the heavy lattice timbers being in place. The

THE HOME OF GENERAL HERKIMER, DANUBE

banks of the canal above having been washed away, two large canal boats passed into the river and, floating down, struck and wrecked the uncompleted structure.

The morning this occurred was bright and beautiful with the sunlight of early spring, and many people were on the Amsterdam Bridge and the banks of the river, watching the unprecedented flood, which reached within three feet of the bridge, a covered structure of heavy, latticed timbers, that had withstood the wear and tear and storms of years. The water surging by was forced in huge volumes up the piers, and fell from their sides in muddy brown cascades, and seethed and boiled as it lashed the sides of the blocks of stones, as though it were angry that its course should be checked by such a seemingly frail impediment. Inside of the structure on beams and lattice was the dust of thirty years' accumulation. About ten o'clock a telegram was received that the bridge above had been wrecked, and, with two canal boats, was floating down the river. The great danger to the Amsterdam Bridge was instantly recognized, and the merchants locked their stores and hastened to the river side to watch for the first appearance of the impending danger.

Soon, in the distance, could be seen a black object, which, as it drew nearer, was recognized as a large canal boat with cabins at each end and covered deck between, and about a thousand feet behind, a large section of the wrecked bridge with its new timbers glistening in the sunlight. On came the boat, with the speed of a race-horse, sitting high in the furious current, and it was seen at once that it could not pass under the bridge.

When it was about five hundred feet away it was floating broadside with the current, but as it drew nearer the bow swung around, and, amid the stillness of the breathless multitude, struck the north span of the bridge about thirty feet

from the pier nearly head on, with a blow that made the old timbers bend like a bow. The recoil seemed to force the boat back; the current catching the stern landed it on the pier in its centre, and was immediately forced up the pier by the force of the current, until the whole huge boat was nearly out of the water. There it hung, balanced across the pier, with every joint creaking, for about twenty seconds, when the bow settled to the north, and with deliberate majesty plunged its whole length into the stream and out of sight, came up below the bridge, shaking the water from its deck like a huge leviathan, and passed on down the river. The shout that arose from the multitude was almost immediately checked at the sight that met the eye as it again turned westward. There, a short distance up the river, was the span of the bridge, floating slower, but with resistless force, with the broken ends of the lattice sticking out in front like the prongs of a grappling iron. On, on it came, straight for the injured span, which it grappled to its wounded side, and amid the creaking and groaning of timbers torn asunder was engulfed by the wrecked span. Without any seeming diminution of speed, with its victim close locked in its embrace, it floated down the river and was stranded on the flats below. The wreck was hardly out of sight before the second span of the Fonda Bridge came down on the south side of the river, with a rocking motion that carried it nearly out of sight, and as it dipped in the water just as it reached the bridge, it passed under without doing any damage save tearing off a few boards as it came up again below.

With their accustomed energy the village trustees took measures to establish communication with their neighbors on the south side, and in due time an iron span was constructed which did good service until 1876, when another disaster occurred of a more serious nature.

395 THE OLD SCOTIA BRIDGE

During the winter of 1876, from causes for which nature alone was responsible, an immense ice-gorge was formed in the shallow riff near the Atlas mill. This began early in the winter, and by spring had grown to such formidable proportions that it seemed as though nothing but the heat of the sun would ever remove it. During the month of February, however, a season of warm rains melted the snow and filled the streams to their utmost capacity and culminated on the evening of February 15th with more rain and a strong westerly wind.

Soon the ice below the bridge began to heave and groan, with ever and anon a report like a pistol shot, giving warning that the ice was breaking up under great pressure, and it was at once feared that the bridge was in great danger. Persons hurrying to their homes across the bridge through the darkness reported that the planks that constituted the floor of the bridge were raised in front and behind them as they swiftly sped from the impending danger.

In those days we had no electric lights, and the gloom along the river bank was almost impenetrable to persons standing near the bridge.

It was a fearful night. The roar and swish of the Chuctanunda in the distance, the mournful hum overhead, as the wind whistled through the wires and the iron bars of the bridge, the dismal rain-drops, the thick, misty blackness of the night, the cracking of the ice, and the fearful gorge with its overshadowing horrors in the distance, were enough to make a person shiver with nervous terror.

About ten o'clock at night the belated spectators were aware of the movement of the ice, and at once tried in vain to pierce the impenetrable darkness that brooded over the gorge in the distance.

Soon an unwonted sound, like the grinding, crashing and rending of an irresistible body in motion, was heard.

Closer came the sound, and peering with straining eyes into the gloom, we saw for an instant, before fleeing to a place of safety, the shadowy whiteness of a moving wall towering above our heads, and heard the sound of falling bricks and timbers from buildings wrecked along the bank. As we ran, we turned and saw the wall approach the bridge, strike it, and bear it along in front of it, with no more apparent effort than if it had been composed of cardboard, and pass on, leaving behind the dismantled piers and the flood of water that was already overspreading the banks of the river, and the total wreck of the substantial stone and brick building of Charles Spalt, near the bridge. If this was a fearful night, the morning brought a despondent day to those who had suffered from the flood, from wrecked buildings, and the loss of the life of a child as the parents were trying to escape from their threatened dwelling.

The frame dwellings on the north bank of the Mohawk, in the rear of Charles Spalt's shop, had been moved from their foundations by the gorge, and were immediately surrounded by water. In one of these was George Laimbier, an elderly man, confined to his bed with illness. He was removed to a place of safety with difficulty. Mr. Needham occupied another dwelling, and attempted to make his way through the water with his three children clasped in his arms. One of them slipped from his grasp into the water, and in the darkness and confusion was drowned.

Three other children were discovered by their cries to be clinging to a bush in the water. It is remembered that John F. Morris, attracted by the cries of distress, dashed into the water at the risk of his life, and one by one brought them in safety to dry land.

FLORIDA.

The town of Florida, is in the form of a triangle, with its base, so to speak, on the Mohawk River and its apex at the junction of Schenectady and Schoharie Counties, a little southwest of Miller's Corners. This land was formerly part of the grant of eighty-six thousand acres to Walter Butler and forty-two others in 1733, and afterward the fourteen thousand acres of Sir Peter Warren's estate, and the grants to Edward and Phillis Harrison, Anne Wilmot, Maynard and Elizabeth Guerin, Henry Crosby and William Crosby, Jr., the last-named grants extending along the borders of Schenectady County, from Schoharie Creek to the Mohawk River.

At that date (1735), all of the country in this section of the colony of New York was called Albany County, and the country west of Schenectady township was spoken of as the Maquaase country, or the country of the Mohawks.

In 1788 the country north of the Mohawk River was known as the town of Caughnawaga, and south of the river as the town of Mohawk.

Florida was formed from the town or district of Mohawk, March 12, 1793, and its first town meeting was held in April, 1794, at the house of Ezra Murray.

The triangular section of land spoken of was named Florida. It is not recorded who gave it that name, or why that beautiful Spanish word was selected. July 23, 1898, is the date of one of the many pleasant drives which the writer has enjoyed on the Florida Hills. Our road led past the Serviss & DeGraff mill in Mudge Hollow, which stands on the site of the first sawmill erected at that place, and owned by one Andrew Frank. About the beginning of the century there were two grist-mills and a tannery located at this place. The mills were owned by a Rowland and Mudge and McDonald,

and the tannery by Bethuel Dean, the grandfather of Luther L. and James Dean, and the other children of John, Daniel, and Henry Dean. Bethuel Dean's name is found in the early records of Amsterdam, then living near Cranesville. Later he bought a farm on Yankee Hill, which passed to his son, John, and was occupied by him at the time of his death.

A letter from Oliver DeLancy to Sir William Johnson, October 26, 1765, says: " I have directed Mr. John R. Bleeker to survey Sir Peter's (Warren) Patents at ' Chuctanunda ' and lay them out in lots of one hundred acres each. He seems to apprehend some interruption from the Indians. In such case I beg you will prevent their giving any trouble."

It would seem from the above that the land now known as Florida, or at least that portion of it near the mouth of the South Chuctanunda Creek, was designated by the owners of the patent as Chuctanunda, while that to the east was called Warrensburg, or Johnson's Settlement, and that Indian families were located near the creek, and probably cultivated the flats on which the fifth ward of Amsterdam is located.

Turning to the left after passing the site of the old mills, our road led us over the first range of hills on the south bank of the Mohawk, which gave us a glimpse of the valley to the north and east. Coming to the old red-brick house of John Van Derveer, we are reminded that we are in the vicinity of the homes of the earliest settlers, and a little further on we pass farms that bear names of the pioneers of Florida,— Rowlands, Hubbs, Herrick, Thayer, Luke, Staley, Billington, Stewart, Van Slyke, Schuyler, Ferguson, McKinney, Ernest, Schuler, McClumpha, and a host of others,— and on the top of a high hill, midway between the homes of Charles Ferguson and Fletcher Ernest, we stop our weary horse to gaze on the scene before us, and are more at a loss than ever to under-

stand why this beautiful country was named Florida. It is said that the name was given to the peninsula by the Spaniards, in allusion to the aspect of the country, the name signifying florid or flowery. It is also said that Ponce de Leon, who was in search of the fountain of life, touched the mainland rich with flowers on Easter Sunday, March 12, 1512 (Easter was called by the Spaniards, Pasqual Flores—the Feast of Flowers), and christened the country Florida.

In the grand view before me I can see no flowers nor palm-trees, no live oak and cypress covered with moss and mistletoe, no stately magnolia or ambitious mangrove or cocoanut. The orange, the myrtle, the jessamine, the cork-tree are not in sight. In place of plantations of wide-leaf bananas, we see the tall stalks of corn and the flowering potato. No swamps and stagnant rivers, with lazy alligators and gigantic turtles basking in the sun, no birds of brilliant plumage and screaming, discordant notes, or lazy, ne'er-do-well negro boys and olive brown maids playing in the sand. No, this is not the Florida of Ponce de Leon, Narvaez, and De Soto, but it has a beauty of its own that is more attractive to the hardy Northerner. As I gaze from the vantage-point of the high ground south of Minaville, there is in view to the west the evergreen slope of Bean Hill, the highest point of land in Montgomery County, with its cultivated sides bright with meadow and forest, shielded from the western sun by its own vast height. To the east is the State road, opened in 1812, to avoid the high hill on which we stand, and to make it easier to transport the heavy cannon and ordnance stores to the forts on the Western frontier.

In front of us and all around us are fields of grain and meadows of clover and timothy that have already bowed their heads to the reaper and mower, leaving great patches of ivory-tinted stubble, and making a portion of the landscape look

like a section of a huge crazy quilt. Here and there are great fields, dotted with innumerable tiny hillocks of darker hue, each little hillock disappearing as the well-laden hay wagon passes near and adds to its load. In the distance these towering, rounded loads remind one of huge elephants, or, perhaps, a mastodon wandering aimlessly over the vast fields. Wheat, oats, and barley are still nodding their heads, waiting for the reaper, but the sheaves of rye that dot hill and plain remind us that harvest is at hand. All along the road we pass orchards of apple-trees and clusters of minor fruits, houses and fences in good repair, and no deserted homes.

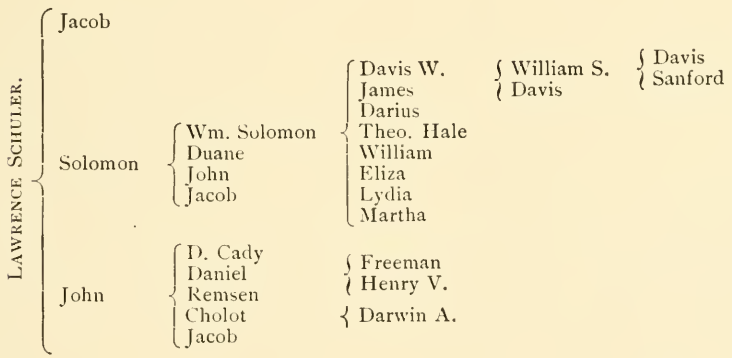
The hill on which we rest might well be called historic ground, as we stand in the centre of a mile square, settled by one of the first pioneers of the town of Florida.

Some time near the year 1765, one Deboise bought of Edward and Phillis Harrison six hundred and forty acres, which was part of two thousand acres known as the Harrison patent of 1735.

Dr. John Delamater says: "Lawrence Schuler sailed from Wurtumberg for New York in 1755 in company with his father and two brothers, one whose name was George; the younger, whose name is not remembered, died in New York. Lawrence and his brother George removed to Catskill where Lawrence married a woman by the name of Overbaug, who had five children by a previous husband, and whose maiden name was Sarah Deboise of French descent, and sister of the late Col. Benjamin Deboise, of Schoharie County, N. Y." It was through this wife that he probably came into possession of the Deboise mile square, and by whom he had three sons: Jacob, born at Catskill in 1765; Solomon, born at Catskill in 1768; John, born in 1769, probably in Florida.

Lawrence Schuler was born in Germany in 1736, and died February 14, 1813, aged seventy-seven years. A brother of

Lawrence came to this country about the same time and settled on the north side of the Mohawk. I have not been able to learn his name, but, as a record on a tombstone in the family plot of the Schulers reads, "Jacob Schuler, Died 1807, Aged 75 Years," the supposition is that he was an older brother, and probably the ancestor of the Schulers who settled near Manny's Church. Lawrence had three sons, namely, John, Solomon, and Jacob. John Schuler had five sons, namely, D. Cady, Remsen, Daniel, Cholot, and Jacob. Solomon Schuler had four sons, William Solomon, Duane, John, and Jacob. Up to this time I have only been able to ascertain the genealogy of two of the sons of Lawrence Schuler, senior, as follows:



It is said that when the sons of Lawrence came to man's estate, he divided his mile square of land, reserving two farms for himself, giving the farm lately occupied by Henry V. Schuler to his eldest son, John, and the farm adjoining, on the road to Minaville, to his son Solomon one each to the east to his sons Lawrence and Jacob, and reserving the balance, being two parts of the whole, for the homestead farm. The old homestead formerly stood in the field back of the present farmhouse of Fletcher Ernest, and the homestead

farm comprised the two farms now owned by Charles Ferguson and Fletcher Ernest.

Only one of these farms remains in the family, and that is the farm given to John, which has descended as follows: From John to Daniel, to Henry V., to Darwin A., the present owner, son of Cholot.

Solomon Schuler's farm has been transferred as follows: Solomon Schuler to Rufus Herrick, Rufus Herrick to Davis Herrick, Davis Herrick to Charles W. McClumpha, Charles W. McClumpha to George McClumpha, his son, the present owner.

On a hill we stopped to rest. In front of us, and about midway between the house of Charles Ferguson and Fletcher Ernest, and directly in front of our resting-place, is the site of the first church in Minaville, and one of the first in the town of Florida. It stood in the centre of the churchyard, which was also the first cemetery in that section of the country. Off to the east may be seen the square tower and white building known as the Scotch Church, while in front of us, about a mile away, but hidden from sight by a woods, is situated the successor of the old church on the hill. From Beers's *History* I take the following:

> Lawrence Schuler was a man distinguished for good sense, tempered by a spirit of piety and benevolence, and diffusing an influence of goodness and liberality through his family circle as well as in the neighborhood. The first Reformed Dutch church in the town was erected on his lands, as was also the neighborhood school house. He contributed towards the erection and support of both.
>
> To this church the Rev. Thomas Romeyn, of Caughnawaga, was called to minister in 1784, and he served acceptably some years. This church continued in use until 1808, when another was erected at the "Street," one mile west, and only occasionally was service held in the old church thereafter, and until the frame was sold and removed from its site. The burial ground around it had become populous, and it now contains many ancient headstones with quaint inscriptions.

At the present time this cemetery seems to have gone the way of all old graveyards, and is suffering from neglect to such an extent that a passer-by would hardly know that the simple wire fence that surrounds it encloses the ashes of the founders of Florida. The dense mass of rose and briar bushes and weeds of thrifty growth have produced a thicket around and over the sunken graves almost as impenetrable as the chaparral of the flowery peninsular on the Gulf of Mexico. In fact, I was able to decipher but a very few of the inscriptions on the tombstones. It seems a pity that this old graveyard, probably the oldest in Florida, around which hover so many sad and tender memories, should not receive enough attention from the proper authorities to render these old tombstones legible. The wisdom of setting aside a fund for the perpetual care of cemeteries is apparent when we reflect on the condition of this old graveyard.

It is said that at the beginning of the last century Cranesville, Amsterdam (Veddersburg), and Minaville were about the same size, with odds in favor of Minaville. Very early in the settlement of the last-named place, some wag fastened upon it the name of Yankee Street, which was afterward contracted to "The street," by which name it was known for many years. At that time Port Jackson was without a name, except Chuctanunda, and contained but two or three houses, while below, to the east, was Warrensburg, where considerable business was transacted. In the latter part of the eighteenth century Yankee Street was the centre or capital of Florida, where the pioneer farmers went to get their supplies. From Beers's *History* we make the following extract:

Minaville, nearest the geographical center of the town, received its name in 1818, replacing the not very distinctive title "the street," or its less elegant form "Yankee street," by which it was long known. It was early and for many years quite a center of

country trade. It is prettily situated in a wide, verdant bowl whose southern rim is the Shellstone and Bean Hill ranges, and its northern horizon a lower line of ridges, forming a woody fringe. Through it flows the winding Chuctanunda. The quiet air of thrift and comfort that rests upon the place is not unattractive, and one could find here a pleasant home if seeking seclusion, the world forgetting and by the world forgot.

Two churches, stores, a hotel, schoolhouse, cheese factory, and several shops are comprised in the village.

The Reformed church, the successor of the "old church on the hill," was built in 1808, and the Methodist Church in 1835. No wonder the stores were well patronized, when we read the names of the farmers who traded there, some as early as 1785: David Cady, Nathan Stanton, Ezra Murray, Lawrence Schuler, Daniel Schuler, Philip and Peer Frederick, William and Peter Young, George and Jacob Staley, John Van Derveer, Peter and Jacob Houck, Elisha Cady, George, Peter, and Christian Serviss, Rooleiffe Covenhoven, Asa Waterman, John Quackenboss, Ephraim Brockway, Lewis Phillip, Philip Doty, Cornelius Phillip, William Phillip and Cornelius Phillip, the second, and a host of others.

But why was the place called Minaville? We are told that it was named in 1818 by George Smith, who occupies a prominent place in the social and political annals of the town, and who was a courteous and successful merchant. He married two daughters of Judge David Cady, and built a residence which, at the time of its erection, was regarded as the finest in the county. He subsequently purchased and improved Fort Johnson, and dwelt there until his death.

He was the grandfather of George Smith Devendorf, of Amsterdam, and Dr. Charles A. Devendorf, of Detroit, Mich.

It is said that he named the hamlet after General Mina, a Spaniard. Why? There were two Spanish generals of that

name. Gen. Francis Mina, a Spanish guerilla, harassed the French troops under Napoleon in Spain, and accompanied by his nephew, Xavier, was captured by the French during the Peninsular War, and detained in Vincennes four years. He afterward went to England and became interested in the cause of the Mexican patriots in their struggle for independence. After receiving some aid in England, he sailed for America in 1816. In the United States he received sympathy and substantial aid and about two hundred American volunteers. At Galveston he was reinforced by one hundred more Americans, and in April, 1817, he landed in Mexico with five hundred men and marched direct to the capital, cutting his way through such bodies of Spaniards as he met.

He was successful in a number of engagements, but was at length surprised at night, captured, and put to death in front of the Fortress of Remedias, October 27, 1817.

This was the man for whom Minaville was named, not because he was a Spaniard, but because he was a brave man and the leader of American Volunteers fighting for the independence of an alien nation, and then, as in our recent war in Cuba, against the tyrannical Spaniards.

In speaking of the descendants of Lawrence Schuler, I have only been able to follow the male line of his family. I have been told that Dr. John Delamater, uncle of Mrs. Davis Schuler, made an attempt to make a genealogical record of the Schuler family. He succeeded very well with the male line, but the record of the female line, with all the marriages and intermarriages, he gave up as a hopeless task, and he having failed, I feel that I am excusable for not undertaking it.

Dr. John Delamater was born and reared in the town of Florida, and became a physician of eminence. For many years he was an able professor in his calling, at Fairfield and

at Cleveland, Ohio. He died there, a "beloved physician," for his amiable disposition, gentle manners, and goodness of heart.

On the highest point of the first range of the Florida hills, which the French invaders in 1693 called mountains, is a tract of land formerly part of the Peter Warren grant, which is now known as the Van Derveer farm. After the war of Revolution, between 1790 and 1791, John Van Derveer, a native of New Jersey, but of Holland descent, settled on this land, then in its pristine ruggedness. Imagine if you can the view that met his eye and perhaps influenced his selection of a home for his family in the Mohawk Valley over a century ago. Coming as he did from the sandy flats of New Jersey, the sight must have seemed grand and beautiful. Immediately in front of him were the primitive forests, whose tops of various shades of green and brown rolled in undulating waves as they conformed to the receding slopes of hills that stretched away on either side of the Mohawk River.

Westward, hid from view by hills and forests, lay Fort Hunter, whose palisades enclosed the ruined chapel of Queen Anne; nearer, on the north side, stood Fort Johnson and Guy Park, both lately vacated by their fugitive owners.

A line of gray between the river and the green bank above marked the Juchtanunda of the Mohawk, the rock "shelter along the shore of the Indians."

Following the bank of the river a little farther eastward, the northern Chuctanunda pours its foaming, turbulent tide into the river which, in the distance, washes the base of the cliff of pictured rocks. Still gazing toward the east he sees in the dim distance the Kinaquarione or Towereune of the Indians.

The stream itself is an avenue of commerce, and the laden *bateaux* of the boatman may be seen gliding along by means of pole and paddle. Along the north bank are trains of heavy canvass-covered wagons making tedious haste, with four, six, and perhaps ten horses, and, perhaps, a well-filled Concord coach and files of Continental soldiers.

If he allows his gaze to span the valley, his eye rests on another range of hills of equal height with his own, and perhaps even then he covets the land which after three decades became the property of a member of his family.

John Van Derveer and his wife Katherine Conover lived in Florida over half a century, and, with their sons and daughters, became a family of wealth and influence.

By marriage the family may be traced to the descendants of nearly all the oldest and most prominent families of the present towns of Florida and Amsterdam.

One of his ancestors, Cornelius Janse Van Derveer (Cornelius, son of John from the ferry), emigrated in the ship *Otter* in 1659 from Alkmaer in North Holland to New Amsterdam (now New York). He settled in Flatbush, Long Island, where he was magistrate in 1678–80. There he married Teyntje (Catherine), daughter of Yilles (Giles) de Mandeville. Her father came from Gelderland in Holland to New Amsterdam in 1659, being one of the Huguenots who were so numerous among the early immigrants and who by their knowledge of textile industries formed so valuable an addition to the early settlements in this country. Cornelius Van Derveer and Teyntje his wife had numerous children, among them Dominicus, who had several children, one of them being Tunis, who was the first of the family to settle in New Jersey and was the grandfather of John, spoken of above, and his brothers Garrett and Hendrick, all of whom located in the Mohawk Valley about 1790.

The New Jersey family must have been exceedingly wealthy for those early days of our country, as it is said that John Van Derveer, the subject of this sketch, brought with him to his Florida farm eighty thousand dollars in cash.

The land was purchased of one John Watts, a relative of the wife of Sir John Johnson.

John Van Derveer had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, Garrett was born in 1799, and inherited the homestead farms now occupied by his descendants. John, at middle age, moved to Schenectady, where he died a few years ago. Cornelius came to the village of Amsterdam, and later in life was killed by a premature blast in the eastern part of the village, leaving a wife and three children,—J. Watts Van Derveer, at one time clerk of the county, Emily, who married D. P. Corey, and Helena, who married Harvey Kennedy of New York.

Jennie, the eldest child, married Joseph Stanton, and for her second husband, John Sherburne.

Catharine became the wife of Peter I. Enders.

Of the daughters, Sarah, married a Serviss, and for her second husband, James Greenman.

Henry Van Derveer married a Miss Conover. He died young, and his wife and son soon followed him.

The possession of so large a sum of money as eighty thousand dollars made it very easy for John Van Derveer, Sr. to acquire land in his vicinity, and in 1822 he secured of Nicholas Vedder a portion of the large tract of land known as the Tunis I. Van Derveer estate, being located on the first range of hills north of the Mohawk River, opposite to the homestead farm. This land was immediately occupied by his son, Tunis I. Van Derveer, who continued to add to the first purchase as opportunities presented themselves.

Chapter XXI

Oriskany

IN the month of August, 1777, occurred two of the most important battles of the Revolution, the results of which were finally seen in the surrender at Saratoga of General Burgoyne to General Gates and the victorious Americans, when the campaign, begun with the bombastic proclamation of the British General, who signed his name, "John Burgoyne, Esquire, Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's forces in America, Colonel of the Queen's Regiment of Light Dragoons, Governor of Fort William in North Britain, one of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament, and commanding an army and fleet on an expedition from Canada, etc., etc.," ended in the complete and humiliating defeat of that windy gentleman. "I have," says the proclamation, "but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction, and they amount to thousands, to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain and America. I consider them the same where ever they may lurk." The battles I speak of are those of Bennington and Oriskany. It was at the battle of Bennington that he received the first check to his victorious march to Albany through the Champlain Valley, and at Oriskany and Fort Schuyler, the turning back of the attendant expedition to Albany by the way of the Mohawk Valley.

The plan of the Campaign of Burgoyne was arranged in London and provided for a force of four thousand British troops and three thousand German, to which were added some

Canadians and a body of Indians. An auxiliary force under Colonel St. Leger was to leave Montreal for Oswego simultaneous with Burgoyne's expedition through the Champlain Valley, and there join a body of Tories under Sir John Johnson and Indians under Brant, who were to clear the Mohawk Valley and join Burgoyne and General Howe (who was to proceed up the Hudson) at Albany.

In 1758, at the head of boat navigation on the Mohawk River, where the village of Rome now stands, was erected a fort for the protection of the settlers against the French and Indians during the last French War. This was named Fort Stanwix; although strongly built it was found to be untenable at the beginning of the Revolution, and in 1776 a new fort was built and named Fort Schuyler in honor of General Philip Schuyler. (This name seems to have been a favorite one for fortifications. In 1709 a fort was erected on the Hudson near Schuylerville, and a little later a rude fort was built on the present site of Utica, both of which were named for Peter Schuyler. The earlier one was destroyed by its builders, and the later, decayed through neglect.) Previous to this, a rude stockade fort stood on this site and was called Fort Williams from its commandant, a Captain Williams. It is spoken of as being well built, having four pieces of cannon and garrisoned with one hundred and fifty men. It was destroyed by General Webb in 1756 after the fall of Oswego. Four miles away on Wood Creek at the western end of the carrying-place between said creek and the Mohawk River, was another fort named Fort Bull. March 27, 1756, this was attacked by a party of French and Indians under Monsieur de Lery, the defenders of the fort were massacred, and the fort was blown up and burned. It is said that this fort was rebuilt about two miles from the present city of Rome and is probably the Fort Bute of the Tryon map of 1779. The siege

THE ORISKANY MONUMENT

of Fort Schuyler and the attendant battle at Oriskany form a theme of never-ending interest to the dwellers of the Mohawk Valley, many of whose ancestors were active participants in that gruesome engagement. In April, 1777, Colonel Peter Gansevoort, of the New York line, was appointed to the command of Fort Schuyler, and when he reached the post he found the works in an unfinished state and "not only indefensible but untenable." On the 29th of May, Colonel Marinus Willett was directed to join the garrison at Fort Schuyler with his regiment, and, with the active assistance of that officer, Colonel Gansevoort proceeded to put the fort into as defensible state as the circumstances would permit without knowing the character or strength of the enemy they were destined to oppose. The garrison consisted of 950 men, and although they had a plentiful supply of ammunition for small arms, they had only about four hundred rounds for the cannon. In June, information was received from a spy, a friendly Oneida half-breed sachem named Thomas Spencer, that a body of troops consisting of seven hundred Indians under command of Joseph Brant and four hundred regulars and six hundred Tories under Sir John Johnson and Colonel John Butler, the whole force under command of Colonel St. Leger, were to rendezvous at Oswego and from thence proceed to the Mohawk Valley with Fort Schuyler as their objective point. This information instead of arousing the phlegmatic Germans of the upper valley to prompt and efficient action, seemed to paralyze them with fear. The timid became backward in preparing for the field, while the wavering became Loyalists, or at the best passive Whigs. To counteract this effect General Herkimer issued a stirring proclamation informing the inhabitants of the gathering of the enemy's forces at Oswego and calling upon all between the ages of sixteen and sixty to hold themselves in readiness to repair to

the field, while the invalids and those over sixty years of age were directed to arm themselves for the defence of the women and children, and for the protection of their homes. The disaffected were also ordered to be arrested and disarmed. The appeal was not without its effect, and the militia and the people, stimulated by the near approach of danger, moved with a degree of alacrity which contrasted strongly with their former apathy.

On the 3d of August, Colonel St. Leger arrived before the fort with his whole force of blatant Tories and howling savages, and a pompous demand was sent to Colonel Gansevoort which dealt liberally in threats of vengeance to those who refused to recognize the King and submit to his authority. No notice being paid the demand, hostilities commenced on the morning of the 4th of August. St. Leger at this juncture sent a despatch to General Burgoyne expressing his assurance that Fort Schuyler would be in his possession directly, and the hope that they would meet as victors at Albany.

An interesting episode is connected with this siege which I think is not generally known. On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress ordained that the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars on a blue field. In August, 1777, Fort Schuyler was without a flag when the enemy appeared, but their pride and ingenuity were equal to the occasion. The white stripes were made from strips cut from shirts, the red from bits of scarlet cloth, and the blue ground for the stars, from a cloak belonging to Captain Abraham Swartout, of Dutchess County. This is thought to have been the first flag of the regulation stars and stripes that was raised above a fort in the United States.

The arrival of St. Leger at Fort Schuyler soon became known throughout the Mohawk Valley, and General Herki-

mer summoned the inhabitants in accordance with his proclamation. They nobly responded; not only the militia, but the gentlemen of the county and members of the Committee of Safety hastened to Fort Dayton, now Herkimer, and on the 5th day of August, when the Indians invested Fort Schuyler and by their hideous yells attempted to intimidate the garrison, Herkimer was at Whitestown, eight miles from the fort, with eight hundred undisciplined but brave and enthusiastic troops eager to face the enemy, having crossed to the south side of the Mohawk at old Fort Schuyler (Utica).

While the party remained at that place General Herkimer sent Adam Helmer and two trusty men to apprise Colonel Gansevoort of his approach and concert measures of co-operation. Three successive discharges of cannon were to announce the arrival of the couriers, which he knew could be plainly heard at the encampment. Having experienced considerable difficulty in approaching the fort, Adam Helmer did not succeed in entering until ten o'clock on the morning of the 6th. The signal guns were immediately fired, and, as the message of General Herkimer intimated his intention to force a passage to the fort, a sortie was immediately arranged for the purpose of diverting the attention of the enemy.

On the 4th, when Herkimer and his troops left Fort Dayton, Thomas Spencer, the faithful Oneida, was with him. Noticing the impetuosity of the men and the total disregard to all order of marching, without reconnoitering or throwing out flanking parties, he insisted upon these precautionary measures being adopted, in which he was joined by General Herkimer and some of the older officers. The junior officers ridiculed the idea and General Herkimer, contrary to his own judgment, did not enforce the order.

On the morning of the 6th, a renewal of these scenes took place in Herkimer's camp. With the same caution which the

General had previously manifested, he desired to remain where he was until some evidence was received that a movement from the fort had been made. The new-born zeal of his junior officers revolted at the idea, and angry words ensued, in which the brave but cautious old man was denounced by Colonels Cox and Paris as a coward and a Tory. This bitter taunt sank deep into his heart, but he answered calmly, "I am placed over you as a father and guardian, and I will not lead you into difficulties from which I may not be able to extricate you." There was a brief interchange of further hot words between the General, Colonel Bellinger, and John Frey on one side, and the mutinous colonels and men on the other, while the old man stood defiant, with chin raised and dark blazing eyes. The confusion became unbearable and the shouts of "Lead on! Lead on!" from the crowd more vehement. Suddenly Herkimer sprang upon a log, too much incensed to control himself and cried, "If you will have it so, the blood be upon your heads." Waving his sword, he shouted in a voice all the eight hundred could hear, "Vorwarts!" Instantly, with exultant cheers, the men rushed for their arms, officers their horses, and the teamsters the baggage train, everyone eager to reach the enemy without regard to their order of going. Through the efforts of the General the four regiments were brought into a semblance of order, with Colonel Visscher and the Caughnawaga company in the rear as guard of the ammunition and supply wagons, and so, marching swiftly and without scouts, at nine in the morning they started forth.

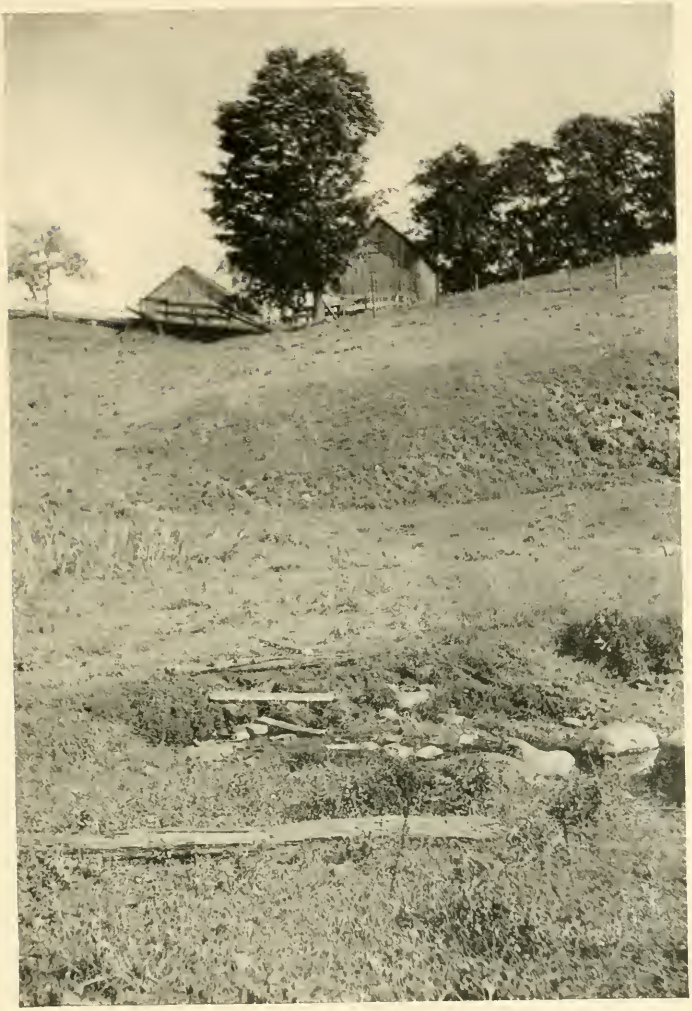
Information of the approach of General Herkimer having reached Colonel St. Leger on the evening of the 5th, and the latter preferring to receive him in the field rather than in his camp, detached eighty men of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, under Major Watts, Sir John's brother-in-law, and the entire

body of Indians under Joseph Brant, the whole under command of Sir John Johnson, to intercept his approach. It appears that the influence of Brant prevailed, and that it was determined to draw the Americans into an ambuscade. For this purpose, with a sagacity which does even that remarkable man great credit, a position was selected which was admirably adapted for his purpose about two miles west from Oriskany and six from Whitesboro. At this place were two short ravines running from south to north both opening to the north and separated by a level plateau of perhaps ten acres about fifty feet above the bottom of the ravines. This plateau gradually narrowed to a rounded point as the ravines opened out and gradually merged into the swampy flats that stretch north to the Mohawk River three-quarters of a mile away. The westernmost ravine was the rendezvous of the British troops, who were stationed along its upper eastern edge, effectually concealed by its fringe of low trees and bushes. The Indians rapidly took their positions around the south, north, and eastern edge of the easterly ravine, nearly enclosing it except where the rude road of logs (constructed earlier in the year by Colonel Gansevoort for easier carriage of cannon and supplies for Fort Schuyler, six miles away) ran down and over the swampy bottom of the fatal ravine. All around were trees and low bushes and the attendant rotting logs and tree trunks, while tangled masses of dead branches and underbrush bordered each side of the rough road that stretched out east and west until lost in the gloom of the forest, while the swampy flats, dimly seen through the mouth of the ravine, were covered with tall swamp grass and the long, flat leaves of cattail and calamus, with here and there a scrub pine or willow, making a treacherous concealment for the naked savages. Occasionally a group of pond lilies and other aquatic flowers added color and beauty to the diversified landscape.

Meanwhile General Herkimer had moved on from the mouth of Oriskany Creek entirely unconscious of the ambuscade two miles away. Their route lay along the firm lowlands for about a mile, the road gradually bearing to the south and up the low forest-covered hills that led to the fatal ravine. The morning was dark, sultry, and lowering, and the muttering of distant thunder was in the air, unheeded or unnoticed by the troops whose minds were intent upon reaching the fort.

The Canajoharie regiment, with General Herkimer and Colonels Cox and Paris in the van, was the first to reach the eastern edge of the slope down which the corduroy road ran to the marshy bottom of the ravine.

The general and the colonels spoken of above seem to have been at the head of the troops down this rough road, followed in a joyous and rollicking manner by three regiments and the baggage train. The van had nearly reached the top of the western slope and the balance of the troops were huddled together at the narrow crossing, and the baggage train was waiting for an opportunity to cross. Colonel Visscher with the Caughnawaga company was yet on the top of the hill waiting for the bridge or ford to become cleared before descending. Those on the other side were looking back to see the wagon making its way down the hill. Colonel Cox was giving an order to those below when the report of a rifle was heard and Colonel Cox fell headlong upon the neck of his horse, which turned and at a mad gallop dashed down the slope and into the startled crowd at the ford. Instantly, as though the rifle shot had been a signal for action, swarms of red devils dashed upon the Visscher company, firing and yelling as if in hellish delight, separating them from the troops below, and fairly overwhelming them with superior numbers, at the same time completing the cordon that was drawn around the doomed Americans in the valley below,



NO. 1.—ORISKANY BATTLE-FIELD, EAST SIDE OF RAVINE.
Herkimer's troops were massed at the Log Road through the swamp. Swamp in the foreground.

while from every tree and bush rang out the report of rifle and the war-cry of the Indians.

Then ensued a scene of direst confusion, as the troops at the crossing realized that they were completely surrounded by hordes of naked, painted, savage devils, with apparently no avenue of escape. At the first discharge many had been killed while others, wounded, had fallen into the slimy marsh either to be drowned or to receive the death stroke by hatchet or knife from the foe who became bold at the evidently helpless situation of the soldiers.

To return a moment to Colonel Visscher and part of the Caughnawaga company who had become separated from the main body of troops. Finding themselves assailed on three sides the company rapidly retreated, firing as they went, behind tree and bush in true backwoodsmen fashion, drawing the Indians after them, who were intent upon their death or capture and neglecting for the time being their duty on the hilltop in their frenzied pursuit.

General Herkimer, although taken by surprise, seems to have risen equal to the occasion. Urging his horse down the hill slope, with energetic efforts he succeeded in pulling the troops who had already crossed up to the level plateau where they were met by the fire of Sir John Johnson's Rangers in front, along the top of the second ravine, and the fire of the Indians concealed on both flanks. Noticing that the fire from along the eastern slope of the ravine was thin and somewhat irregular, he ordered Colonel Bellinger and the soldiers who had not yet crossed the causeway to retake the hill. Dashing through the hail of lead on both flanks the stalwart Palatine Germans stormed the hillside firing to kill as they went and then meeting their antagonists with the swinging blows of clubbed muskets. Regaining the hilltop, they formed themselves into circular squads, leaving the bottom of the fatal

ravine to the dead and dying, and the occasional prowling painted savage with ready knife searching for scalps and plunder.

It was at the time that Herkimer had succeeded in getting the regiment in some sort of order on the plateau that he received the bullet through his leg which at the same time killed his horse. He was taken up and carried up the slope to the plateau and placed upon his saddle at the foot of a large beech tree, where, having lighted his pipe he sat and continued to order the battle with the utmost firmness and composure until the enemy retreated. For three-quarters of an hour the contest continued with fury on both sides. At that time the enemy began to concentrate his forces and by slow degrees to close upon the Americans from all points of the circle. Noticing this movement the Americans on the plateau formed themselves into circles and their resistance from that moment became more effective. To counteract it, the fire of the Tories was discontinued and the enemy charged with the bayonet; and then more than ever before the contest became a death struggle, hand to hand and foot to foot. Never did brave men stand a charge with more dauntless courage, and the enemy made no impression.

At this moment a blinding flash followed by a crashing peal of heaven's artillery burst upon the ears of the combatants. Attent upon the battle, the approach of the thunder storm had been unnoticed until it burst upon them with inconceivable fury. The roaring wind, the swaying of the tree tops, and the sudden downpour of rain arrested the work of death and drove both Indians and whites to seek shelter under trees and bushes. For nearly an hour rain fell in torrents; but even the vivid lightning, the furious wind, the rolling thunder, and the crashing of falling trees, did not prevent the Americans from making preparations to renew the

deadly struggle. The wounded bound up their wounds, every musket was carefully loaded and protected from the rain, each soldier refreshed himself with water and food, and waited impatiently for the cessation of the storm.

General Herkimer had formed the Americans farther up the plateau towards the south and had succeeded in withdrawing the troops under Colonel Bellinger and Captain Jacob Gardinier from the east side of the ravine. Formed into a circle, each man protected by tree or log, they were ordered to adopt a new mode of bush-fighting to counteract the operations of the Indians, who, as soon as they saw a gun discharged from behind a tree rushed upon and tomahawked the marksman before he had time to reload. To prevent this, General Herkimer ordered two men to take each tree, one to fire at a time and the other to reserve his fire for the Indian who might seek their scalps.

In imagination I can see the bluff, rugged old man, whose tawny Saxon hair veils the silver-gray locks that would be a fitting crown for his years of life. His angular form and hardened muscles indicate laborious toil and exposure, while the slow, automatic movements of his limbs are those acquired by following the plough or picking his way over broken farmland. On his bronzed, careworn face is a look of pain, but his firm, eager eyes scan every movement of his beleaguered troops and the red-skinned enemy. His commands are given sharp and short, like the quick blue puffs of smoke from his short black clay pipe.

It is pleasant to note that, however rebellious his impetuous men appeared on the march, his orders are now obeyed with the utmost confidence in the judgment and loyalty of their much-abused leader.

His buff-faced blue coat and vest, are disordered and blood-stained, and his wounded leg nearly bare, bound with

a red silk handkerchief, while his neck and breast are uncovered to the hot, sultry air.

The storm at length passed over, and amidst one of the most intensely hot days the battle was renewed with increasing fury. The new position of the Americans, and the new system of bush-fighting, however, soon produced their legitimate results, and the Indians suffered severely, so much so, indeed, that they began to show signs of uneasiness, and Major Watts moved forward a second detachment of Royal Greens, which had been sent out by Colonel St. Leger, to support them. These men were Tories, many or nearly all of them from Tryon County and former neighbors of the men they were marching against, and as they advanced so near as to afford mutual recognition, the contest became if possible more terrible than before. Mutual revenge and hate raged in their bosoms. The Americans fired upon them as they advanced, and then springing from their covers attacked them with bayonets and clubbed muskets, or in some cases with knife or bare hands, throttling and stabbing each other, and sometimes dying in each other's embrace. It was at this time that the signal guns were heard from the fort,—an evidence to the Americans of the sortie asked for by General Herkimer—and anxious to close the engagement Colonel Butler executed a stratagem that nearly accomplished that object. He so changed the dress of a detachment of Royal Greens that they resembled Americans, using the hats of the dead patriots for the purpose. These men were made to approach from the direction of the fort and were at first mistaken for reinforcements from the garrison. Directly in their path was Captain Jacob Gardinier and some of his Caughnawaga men. The burly captain, his only weapons his knife and short spear, was fighting with a group of Tories and Indians, while around him lay four of the enemy slain by his

NO. 2.—THE ORISKANY BATTLE-FIELD, WITH REMAINS OF OLD WOOD-ROAD IN THE FOREGROUND.

hand. His experienced eye discovered the real character of the approaching masquerade and ordering his men to fire upon them and rushing upon them himself, followed by some of his men, upwards of thirty of the Tories were slain and the remainder fled in disorder. The Indians perceiving with what order the Americans opposed the enemy, tired and sulky after six hours furious fighting, raised the retreating cry of "Oonah! Oonah!" and fled in every direction, while the Tories, perceiving that their allies had deserted them, also retreated, leaving the Tryon County militia and volunteers masters of the field.

After the action General Herkimer was taken to his own house, which is still standing, about three miles east of Little Falls on the south bank of the Mohawk River, where his leg was amputated nine days after the battle. It is said to have been done in the most unskilful manner, the leg having been cut off square, without allowing flesh enough below the bone to form the proper flaps to cover the wound, whereby the flow of blood was with difficulty stanched. Colonel Willet called to see him soon after the operation and found him sitting up in his bed, as cheerful as usual, smoking his pipe. Hemorrhage ensued and toward evening the General became convinced that his end was near. He called for his Bible and read composedly in the presence of his family and others the thirty-eighth psalm, applying the penitential confessions to his own case. His voice gradually grew weaker, the book slipped from his nerveless fingers, and sinking back on his pillow General Herkimer, a Christian hero, died.

A description of the Mohawk Valley in 1757 is found in the documentary history of New York.

The writer starts from Chouegen (Oswego) and follows the Oswego and Oneida rivers to Oneida Lake thence through the lake to Wood Creek which he ascends to Fort Bull and

thence across the carrying-place to Fort Williams (Rome) on the Mohawk River. Sailing, or rather, poling, down the river he reaches Fort Kouari (Fort Herkimer) on the right or south bank of the river. This fort is thus described:

It is a large three story stone building with port holes at each story and likewise in the basement for cross firing. There are some small pieces above. The house is covered with plank and shingles. It is built as a store and depot for Cheouegn (Oswego). It is surrounded by a ditch at a distance of about thirty feet. This ditch is six feet deep and seven feet wide. The crown of the ditch is planted with palisades in an oblique form, behind these there is a parapet of earth so as to be able to fire over the palisades. The four angles of this parapet which is at the back of the ditch, form as it were four little bastions that reciprocally flank each other. On the west side is a house apart from the large one. It backs against the parapet of the palisades, and serves as a barrack and guard house. There are two doors to the large building, the one on the north is a small swing door. The large door of the house is on the south side. Opposite this fort is a small cultivated island which can be reached at low water by fording.

From Fort Kouari to Fort Canajoharie (Indian Castle) is four leagues. The inhabitants of this country are Palatines or Germans. Fort Canajoharie is situated on the south side of the Mohawk River. It is a square of four bastions of upright pickets joined with lintels. They are fifteen feet high, about one foot square, with port holes inserted from distance to distance, with a stage all round to fire from. The fort is one hundred paces on each side. It is not surrounded by a ditch. There are some small pieces of cannon at each of its bastions and a house at each curtain to serve as a store and barrack. Five or six families of Mohawk Indians reside outside the fort. (This fort was built in 1756 by Sir William Johnson. Previous to that time there was a block house situated on a hill on the opposite side of the creek. Indian Castle was the home of Joseph Brant and King Hendrick, and Molly Brant

after Sir William Johnson's death until the flight of the Mohawks to Canada. It is said that Molly Brant furnished her brother with valuable information in regard to General Herkimer's movements previous to the battle of Oriskany.

The distance from the above fort to Fort Hunter is about twelve leagues. About one hundred houses at a greater or less distance are found within this length of road. There are some situated about half a league in the interior. The inhabitants of this section compose a militia company of one hundred men. Fort Hunter is situated on the border of the Mohawk River and is of the same form as that of Canajoharie, with the exception that it is twice as large. There is a church or temple in the middle of the fort (Queen Anne's Chapel).

From Fort Hunter to Chenectadi, or Corlear, is seven leagues, and twenty or thirty houses are found within this distance. The inhabitants of this section are Dutch. They form a company with some others on the left bank, about one hundred strong.

Chenectadi or Corlear is situated on the bank of the river and is a village of about three hundred houses.

From Chenectadi to Orange (Albany) is estimated to be six or seven leagues. This is all that relates to the right or south bank of the Mohawk.

Beginning again at Fort Williams, Rome, the record describes the country along the left or north bank of the Mohawk: Leaving Fort Williams, the village of the Palatines is estimated to be twelve leagues. (All the country between Little Falls and Rome, on both sides of the Mohawk, was known as the German Flats and was the home of most of the Palatines that moved from Schoharie Valley in 1722. The Palatine village was known as "German Flats," and was situated about a half-mile above Fort Kouari on the opposite

bank, now known as Herkimer. During the Revolution a fort was built at Herkimer and called Fort Dayton.)

In 1757 the Palatine village, which consisted of thirty houses, was destroyed and burnt by a detachment of about three hundred Indians and Frenchmen under M. de Bellestre. The inhabitants of this village formed a company of one hundred men bearing arms. Total population about three hundred men, women, and children, one hundred and two of whom were made prisoners, and the remainder fled to Fort Kouari, except a few who were killed while fording the river.

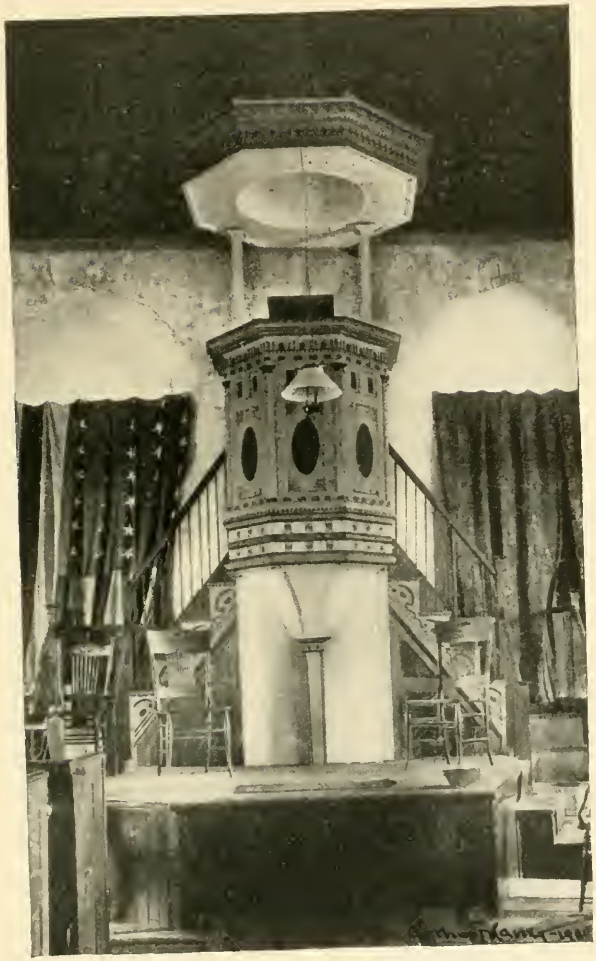
From Palatine village to the Little Falls, still continuing on the left bank of the Mohawk, is estimated about three leagues. In this distance, there are but eight houses, which have been abandoned. The portage at Little Falls is a quarter of a league and is passed with carts.

From the portage to Colonel Johnson's mansion is twelve leagues. In the whole of this distance the soil is good. About five hundred houses are erected at a distance one from the other. The greater number of those on the bank of the river are built of stone. Those at a greater distance from the river in the interior are about half a league off; they are the new settlements and are built of wood.

(Two of these old stone buildings are still to be seen from New York Central trains north of the track, the Ehle house, east of Fort Plain, built in 1752, and the Frey house, west of Palatine Bridge, built in 1739.)

There is not a fort in the whole distance of twelve leagues. There is but one house, built of stone, that is somewhat fortified and surrounded with pickets (the Frey house). The inhabitants are Germans. They form four companies of one hundred men each.

Colonel Johnson's mansion is situate on the border of the left bank of the Mohawk River; it is three stories high (two



THE OLD PULPIT IN THE CHURCH AT GERMAN FLATS.

stories and attic), built of stone with port-holes and a parapet, and flanked with four bastions on which are some small guns. In the same yard on both sides of the mansion, there are two small houses; that on the right of the entrance is a store, and that on the left is designed for workmen, negroes, and other domestics. The yard gate is a heavy swing gate well ironed; it is on the Mohawk River side; from this gate to the river there is about two hundred paces of level ground. (It is said that the buildings were enclosed in a stockade during the French war.) A small rivulet coming from the north empties itself into the Mohawk about two hundred paces below the enclosure of the yard. (The Kayaderos Creek, said to have given the name to the famous patent.) On this stream there is a mill about fifty paces distant from the house, below is the miller's house, and on the other side of the creek one hundred paces from the mill is a barn in which fodder and cattle are kept. One hundred and fifty paces from Colonel Johnson's mansion at the north side, on the left (east) bank of the little creek, is a little hill on which is a small house with port-holes where is ordinarily kept a guard of honor of some twenty men, which serves also as an advance post.

From Colonel Johnson's house to Chenectadi is counted as seven leagues. The road is good, all sorts of vehicles pass over it. About twenty houses are found from point to point on this road.

The Mohawk River can be forded during summer a league and a quarter west of Chenectadi. Opposite Chenectadi the traverse is usually by a ferry-boat and *bateaux*.

Going from Chenectadi to the mouth of the Mohawk River where it discharges into the Orange (Hudson), there is a Great Fall (Cohoes), which prevents the passage of *bateaux*, so that everything on the river going from Chenectadi to Orange (Albany) passes over the highroad that leads there direct.

In the whole country of the river Corlear (Mohawk) there were nine companies of militia under command of Colonel Johnson; eight only remain, that of the village of the Palatines being no longer in existence, the greater portion having been defeated by M. de Bellestre's detachment.

Colonel Johnson assembles these companies when he has news of any expedition which may concern the Mohawk River.

In the latter part of April, 1757, on receiving intelligence by the savages that there was a strong detachment ascending the river St. Lawrence and entering Lake Ontario, he assembled these companies and went to the village of the Palatines where he was joined by another body of twelve hundred men sent him by the commandant of Orange; this formed in all a force of two thousand men. He intrenched himself at the head of the Palatine village where he remained in camp fifteen days, and did not retire until he received intelligence that the French detachment seen on the St. Lawrence River, had passed by and taken the route to Belle Riviere (Ohio).

In 1900, a century and a half after the above record was made, in company with Prof. J. A. Maney, I traversed the same section of the Mohawk, not by *bateaux* and rude carts, but by railroad, in true nineteenth-century style. The objective point was Rome, in search of data in relation to the battle of Oriskany and the siege of Fort Schuyler. We did not succeed in finding any evidence of the fort, in fact, we had some difficulty in finding any one that had ever heard of it. We were finally, however, directed to its site, in the centre of the city and near the border of the Mohawk River. Nothing remains to mark the spot of that heroic resistance of a handful of sturdy pioneers who by their valor turned back to Canada the hordes of savages and Tories under St. Leger, Sir John Johnson, Butler, and Joseph Brant, and thereby assisted materially in defeating the plans of General Burgoyne, and thus led to the surrender of the British troops at Saratoga.

A glance at the map of New York State will show that the

NO. 3.—THE ORISKANY BATTLE-FIELD.

Mohawk River rises just over the border of Lewis County in the town of Lewis and under the shadow of Mohawk Hill. Although flowing in a southerly direction until it reaches the vicinity of Rome, like many a mountain stream with its numerous curves it seems to flow in the direction of every point of the compass. West of Rome is a small stream running parallel with the Mohawk called Wood Creek, distant from the said river about two miles. The slight elevation of land between, however, is sufficient to turn the waters of Wood Creek and Oneida Lake and through Oswego River to Lake Ontario, and thence to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Mohawk bending to the east finally reaches the Atlantic Ocean through the Hudson River and New York Bay.

There were two routes for the Indians in their birchen canoes to the Mohawk Valley, one by the way of Lake Champlain and Lake George, and the other up the St. Lawrence and around the east coast of Lake Ontario to Oswego River, thence up the river and Oneida Lake to the mouth of one of its small tributaries, Wood Creek, thence up Wood Creek to a point two miles from the present site of the city of Rome where the canoes were carried across the divide to the Mohawk River, and thence down to the Hudson.

When the Dutch established themselves in the lower Mohawk Valley, hunters and traders, the *courreur de bois* of the Dutch, used the Mohawk River and the Indian canoe to penetrate to the home of the Iroquois in quest of game and furs.

As the valley became settled by venturesome resident traders, supplies were transported to them in canoes or flatboats which on their return brought peltries, potash, and the produce of their limited acres.

Niagara or Onjagara, as it was called by the Iroquois, early became an important trading post with the farther Indians both to the English and French, and the establishment of a

post at Irondequet, and the building of a fort at Chouegen (Oswego) in 1725 called for improvements in the mode of navigating the Mohawk. Flat-boats called *bateaux* were constructed, and propelled by paddles, poles, and sail. But it was not until 1792 that the Inland Lock and Navigation Company made any decided improvements in the river bed and carrying-places. At that time the channel was deepened, canals dug at Little Falls, and across the carry between Wood Creek and the Mohawk River. I have often thought that this work was probably the incentive to Governor Clinton to build his " big ditch " a quarter of a century later.

After this long digression, we will continue our journey from Rome, eastward.

From the very start we found difficulty in tracing the channel of the river from the windows of the car. For forty-five miles the river runs its tortuous, erratic course, marked by its borders of low willows and occasional majestic elms, through the German Flats, or, until it reaches the vicinity of Herkimer. We were impressed with the uniform width of its channel, which has the appearance of the Erie Canal before it was enlarged. In fact its channel through the German Flats seems to retain evidence of work done by the Inland Lock and Navigation Company. For a number of miles we have been steaming along the south bank of the river, but a short distance east of Utica we cross to the north side and so continue on to our journey's end. (This is probably the place where Herkimer crossed the Mohawk with his troops en route for Fort Schuyler.)

A little earlier in the day we had left the New York Central at Oriskany, en route to the battle-field and the scene of the fatal ambuscade. A hurried departure from Rome obliged us to leave the table at the Stanwix before dinner was served, and although our ruffled tempers were somewhat

GUARD LOCK—SITE OF QUEEN ANNE'S CHAPEL.

smoothed by the hurried eating of a sandwich hurriedly made, we still felt the need of victuals and drink. Although this quiet little village with its famous battle-field along its borders could not supply us with all that we desired, we however succeeded at last in securing a vehicle for our two miles' ride over the hills to the fatal ravine, and, with the sheriff of Oneida as our guide and factotum, and with the rattle of wagon spokes that kept time to the beat of the horses' hoofs, followed nearly the same route as Herkimer and his impetuous soldiers. The weather was all that could be desired, but the landscape view was not very inspiring as we were at least a mile away from the range of low hills that mark the north boundary of the valley and the only evidence of the Mohawk River was a line of low bushes about three-quarters of a mile away, while apparently limitless miles of flat land seemed to stretch away east and west.

But it was the ravine that was the object of our pilgrimage. As we neared the spot, the tall granite monument, eighty feet high, erected by the Oneida County Historical Society in 1876, met our sight and marked the spot we were in search of. A few minutes more and the ravine, the adjacent hills, and the fatal morass were before us.

At present the ravine is spanned by a causeway over which passes the main road from Utica to Rome. A narrow arch of stone under the causeway forms a passage for the small creek that produces the morass and swampy flats to the north. A narrow ditch now confines the stream and makes comparatively dry the spot at the bottom of the ravine where the corduroy road formerly crossed, although the western slope half-way to the top, still gives evidence of the marshy character of the soil.

Accompanying this sketch are photographs of this historic spot, which I trust will enable the reader to comprehend the locality of the battle-field. View No. 1 shows the eastern hill

and slope to the rivulet below, which is seen at the lower right-hand corner. On each side of the rivulet is still seen portions of the old log road, which marks the spot where the slaughter of the American troops was the greatest, as they were massed near the only crossing that led through the morass. See also view No. 2. At the time of the attack all of the troops except Colonel Visscher's Caughnawaga regiment were in the hollow and climbing the western slope, shown in view No. 3. The baggage wagons were yet toiling down the eastern slope and Visscher's men were massed where the farm buildings are seen at the top of the hill. Both hills were covered with tall pines, oaks, and maples while the bottom of this little valley was covered with low trees, bushes, and swamp grass.

At the present time these hills and the surrounding country are entirely cleared of the forest, and cultivated land is seen in every direction. Even the field where the great struggle and subsequent victory took place is now occupied by a thrifty potato patch.

On the eastern plateau is the Battle Monument and in the centre of the photograph, on the horizon line is a black mark that looks like a crooked ten-penny nail. This is a picture of the writer, marking the spot where formerly stood the tree under which the wounded General sat directing the battle. No. 4 is a closer view of the monument, and one of the group at its base is pointing out the fatal ravine to a party of visitors who were born and brought up at the old village of Whitestown, six miles away, but were ignorant of the circumstances of the battle or the points of interest that surrounded us. This is not at all singular, but is only another evidence of the all-absorbing spirit of the twentieth century,—the living for the present and the temporal care for the future, and the willingness to leave the past to aged dreamers whose only pleasures, alas, may be the dreams of earlier days.

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